







Stuyvesant



;

LIFE

OF

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

THE COMPLETE RECORD OF A WONDERFUL CAREER, WHICH, BY
NATIVE ENERGY AND UNTIRING INDUSTRY, LED ITS
HERO FROM OBSCURITY TO THE FOREMOST
POSITION IN THE AMER-
ICAN NATION.

BY WM. RALSTON BALCH,

Editor of "The American," "Words of Garfield," etc.

THE WHOLE HAVING BEEN CAREFULLY READ AND CORRECTED
BY AN ACCOMPLISHED SCHOLAR AND FRIEND OF GENERAL
GARFIELD, AND INCLUDING AN EXCEEDINGLY INTER-
ESTING CHAPTER BY MISS DR. EDSON, CHIEF
NURSE TO THE PRESIDENT DURING
HIS SUFFERINGS.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

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TO
THE MEMORY OF
JAMES A. GARFIELD,
THIS VOLUME,

WHICH DOES BUT SCANT JUSTICE TO A NOBLE THEME, IS INSCRIBED IN
• FULL ADMIRATION OF ITS HERO, BY

THE AUTHOR.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

Lives of great men are worthy of attentive study. Especially is this true of the great men of our own age and land. The lives of such, illustrate the great principles of success, not as operative in distant times and places, but as operative at our own doors and amid our own surroundings. These lives show what may be done among us, in short, what we ourselves may do.

There are a very few lives that are illustrious in more than a few respects. Occasionally one, like a well cut diamond, flashes light from innumerable sides. Such is the life of our late President, James A. Garfield, and his illustrious life was lived in our very presence.

Garfield began his career in obscurity and poverty. He had a noble mother, a good constitution, a superior mind, a brave heart, a pure conscience, and an unswerving will. By a conscientious and diligent use of these, he rose from the laborious, manual toil of a farm-hand, a boatman, and a carpenter, to the more congenial, though not less arduous, pursuits of student, teacher, College President, military leader, Congressman, Statesman, President.

His short service as Chief Magistrate of this nation, and the sad scenes of his last days, endeared him to all true hearts. Garfield became the nation's idol, and he is a rare model for the nation's contemplation.

To set forth this wonderful life-story faithfully, clearly and comprehensively, has been the aim in the production of this volume.

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GARFIELD AS A BOY AND A MAN.



Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify ; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving.

Garfield's Address to the Students of Hiram College.

CHAPTER I.

A FIRE AND ITS RESULT.

ABRAM GARFIELD, worn out with a night of bitter toil, bead-drops of perspiration standing upon his forehead and coursing down his heated, cinder-stained cheeks, walked to his home with a weary step. All night long the fires had ravished the woods surrounding his little homestead, and all night long, assisted by the stout arms of his neighbors, he had valiantly fought the flames, that threatened his all, twenty acres of good wheat growing on the land, which he himself had cleared around his cabin.

The fires were now well down; the trunks of unburnt trees stood out against the sky, blackened witnesses of destruction; and the wind was scattering the ashes hither and thither, as the farmers, knowing their scanty crops were saved, turned homeward.

Abram Garfield, an honest, hard-working farmer, had naturally taken pride in his grain, a pride he could not afford to see humbled by the agency of a vagrant fire in the woods. When it approached the edge of his fields, he had gone forth to the fight, and, after hours of exhausting work, succeeded in getting the better of his enemy.

Reaching his cabin, he sank wearily on a three-legged stool that stood by the open door, and raised his hat, that he might wipe away the perspiration beading his forehead. With no thought but that of rest, he allowed the breezes, that blew over his saved wheat fields, to cool his face with their grateful breath.

In this most natural act he contracted a severe cold and sore throat, which the over-tension of his system laid open to influences that his otherwise hardy nature would have easily withstood.

Chill followed chill, and inflammation set in, becoming rapidly so intense, that his good wife Eliza determined to send for the only doctor the county boasted, a semi-quack, who lived several miles away. The leech promptly came, and with many a profound gesture, that illustrated nothing so well as his profound ignorance, ordered a blister for the sick man's throat. It was applied with all the instant virulence of quack practice in an unsettled country. The treatment was in faith so heroic, that Abram Garfield, shortly after the blister was applied, choked to death. Feeling that the last great act of his life had come, he motioned his wife to his side, and said, with thick, broken utterance: "I am going to leave you, Eliza, I have planted four saplings in these woods, and I must now leave them to your care."

Then, taking a last, long look of his little farm as it stretched beyond the window toward the

rising sun, he called his oxen by name, turned upon his side, and expired.

The poor widow was stunned by the suddenness of her great misfortune. It had come upon her so quickly, that it was impossible to realize, at the moment of her husband's passing away, the full extent of her loss. Gradually, as the iron entered her soul, she became aware of her loneliness. Bowing her head, she wept bitterly.

"Do not cry, my mother, I will take care of you," said her son Thomas, a mere slip of a boy, who stood by her side, scarcely comprehending what he said, or why he said it.

"God bless you, my son; I will try to be brave for your sweet sake," said the stricken woman, as she wound her arms convulsively about the boy. Rising, she called two little girls to her side, and explained to them their loss—the death of their father. Tenderly she lifted them in her arms and bade them kiss the cold, calm face for the last time. Then from the cradle she lifted the youngest, her baby-boy, James, almost two years old, the pride of her hearth-stone. The boy looked down, wonderingly, out of his great, blue eyes at his father's face so still upon the pillow. With a childish, questioning look, he lisped, "Papa sleep?" The mother's tears, flowing rapidly, were the only answer.

Two days later Abram Garfield was laid to rest, and the baby-boy was carried to the funeral in the

arms of his uncle, William Letcher. The child, as was natural in one so young, paid no attention to the sad ceremonies, until he was brought to the coffin to take a last look at the dead. Recognizing his father, he called aloud for him, the tears following each other rapidly down his face. When the earth was thrown upon the coffin, the child continued his cries, until the whole company burst into tears.

Who of us, that have passed through such a scene, can ever forget it? The agony of a few brief moments then, often lives forever. They are to the mind what scars are to the body, and remain upon us while life lasts, teaching always, however, their lesson, just as the rock, when rent, discloses the gem, or the little obstacle, that impedes the onward progress of the brook, serves to make music and purify its water. So with Eliza Garfield. The influence of her chastening is upon her. It will be to her a softening thought and one to nerve her arm; for hers is a heroic soul; she comes from no common mould; she will come forth from the death-chamber, well armed for the battle of life. In her veins runs the blood of the Puritans, and all the energy, intelligence and perseverance of that grand old race are mingled in her frame. No danger, that they will fail her now; no danger, that such a woman will not succeed; no danger, that such a mother is not fitted to raise a President!

Her lineage will guarantee this anywhere. Let us look back a moment at the names, that stand sponsors for her courage and devotion. When the Edict of Nantes was revoked, Maturin Ballou fled to America and took refuge in Cumberland, Rhode Island. The fifth in descent from this great man was James Ballou, who, after some vicissitudes, finally found a home at Richmond, New Hampshire, and a wife in the person of Mehetabel Ingalls, of that place. Eliza, the oldest of their four children, was born September 21st, 1801. Eight years later, Mrs. Ballou, after the death of her husband, moved with her four young children to Worcester, Otsego County, New York. At the close of the war of 1812, a removal was again thought advisable, once more toward the West. Zanesville, Ohio, was selected as the Mecca of this pilgrimage, and after the household effects had been loaded into heavy carts, the adventurous party, of whom Eliza Ballou was one, set out. Six weeks were occupied in the journey, and six more in settling in the new home. At the age of eighteen, Eliza Ballou fell in love with the man, whose death we have just described, Abram Garfield.

His lineage was as strongly marked by all the qualities, that made "men" in the brave days of old, as was that of the woman he chose for his wife. In the stout, strangely-shaped ship that

brought the famous Governor Winthrop to the inhospitable shores of his New England home, to

“The stern and rock-bound coast,”

came Edward Garfield, an Englishman, of brave heart, who left his birthplace (near Chester, on the border of Wales,) for an unknown, untried home in the New World. In early days the form and pronunciation of this family-name were different from those now used. Like all old names, which meant something, this in Anglo Saxon signified “field-watch.” Was this prophetic of the military honors, that came to the name of Garfield in later years? An ancient coat of arms, derived from Gaerfili Castle, has on the shield a gold ground crossed by three red horizontal bars, and in the upper dexter corner (left hand looking toward the shield) on an ermine canton, a red Maltese cross (*croix fermée*). The crest consists of a helmet with a raised visor, above which is an arm with a drawn sword, similar to the familiar device on the State-seal of Massachusetts. The motto is “*In cruce vinco*” (In the cross I conquer). The Maltese cross seems to indicate that the bearer had been in the Crusades, and the ermine signifies that the coat of arms was conferred by the king.

Edward Garfield thought little of this, as he landed on the shore of Massachusetts Bay. He had come to a country where such heraldic glories

were of little moment. He settled at Watertown, Massachusetts, where he and some of his descendants lie buried. Solomon Garfield, one of Edward Garfield's descendants, soon after the Revolutionary War, in which the Garfields upheld fully the honor of their name, moved with his children, one of whom bore the name of Thomas, to Worcester, Otsego County, New York. Here Abram Garfield was born.

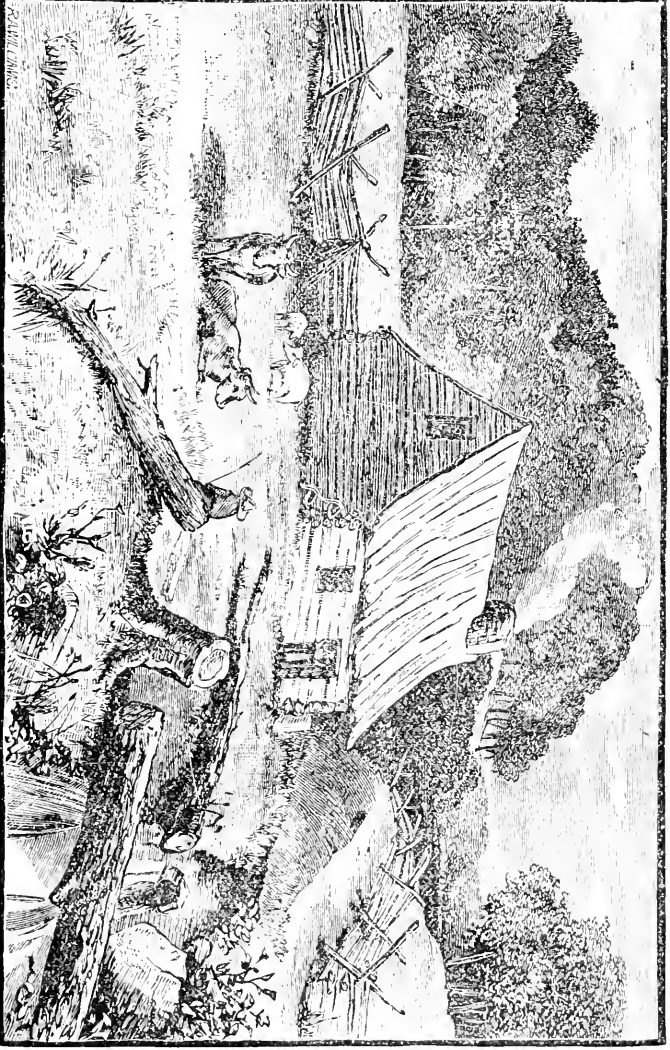
When the question came up in the quiet of the simple family-circle: "What shall we name the boy?" not many minutes' discussion decided, that he should be called after his uncle Abram, a man who deserved well of his country, for he served it well. He was among the foremost of the farmers, who, with their rusty rifles, hastened to repulse the British assault on Concord Bridge; and he was selected, with John Hoar, grandfather of the present Judge Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, as one of the witnesses, whose depositions concerning the British assault were taken at the request of the Continental Congress, that they might show, that the British government made the first illegal aggression, and began the War of Independence.

The young Garfield, bearing his uncle's worthy name, was born in December, 1799. When two years old, he lost his father by an attack of small-pox; and the boy henceforth was under the care of a mother, who possessed a sufficient measure of those sterling virtues, which the women of our

Revolution always displayed, to give him a sturdy start in life. All his education was obtained at the maternal knee; and his constitution became hardened and moulded on the broad fields of the family-farm. As a boy, rugged and sun-tanned, he had made the acquaintance of the prim, little girl, born in a New England town, Eliza Ballou by name, who interested him not a little, and who occupied such of his moments as were given over to heart-hopes and heart-troubles. But Eliza Ballou moved West, and left Abram Garfield alone in his Eastern home. Not long afterwards he followed whither his heart prompted; and in the Autumn of 1819 he journeyed westward to meet and win his bride.

The leisure hours of his occupation—a contractor's work on the Ohio Canal—were agreeably filled with the courtship of Eliza Ballou, whom he in due course married. His contractor's work over, the canal built, with a fair profit in his pocket, he moved to Orange, Cuyahoga County, and bought a piece of land. He moved practically into the wilderness, for there was but one house within seven miles. Life here flowed quietly on, just as in many another Western log-cabin. The father managed his farm, and added an acre or two of clearing to it every year. The mother looked after the cabin-comforts, and did what she could to prepare her children for the struggle for existence. The father prospered

HOME OF GARFIELD'S CHILDHOOD.



fairly. The little country town grew rapidly; neighbors gathered on adjacent farms; and a larger, more vigorous life settled upon the little place. Everything went well until the outbreak of the fire mentioned at the opening of this chapter. The death of Abram Garfield was the first cloud upon a life of successful happiness.

The children, who gathered around their father's death-bed on that mid-summer morning, numbered four, the eldest, Mehetabel, bearing her grandmother's Puritan name; the second, Thomas, called after his uncle; the third, Mary; and the last, the blue-eyed baby James Abram, born November 19th, 1831, and christened for his great-uncle soon after.

It is the life of this boy, James Abram Garfield, that is portrayed in the following pages.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOME IN EARLY DAYS.

ELIZA GARFIELD had but a sunless prospect before her the morning after her husband was buried. A small farm incumbered with debt, a dense forest only partially broken by clearings, a scattered population almost as poor as herself, made up her immediate environment. Putting aside the mistaken but kindly meant advice of friends, she said that the house should not be broken up, the children should not be scattered. Advisers yielded to her will, and she had her way. She took up the mantle of her husband, and with that brevet rank, which widowhood never fails to confer upon deserving women, she made herself thoroughly respected by her sterling force of character and high resolve to dare and do for the weal of her children. Though small of stature, and but thirty years of age, she had the ability and energy of a larger and older woman. The farm was to be kept up, the home continued as it had been since 1830, and the "four saplings" cared for, until they were ready to be transplanted. Then, and not till then, would she give up the farm.

This was a resolve, that presaged a harvest in

its fruition, For there was nothing strikingly beautiful in the country where she dwelt; there was nothing remarkably attractive. The soil was not noticeably excellent. There were a thousand farms that surpassed hers, and she had nothing to work with but energy and willingness. She rose early and retired late. Her work never sought her; she sought it. The homestead assumed a more homelike appearance each year, as new comforts were added by the thrifty woman who managed it. The young orchard, which Abram Garfield had planted, grew amazingly; and the trees fulfilled the promise of their planting. Cherries, apples, plums, and, later, currants, proved quite an addition to the frugal fare of the family; and the gathering of these was always a delight to the children. Often could young James be seen perched on the top of a tree, with a pail, picking cherries for his mother to preserve, or gathering apples for her to dry. Out-door life to the boy, who had already toddled through infancy and was now a rousing youngster of eight, presented many an attraction, that some children never seem to perceive.

Indian stories, then the liveliest and most vivid of all border-remembrances, were often told in the twilight to the boy, who was eager for any news of that world, to which his yet unformed fancies had carried him, but which he was yet unable to people properly or quite understand. He carried his

bright fancies into his play; and every tree in the orchard received at his hands the name of some noted author, of whom he had but imperfectly heard, and whom he still more imperfectly admired; or of some statesman, who had figured in the scraps of American history, to which he had listened; or better still of some noted Indian Chief, whose deeds had excited his admiration. The noblest tree of the orchard, received in the boy's estimation the noblest name, Tecumseh.

As a boy he was always a busy spectator and assistant at the various harvest-ceremonies, cider-making, apple-gathering for butter, corn-husking, and the like. So seldom perhaps has an apple-butter-boiling on the border been seen by any of our readers, that we may be pardoned readily for turning aside a moment to describe one. In those days there were no carriages and but very few roads. Paths through the forest led from one farm to another, and it was only the highways between the larger villages, that rose to the dignity of township-roads. Everybody rode on horseback, and the men generally carried the women behind them upon the same horse. In the Fall, when the apples were gathered, it was given out far and near, that there would be an apple-butter-boiling at a certain farm-house, and all the neighbors were cordially invited to attend. In the afternoon came the older women, who pared the apples and made everything ready for the night. Large tubs full of

pared, quartered and cored apples stood about the kitchen, and a great black kettle was hung in the yard. As night approached, youths and maidens, some on foot and some on horseback, came from miles around. Then the fire under the kettle was lighted. The kettle was filled about two-thirds full of cider, and a bushel of quartered apples were thrown in, as soon as the cider came to a boil. It had to be unceasingly stirred with a long-handled stirrer, lest it burn. Assisted by a maiden, a young man took charge of the kettle; and standing face to face with their hands on the stirrer, they moved the apples about in the kettle and chatted of love, war, or the gossip of the neighborhood. What man, that has ever stirred apple-butter with his sweetheart, has forgotten it? And who of these cannot now remember with a thrill of delight the paring-bees, and the fun of counting the apple seeds to know if the girl beside you really loved you? And who but recalls the sweet blushes, as the tell-tale seeds revealed the hidden secret, the agitated flight of the maiden to escape the shocking public announcement of the discovery?

The frolics of apple-butter-boiling were hardly forgotten before the corn-huskings lightened the cool autumn days, and gave to labor wings of pleasure. Here young Garfield was in his element, as he assisted everybody in the long line of men and women, who, with many a happy jest and many a frolic, vigorously applied the shucker to

the yielding leaf. Here, again, the youth and the maiden were found side by side ; she working assiduously, he less earnestly, though more watchfully, lest some red ear not noticed might lose him the privileged kiss. Those were happy days, before modern machinery, invading our harvest-fields, shortened our labor, and stole away all the sweet privileges, which the custom of decades had interwoven with it. But while they lasted upon the Orange farm of the Garfields, young James took his share of the romping, for he was fond of it ; or of the work, of which he was fonder. For there was not a lazy bone in his body ; and he possessed the full boyish enthusiasm that often makes the whole world seem obtainable.

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CHAPTER III.

DAYS OF EARNEST WORK.

THE early Spring of 1843 finds the Garfield family still humbly prosperous. The poorly productive farm yields a subsistence, somewhat more bountiful, now that the children are all able to do work that counts. The elder son works the farm with the aid of hired hands; and James, now twelve years of age, is beginning to help. He drives in the cattle, carries wood, hoes the potatoes and corn, builds fires, and does whatever his little hands can find to do. The girls assist their mother with her household duties; and the family, though poor, is thoroughly happy. James has obtained some tools—a saw, a chisel, a gimlet, and a shaving-knife—and with these he mends the chairs, puts latches and hinges on the doors, and is so handy (his brother says) that he will “surely be a carpenter some day and build houses.”

In Winter the children go to the village-school, and rapidly acquire the rudiments of knowledge. The mother helps them with their little lessons. The district school lasts for a few months only in Winter; and often the weather is so inclement that the children cannot go out. Then the mother teaches them at home, and reads to them; and,

as the embers crackle and sparkle in the open fire-place, diffusing a gentle warmth, the family gathers about it, and little heed is paid to the driving storm without. At night stories are told, the scanty library is over-hauled, and its precious information repeated without end. There is one book, which is a source of never-ending comfort, the Holy Bible, and from this the mother reads every night to her children, selecting those interesting Bible stories, which their young minds can comprehend.

Two of the books were of greatest interest to young James, Weem's "Life of Marion," and Grimshaw's "Napoleon." "Mother, read to me about that great soldier," he says almost every night; and, as the martial deeds of the first man of France are recited, the boy's eyes dilate; his breast swells; and once he exclaims enthusiastically, "Mother, when I get to be a man, I am going to be a soldier." At this the girls laugh heartily, and James, chagrined, says, "Well, you will see, that I will be a soldier, and whip people as Napoleon did." The good-natured and matter-of-fact Thomas reminds him, that it is far better to be a farmer; and so the matter drops.

The little school, that he attends, is not far from his home, and with little effort, he leads the boys and girls, who are his class-mates. One day, he and his brother are caught whispering, and the teacher sends them home. Thomas stays

around the school house, hoping that somehow he will be forgiven. Jim runs right home and then right back again. When he returns, the teacher says: "James, I thought I sent you home. Didn't I?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Jim.

"Well, why didn't you go!"

"I did go, I just got back." The teacher laughing, allows him to stay.

He was very clever at this age; and not infrequently he would go to Sunday-School with the teacher, and sit on the desk, and ask the boys Bible questions, such as these: "Who was the wisest man?" "Who was the meekest man?" "Who was in the whale's belly?" The boys did not know. Then Jim's superior knowledge would come into play, and he would gravely inform them, always with accuracy. Thus the Winter passes away, and the Summer comes almost too quickly.

With the opening leaves, the Summer's work begins. The manure hauled out and spread upon the land, which is then plowed, made mellow by harrowing, and prepared for the corn. Furrowing out, or marking the earth for the corn, is a neat job, and often a boy has to ride the horse to keep him straight. The dropping of the corn is always done by boys and girls. With a basket full of kernels on one arm, four grains at a time are taken out and put in a hill. Some

take a handful out at a time, and measure out four grains with the thumb and the two front fingers, letting them slide into the hill. The hills must be the same distance apart; and the droppers generally walk in the furrow, planting the kernels just in front of the big toe, and allowing three feet between the hills. The girls and boys are bare-footed; and each one vies with the other in planting the hills regularly and with expedition. What jolly races we have had along the corn-rows to beat the hoers and have time to gather the raspberries, that grew in the fence-corners! Each corn-dropper is followed by a man with a hoe, who carefully covers up the seed, and grumbles incessantly, if the kernels are scattered too far apart.

After the corn-planting season comes the stone-picking from the land, that is to be mowed. This must be done early, before the grass grows so high as to conceal the smaller stones. To properly cleanse a piece of grass-land from stones is no small job; and often have we seen boys with their finger-nails worn into the quick, and with the skin so thin on their fingers, that the blood oozed through. In those days, before reapers and mowers were known, the smallest stones would spoil a scythe, and had to be carefully picked up and carried away, or placed in little heaps, around which the men could mow.

Planting potatoes, cultivating the corn to keep

down the weeds, hoeing potatoes, weeding in the garden, milking the cows, and butter-making occupied the time, until the grass was grown. Then came the hay-making. Who, that has ever lived on a farm, will forget the jolly time, when the scythes were brought out, and the whet-stones rang against their blue-steel blades? What music was sweeter than the song of the mowers? And when the hay was turned to dry in the sun, we raked it into windrows for the pitchers. Then the wagon, with its wide ladders; the bright forks with their long handles; the fragrant odor of the grass, as it was pitched on the wagon, to be caught in our arms, and built into a long, wide, sugar-loaf overhanging the wheels; the sun shining, the meadow-larks singing, and our own little sweetheart adding her tender voice, as with nut-brown hands and dis-heveled hair she rakes the fragrant hay! It is always the province of a farm-boy to build the hay on the wagon; and often the little maid assisted, sometimes tramping with naked feet on a hidden briar, which caused her to scream gently, and necessitated a search for the nasty jagger.

The haying season is speedily followed by the grain-cutting. "The harvest is ripe," is a welcome announcement to the husbandman, but not always to the farmer's son, for it means "strength, labor and sorrow" for him. He must be up at daylight to turn the grindstone for the cradle-scythes, and out with the lark to bring in the cows and get the morning

work done, before the harvesters begin. Then follow the reapers and binders, gathering up the sheaves for the shocks, while the sun each hour grows hotter and hotter, until the light quivers with waves of heat. The bringing-out of the ten o'clock piece, the carrying of water for the thirsty men, and the toiling until the welcome dinner-bell rings! How often have we thought that it never would ring, and that the great, hot, red sun seemed to have been commanded by another Joshua to stand still in the sky! Then the sweet noon-rest under the trees, the renewal of labor, the long, hot afternoon, with night at last! What farmer-boy does not remember these days in his early life?

To James Garfield such life was pregnant with interest, engendered by duty. He was not an enthusiastic farmer, but he was an enthusiastic helper of his mother; and from the time he was able—he was always willing—he shouldered his full share of all the farm-work, finding his special province in the lighter labors of seed-time and harvest, and, in the Fall, in “chores” about the barn-house, until the Winter’s snowy mantle covered the ground, and the district school-teacher summoned the boys and girls to re-open their neglected books, for another season. And so the years passed until 1846.

CHAPTER IV.

“THE PIRATE’S OWN BOOK.”

THERE was a wide difference in temperament between the Garfield boys. Thomas, the older brother, quiet and unambitious, aspired to nothing more than the honest, regular round of a farmer’s life. James, the younger, was enterprising and ambitious. It is more than doubtful, if he ever intended to be a farmer; and, probably, from his earliest years, his brain was tenanted with visions of greatness. He had now become so expert in the use of tools, that he could, while yet a mere boy, make or build almost anything, and his talent as a carpenter was in constant demand. There was hardly a building or enterprise of any kind in the section of Ohio, where he lived, but bore some marks of his skill. He had a carpenter’s bench; and on this he worked early and late, though his labor brought him but small financial return. The land on which the Garfields lived, was so poor that it yielded them but a scanty living; and James felt the necessity of “working out,” as it was called, to increase the limited resources of the family. In the village and among the neighbors, early and late, he sought odd jobs

for his dexterous hands, and soon became known as the most industrious lad in all Orange. His life was a hard one; but James was patient and willing to "labor and wait" for the better times, that he knew would come, when he deserved them.

His popularity with the citizens of Orange was so great that they often put themselves out to do a favor for the youth, who was so firmly resolved to become a fully equipped man, and gave him employment mornings, evenings and Saturdays. In this way he earned enough to clothe and maintain himself, and also help the family a little. The summer vacation afforded him more time for work, and added largely to his earnings. He was sober and steady, a giant in labor, and never seemed even to give himself time for rest. The savings of his busy vacations, earned with jack-plane and hammer, filled the purse of the lad, whose previous supplies of money had been more than meagre.

From his earliest days, young Garfield had been fond of books. Before he could read, he loved to listen to what others would tell him, treasuring every word that his unpracticed memory could recall. When he was able to read, his mental appetite grew with every hour of his life. What he could obtain in the way of literature he *devoured*, not merely *read*, but re-read and re-read, until every word was more than "a twice told tale."

Books of adventure, tales of daring, and lives of freebooters seemed to fascinate his mind the most. The air of wild freedom and the absence of care, with which pirates lived, were very attractive to the boy's spirit, which equaled in its boldness that of the most daring freebooter the sea ever knew.



JAMES A. GARFIELD.

AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN, FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

It was perhaps fortunate at this juncture, that there were no opportunities for gratifying the wild fancies, the black shadows of which he hardly saw. As it was, the "Pirate's Own Book," only

firing his ambition did no harm. He saw too that this ambition could be gratified only with money and upon a larger field of life than opened to him in the Cuyahoga wilderness, or was contained within the bounds of Orange.

One day he came to his mother and said :

“ Mother, I have engaged to chop a hundred cords of wood for twenty-five dollars.”

“ But are you sure you are quite strong enough for such an undertaking ?” inquired the careful woman.

“ Oh, yes,” replied James, laughingly, “ I shall get through with it somehow.”

He went bravely to work, but soon found that he had indeed undertaken a formidable task. His pride forbade him to give up. He had said that he could do it, and do it he would, let it cost what it might. The task was that of a man, and his boy's strength began to fail him, before it was half done ; but he toiled on day after day. At every stroke of the axe he could look up and catch the sun's glimmer on the slaty-blue waves of Lake Erie. It prompted all the imaginings of his young heart so deeply stirred by the “ Pirate's Own Book.” He thought that the lake was the sea ; and already he saw himself a bold rover with a gallant crew, commanding a staunch, black ship, that, proudly carrying the black flag at the peak, floated upon its restless bosom. And when he would lie down at night, his day-thoughts turned into

dreams of the sea and its life of wild attractiveness. In his dreams he was ever a sailor.

When his wood-chopping was done and his hundred cords were neatly piled, he went to the Newburg farmer, for whom he had worked, received the twenty-five dollars, and carried them straight to his mother. Mrs. Garfield looked at the pale boy, but, though proud of his manly achievements, she saw, with some apprehension, that he had over-tasked himself. She softly remonstrated with his ardor, urging caution for the future. It was precisely this future that was on the boy's mind; and still strong in his sailor-fancies, he had come to speak about this.

"Mother, I want to be a sailor, and I am going to sea," said he abruptly,

Mrs. Garfield turned pale, for she knew too well, alas! that this meant a separation for years, and, perhaps forever, from her son.

"Nay, James," she replied gently; "why not be content with us at home? The sea is a hard life, and I fear that I could not part with you just yet. The haying season is at hand, and your brother will need your assistance on the farm, I pray you give up this sea-faring idea for the present."

James said not a word, but resumed his farm work. He assisted in the hay-fields and the gathering of the harvest; but, when the work was all done, he went again to his mother, and announced

to her, that he could no longer restrain his desire for a life on the wave. He had resolved to depart immediately. Then he packed a few clothes in a bundle; and, placing them on a stick across his shoulder, like all the boys in pictures he had ever seen, he set out on foot for Cleveland. Amid prayers and forebodings, the poor mother had bidden him good-bye; and he carried with him her kiss and her blessing, as his only fortune.

He plodded along cheerfully. His heart never failed him; his courage never sank. He was always in good spirits. After a tramp of several days, he reached Cleveland, and at once sought the harbor, that paradise, wherein he believed that he should find a career of indescribable happiness. There was but one ship in port. This he boarded, and not without some trepidation inquired for the captain.

His idea of a ship's captain had been formed from his reading, and then gilded with the honest goodness of his own nature. He imagined that any man, who was good enough and great enough to command a ship, must, at least, be a dashing, brave and gallant fellow, capable, when occasion required, of performing desperate deeds, but disposed to be, as a general thing, generous to a fault. To his question, where he could see the captain, a deck-hand replied: "The cap'n's below; he'll be up soon." Garfield, somewhat disturbed, waited the fulfillment of the deck-hand's information. The

“cap'n” announced his coming with volley after volley of oaths, that would have done no disgrace to “our army in Flanders.” A second after the oaths he came on deck, and greeted the astonished youth.

“What do you want hyar?” he rolled out in gruffest thunder.

“I would like to ship as a hand on board your vessel,” promptly replied our hero, as he recollected his errand. The “cap'n's” only answer was a renewed volley of oaths, fired directly at him instead of into space, and followed by a suppressed titter from the men. Hurt, shocked and stunned, young Garfield left the vessel.

Once on shore, he sat down to consider his plans, and resolve on his next move. The sea after all did not seem quite as blue and quite as attractive, as earlier in the day. He went back to the city. As he strolled on, his philosophic mind reasoning on his situation, he chanced upon the canal. “As the canal is to the lake, so is the lake to the sea. I will go to work on the canal and learn there first.”

Armed with this new resolve, which now seemed to be reinforced with all the love and ambition he had originally felt for his sea-faring project, he sought out a canal-boat. The EVENING STAR, Captain Amos Letcher, was tied to the bank. Stepping on board, he asked to see the captain. Amos Letcher looked into the boy's frank, open

countenance and his bright blue eye, and was mentally prepossessed in his favor. Letcher is still living, and recalls his boy-driver to-day in the following fashion :

“ There was nothing prepossessing about him at that time, any more than he had a free, open countenance. He had no bad habits, was truthful, and a boy that every one would trust on becoming acquainted with him. He came to me in the summer of 1847, when I was Captain of the *EVENING STAR*, and half owner—B. H. Fisher, now Judge Fisher, of Wichita, Kansas, being my partner. Early one morning, while discharging a cargo, Jim Garfield tapped me on the shoulder and said ; ‘ Hello, Ame, what are you doing here ? ’ ‘ You see what I’m doing. What are you doing here ? ’ ‘ Hunting work. ’ ‘ What kind of work do you want ? ’ ‘ Anything to make a living. I came here to ship on the lake, but they bluffed me off, and called me a country green-horn. ’ ‘ You’d better try your hand on smaller waters first ; you’d better get so you can drive a horse and tie a tow-line. I should like to have you work for me, but I’ve nothing better than a driver’s berth, and suppose you would not like to work for twelve dollars a month ? ’ ‘ I have got to do something, and, if that is the best you can do, I will take the team. ’ ‘ All right, I will give you a better position as soon as a vacancy occurs. ’ I called my other driver, and said, ‘ Ikey, go and show Jim his team. ’ Just as they were going to start, Jim asked, ‘ Is it a good team ? ’ ‘ As good as is on the canal. ’ ‘ What are their names ? ’ ‘ Kit and Nance. ’ Soon after we were in the ‘ eleven-mile lock, ’ and I thought I’d sound Jim on education—in the rudiments of geography, arithmetic and grammar. For I was just green enough those days to imagine that I knew it all. I had been teaching school for three winters in the backwoods of Steuben County, Ind. So, I asked him several questions, and he answered them all ; and then he asked me several that I could not answer. I told him he had too good a head to be a common canal-hand.

“As we were approaching the twenty-one locks of Akron, I sent my bowsman to make the first lock ready. Just as he got there, the bowsman from a boat above made his appearance, and said: ‘Don’t turn this lock, our boat is just round the bend, ready to enter.’ My man objected, and began turning the gate. By this time, both boats were near the lock, and their headlights made it almost as bright as day. Every man from both boats was on hand ready for a field-fight. I motioned my bowsman to come to me. Said I: ‘Were we here first?’ ‘It’s hard telling, but we’ll have the lock anyhow.’ ‘All right, just as you say.’ Jim Garfield tapped me on the shoulder, and asked: ‘Does that lock belong to us?’ ‘I suppose, according to law, it does not. But we will have it anyhow.’ ‘No, we will not.’ ‘Why?’ said I. ‘Why?’ with a look of indignation I shall never forget, ‘why,’ because it don’t belong to us.’ Said I: ‘Boys, let them have it.’

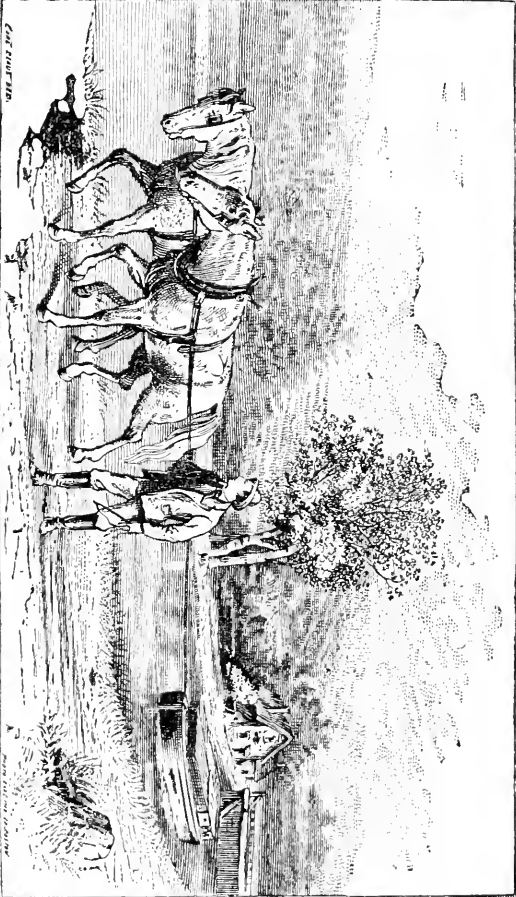
*“Next morning, one of the hands accused Jim of being a coward, because he would not fight for his rights. Said I: ‘Boys, don’t be hard on Jim. I was mad last night, but I have got over it. Jim may be a coward for aught I know, but if he is, he is the first one of the name that I ever knew that was. His father was no coward. He helped dig this canal, and weighed over two hundred pounds, and could take a barrel of whisky by the chime and drink out of the bunghole and no man dared call him a coward. You’ll alter your mind about Jim, before Fall.’

“The next trip, Jim was bowsman. Before we got to Beaver—we were bound for Pittsburgh—the boys all liked him first-rate. Before we got back to Cleveland, Jim had the ague. He left my boat at the eleven-mile lock, and struck across country to his home.”

On this first trip, he had his first fight. He was holding his “setting-pole” against his shoulder. Dave, a hand, was standing a short distance away,

when the boat made a sudden lunge, and the pole slipped from the young man's shoulder and flew with terrible force toward Dave. A loud call, "Look out Dave!" was not in time to warn him, and he was struck a painful blow on the ribs. Furiously enraged, he threatened to thrash the offender within an inch of his life, and with his head down, rushed like a mad bull at Garfield. The latter took in the situation at a glance, and, stepping aside, he awaited Dave's approach with quiet confidence. When he was close, he dealt him a terrible blow under the ear, that felled him to the deck. In an instant he was upon him, and raised his clinched fists to strike. "Pound him, —him!" called out Captain Letcher; "—if I interfere. A man who'll git mad at an accident orto be thrashed." Jim didn't strike. He saw that his antagonist was helpless and he let him up. Dave and he arose, shook hands, and were ever after fast friends. This fight was, however, only preliminary to many others during his three months on the tow-path, as the canal-boys constantly undertook to bully him, and it was necessary to remind them most effectually, by virtue of his toughened muscles, that he would not be bullied.

Such was his disposition, capacity, and attention to duty, that at the completion of the first round-trip he had learned all that was to be learned on the tow-path. He was promptly promoted from



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NEW YORK

GARFIELD ON THE TOWPATH.

driver to bowsman, and accorded the proud privilege of steering the boat instead of the mules.

By actual count, during his first trip in his new position, he fell overboard fourteen times. This was serious. The malaria of the canal-region would in all probability have taken hold of his system eventually; but these frequent baths greatly helped it. He could not swim a stroke; and aid to fish him out was not always forthcoming. One dark and rainy midnight, as the *EVENING STAR* was leaving one of those long reaches of slack water, which abounded in the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, the boy was called out of his berth to take his turn in tending bow-line. Bundling out of bed, his eyes only half-opened, he took his place on the narrow platform below the bow-deck and began uncoiling a rope to steady the boat through a lock, which it was approaching. Sleepily and slowly he unwound the coil, until it knotted and caught in a narrow cleft in the edge of the deck. He gave it a sudden pull, but it held fast; then another and a stronger pull, when it gave way, and hurled him over the bow into the water. Down he went into the dark night and still darker water; and the *EVENING STAR* glided on, leaving him to be buried in the slime of the canal. No human help was near; God alone could save him, and He only by a miracle. So the boy thought, as he went down saying the prayer which his mother had taught him. Instinctively clutching the rope, he

sank below the surface ; but the rope soon tightened in his grasp and held firmly. Hand over hand he climbed to the deck, and was again among the living. Another kink had caught in another crevice and proved his salvation. Was it the prayer or the love of his praying mother, that saved him? The boy did not know ; but, long after the boat had passed the lock, he stood there in his dripping clothes, pondering the question.

Coiling the rope, he tried to throw it again into the crevice, but it had lost the knack of kinking. Many times he tried—six hundred it is said—and then sat down and reflected : “ I have thrown this rope six hundred times. I might throw it ten times as many without its catching. Ten times six hundred are six thousand, so there were six thousand chances against my life. Against such odds Providence alone could have saved it. Providence, therefore, thinks it worth saving, and if that’s so, I wont throw it away on a canal-boat. I’ll go home, get an education, and become a man.”

Straightway he acted on the resolution, and not long after stood before his mother’s log-cottage in the Cuyahoga Wilderness. It was late at night. The stars were out, and the moon was down, but by the firelight, that came through the window, he saw his mother kneeling before an open book, which lay on a chair in the corner. She was reading, but her eyes were off the page, looking up to the Invisible :

“Oh turn unto me, and have mercy upon me ! Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thy handmaid !”

Then she read what sounded like a prayer, but this is all the boy remembered, as he for the first time comprehended, that his departure had crushed her.

He opened the door, and put his arm about her neck, and his head upon her bosom. What words he said we do not know ; but there, by her side, he gave back to God the life, which He had given. Thus the mother's prayer was answered. Thus sprang up the seed, which with toil and tears she had planted.

For a short time he remained at home, comforting his mother and endeavoring to reconcile her to his hopes of a sea-faring life. Having accomplished this, he was about to take his second departure, when the malaria seized him. For six months his strong frame was shaken with fever and ague. He lay upon the bed, the “ague-cake” in his side. Tenderly, indefatigably, his mother nursed him during his days of suffering, which her care and his iron constitution at last enabled him to overcome. He was still determined, however, to return to the canal, and thence to the lake and ocean. Mrs. Garfield well knew that any opposition would be useless. She therefore argued that he had better attend school for a time, until at least he was able to resume severe labor,

and thus fit himself to teach during the winter months, when he could not sail. He reluctantly consented to his mother's wishes. So came about a great change, which made Jim Garfield's future wonderfully different from that, which he had woven from his thread of fancies, by the aid of the "Pirate's Own Book."

CHAPTER V.

INTER FOLIA FRUCTUS—FRUIT AMID THE LEAVES.

UP to this time, in our hero's life, there are no political impressions to be recorded. The boy well remembers attending a political meeting in the ever-memorable Harrison campaign, merely as a curiosity-seeker. Nor is it to be recorded that he had any deep religious emotions. He went regularly, when at home, to the Disciples' meeting, first at Bentleyville, and later at the school-house near his home, where his Uncle Boynton had organized a congregation. The polemics of religion interested him deeply at that time; but his heart was not touched. He was familiar with Bible-texts, and was often a formidable disputant. One day, when about fifteen, he was digging potatoes for Mr. Patrick, in Orange, and carrying them in a basket from the patch to the cellar. Near the cellar-door sat a neighbor, talking to the farmer's grown-up daughter about the merits of the controversy between sprinkling and immersion, and arguing that, sprinkling was baptism within the meaning of the Scriptures. James overheard him say, that a drop was as good as a fountain. He stopped on his way to the field, and began to quote this text from Hebrews: "Let

us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience.'” “Ah, you see,” said the man, “it says ‘sprinkled.’” “Wait for the rest of the text,” replied James—“and our bodies washed with pure water!’ Now, how can you wash your body with a drop of water?” and, without waiting for a reply, he hastened to the potato-field.

James was now seventeen years of age. Yet he had seemingly cherished little ambition for anything beyond the prospects offered by the laborious life of a sailor, upon which he had entered. It happened, that during the Winter of his ague-illness there came to Orange to teach the district school, a young man named Samuel D. Bates—now a distinguished minister of the Gospel at Marion, Ohio—who had been at school in the adjacent township. He had attended what was then a high school, known as the Geauga Seminary. He and Garfield became firm friends. Bates was full of his school-experiences. Finding his new acquaintance so intelligent, and having the true proselyting spirit, which was so common among men in the backwoods, who were beginning to taste the pleasures of education, he was very anxious to take back several new students. Garfield listened to the representations of his eloquent friend, and was tempted. He was too weak and ill to carry out his plan of becoming a sailor at once; and he finally resolved to attend the high school one ses-

sion, and postpone sailing until the next Fall. This resolution made a major-general, a senator, and a President of him, instead of a common sailor before the mast, on a Lake Erie schooner.

Accordingly he joined two other young men, William Boynton (his cousin), and Orrin H. Judd of Orange. They reached Chester March 6th, 1849, and rented a room in an unpainted frame-house nearly west of the seminary and across the street from it. Garfield had seventeen dollars in his pocket, scraped together by his mother and his brother Thomas. They took provisions, and a cooking stove; and a poor widow cooked and washed for them for an absurdly small sum. The academy was a two-story building; and the school, with about a hundred pupils of both sexes, drawn from the farming country around Chester, was in a flourishing condition. It had a library of perhaps one hundred and fifty volumes—more books than young Garfield had ever seen before. A venerable gentleman, named Daniel Branch, was principal of the school, and his wife was his chief assistant. The other teachers were Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, Mr. Bigelow and Miss Abigail Curtis. Mrs. Branch had introduced an iconoclastic grammar, which claimed that all others were founded on a false basis; maintained that *but* was a verb in the imperative mood, and meant *be out*, and that *and* was also a verb in the imperative mood, and meant *add*; and tried in other ways to upset the

accepted etymology. Garfield had been reared in "Kirkham" at the district-school, and refused to accept the new system. In the grammar-classes that term there was a constant battle between him and the teacher. Here, though he did not know it at the time, he first saw his future wife. Lucretia Randolph, a quiet, studious girl in her seventeenth year, was among the students. There was no association between the two however, save in classes. James was awkward and bashful, and contemplated the girls at a distance as a superior order of beings.

He bought, soon after arriving, the second algebra he had ever seen. He studied it and natural philosophy. At the close of the Spring term he made his first public speech. It was a six minutes' oration delivered at the annual exhibition at the request of a literary society, to which he belonged. He recorded in a diary, that he kept at the time, that he "was very much scared," and "very glad of a short curtain across the platform that hid my shaking legs from the audience." Among the books he read at this time was the Autobiography of Henry C. Wright; and the determined lad was much impressed with the author's account of how healthfully he lived in Scotland on bread and milk and crackers, and how hard he could study. Fired with the idea, he told his cousin, that they had been too extravagant, and that another term they must "board themselves" and adopt Wright's diet.

At the close of the session he returned to Orange, helped his brother build a barn for his mother, and then entered into the hard work of earning money—for, from the time he left Chester until his death, he always paid his way—to continue his studies at Chester, when the Fall term began. He worked at harvesting, and secured enough to guarantee his continuance at the Geauga Seminary, and to pay off some of the doctor's bills incurred during his protracted illness of the Winter before. On his return to the Seminary the experiment of "boarding themselves" was not repeated. An arrangement was made with Heman Woodworth, a carpenter of Chester, to live at his house, and have lodging, board, washing, fuel and light for one dollar and six cents a week. This sum he expected to earn by helping the carpenter on Saturdays and at odd hours on school days. The carpenter was building a two-story house on the east side of the road, a little south of the Seminary-grounds; and James' first work was to get out siding at two cents a board. The first Saturday he planed fifty-one boards and so earned one dollar and two cents, the most money he had ever received for a day's work. He began that Fall the study of Greek. That term he paid his way, bought a few books, and returned home with three dollars in his pocket. He now thought himself competent to teach a country-school, but after a two days' tramp through Cuyahoga County, he

failed to find employment. Some schools had already engaged teachers; and, where there was still a vacancy, the trustees thought him too young. He returned to his mother, completely discouraged, and greatly humiliated by the rebuffs he had met with. He made a resolution, that he would never again ask for a position of any kind. This resolution he faithfully kept; for every public place, which he afterwards held, came to him unsought.

Next morning, while still in the depths of despondency, he heard a man call to his mother from the road: "Widow Gaffield" (a local corruption of the name of Garfield), "where's your boy Jim? I wonder if he wouldn't like to teach our school at the Ledge?" James went out and found a neighbor from a district a mile away, where the school had been broken up for two Winters by the rowdiness of the big boys. He said, that he would like to try the school, but before deciding must consult his uncle, Amos Boynton. That evening there was a family-consultation. Uncle Amos pondering over the matter, finally said: "You go and try it. You will go into that school as the boy 'Jim' Gaffield; see that you come out as Mr. Garfield, the schoolmaster." The young man mustered the school in the school-room, after a hard tussle with the bully of the district, who resented a flogging and tried to brain the teacher with a billet of wood. No problem in his after life ever took so much absorbing thought and study,

as that of making the Ledge school successful. He devised all sorts of plans for making study interesting to the children ; joined in the out-door sports of the big boys ; read aloud evenings to the people, with whom he boarded ; and won the hearts of old and young. Before spring he won the reputation of being the best schoolmaster, who had ever taught at the Ledge. His wages were "twelve dollars a month and found," and he "boarded round" in the families of the pupils.

He returned to the Seminary in the spring (1850), and found that the principal, Mr. Branch, had left and was succeeded by Spencer J. Fowler, while John B. Beach had stepped into the shoes of the crusty, iconoclastic grammarian, Mrs. Branch. During this third term at the Seminary, he and his cousin Henry "boarded themselves," and put in practice Wright's dietary scheme. At the end of six weeks the boys found that their expenses for food had been just thirty-one cents per week apiece. Henry thought that they were living too poorly for good health. They therefore agreed to increase their outlay to fifty cents per week apiece. James had, up to this time, looked upon a college course as wholly beyond his reach ; but he met a college graduate, who told him that he was mistaken in supposing, that only the sons of rich parents were able to take such a course. A poor boy could get through, he said, but it would take a long time and very hard work. The

usual time was four years in preparatory studies and four in the regular college course. James thought, that, by working part of the time to earn money, he could get through in twelve years. He then resolved to bend all his energies to getting a college education. From this resolution he never swerved a hair's breadth. Until it was accomplished, it was the one overmastering idea of his life. The tenacity and single-heartedness, with which he clung to it, and the sacrifices, which he made to realize it, unquestionably exerted a powerful influence in moulding and solidifying his character.

In March of this year, after having exercised his full freedom in reaching conclusions, he joined the Church of the Disciples, who are also known as "Campbellites," and was baptized in a little stream that flows into the Chagrin River. His conversion was brought about by a quiet, sweet-tempered man, who held a series of meetings in the school-house near the Garfield homestead, and told in the plainest manner, and with the most straightforward earnestness, the story of the Gospel. The creed, which he professed, and which was then held by few, but now by about half a million persons, is as follows :

1. We call ourselves Christians or Disciples.
2. We believe in God the Father.
3. We believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and our only Saviour. We regard the divinity of Christ as the fundamental truth in the Christian system.

4. We believe in the Holy Spirit, both as an agency in conversion and as an indweller in the heart of the Christian.

5. We accept both the Old and the New Testament Scriptures as the inspired word of God.

6. We believe in the future punishment of the wicked and the future reward of the righteous.

7. We believe that the Deity is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

8. We observe the institution of the Lord's Supper on every Lord's Day. To this table it is our practice neither to invite nor to debar. We say it is the Lord's Supper for all the Lord's children.

9. We plead for the union of all God's people on the Bible and the Bible alone.

10. The Bible is our only creed.

11. We maintain that all the ordinances of the Gospel should be observed as they were in the days of the Apostles.

When the Summer came, he resumed his old trade, and was happy among the hammers and planes, the saws and chisels. He earned a fair amount, and returned in the Fall to the Seminary. During this Fall he entered a school of book-keeping, penmanship and elocution, kept by Dr. Alonzo Harlow, and located at Chagrin Falls, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. Garfield was the doctor's janitor, paying his tuition in that manner, and at the same time earning his board of a neighboring farmer by doing chores about the place. Here he took his first lesson in elocution, and received the first real encouragement to fit himself for public life.

In the Winter he taught a village-school in Warrensville, receiving sixteen dollars a month

and board. One of his pupils desired to study algebra. Although Garfield had never taught this branch of mathematics, he bought a text-book, studied nights, kept ahead of his pupil, and finished his instruction without a suspicion on the part of the pupil that the master was not an expert in the science. This was Garfield's last experience in Chester or its neighborhood. Writing many years afterward of the time spent here, he said :

I remember with great satisfaction the work, which was accomplished for me at Chester. It marked the most decisive change in my life. While there I formed a definite purpose and plan to complete a college course. It is a great point gained, when a young man makes up his mind to devote several years to the accomplishment of a definite work. With the educational facilities now afforded in our country, no young man, who has good health and is master of his own actions, can be excused for not obtaining a good education. Poverty is very inconvenient, but it is a fine spur to activity, and may be made a rich blessing.

✓ In the Spring he went with his mother to visit relatives in Muskingum County, and rode for the first time in a railroad train. The Cleveland and Columbus Railroad had just been opened ; and he went to Columbus from Orange. Hon. Gamaliel Kent, then representative from Geauga, showed him over the State-capital and the legislative halls. From Columbus Garfield and his mother went by stage to Zanesville, and then floated eighteen miles in a skiff down the Muskingum River to their destination. While there, James

taught a Spring school in a log-building on Back Run, in Harrison Township. The coal, burned in the school-house, he was obliged to dig from a bank in the rear of the house.

In the Summer he returned with his mother to Orange. He decided to continue his education at a new school, established by the Disciples the year before, at Hiram, Portage County, a cross-roads village, twelve miles from any town or railroad. His religious feelings naturally called him to the young institution of his own denomination. In August, 1851, he arrived at Hiram, and found a plain brick-building standing in the midst of a cornfield, with perhaps a dozen farm-houses, near enough for boarding-places for the students. It was a lonely, isolated place, on a high ridge, dividing the waters, which flowed into Lake Erie, from those which ran southward to the Ohio. The Rev. A. S. Hayden was the principal, Thomas Munnell and Norman Dunshee teachers of mathematics and Greek. Recently General Garfield said, in an address:

A few days after the beginning of the term, I saw a class of three reciting in mathematics—geometry I think. I had never seen a geometry, and, regarding both teacher and class with a feeling of reverential awe for the intellectual height to which they had climbed, I studied their faces so closely that I seem to see them now as distinctly as I saw them then. And it has been my good fortune since that time to claim them all as intimate friends. The teacher was Thomas Munnell, and the members of his class were William B. Hazen, George A. Baker and Almeda A. Booth.

He lived in a room with four other pupils; studied harder than ever, having now his college project fully in mind; finished six books of Cæsar; and made good progress in Greek. He met, on entering the institute, a woman, who exercised a strong influence on his intellectual life, Miss Almeda Booth—the Margaret Fuller of the West—a teacher in the school. She, nine years his senior, possessed a mind of remarkable range and grasp, and a character of unusual sweetness, purity and strength. She became his guide and companion in his studies, his mental and moral heroine, and his unselfish, devoted friend.

When Winter came, he returned to Warrensville, and taught school again, earning eighteen dollars a month. Spring found him again at Hiram. During this term, in company with Corydon E. Fuller, he aided Miss Booth in writing a colloquy for the public exercises at the close of the school-year. During the ensuing Summer (1852), he helped to build a house in the village, planing the siding and shingling the roof himself. In the Fall, when the institute opened, one of the tutors in the department of English and ancient languages fell ill, and James Garfield was advanced to his place. Henceforward he taught and studied at the same time, his eye all the while fixed upon the bright beacon of a college-education. He began Zeno-phon's Anabasis among other studies. That Winter he became a member of President Hayden's household.

The Summer vacation of 1853 brought even harder work. In company with eleven students, he formed a class, and hired Professor Dunshee to give them private lessons for one month. During that time he mastered the Pastorals of Virgil (the Georgics and Bucolics entire), and the first six books of Homer's Iliad, and had a thorough drill in Latin and Greek grammar at each recitation. He was also a member of an active literary society during this month. When the Fall term was fairly under way, Garfield again hastened his preparation for college. He, with several other students, formed a Translation Society, that met at Miss Booth's rooms two evenings a week, and made a joint translation with her of the Book of Romans. Their work was more thorough than rapid. An entry in Garfield's diary for December 15th, 1853, reads: "Translation Society sat three hours in Miss Booth's rooms, and agreed upon the translation of nine verses." To this class, Professor Dunshee contributed several essays on the German commentators, De Wette and Tholuck. During the Winter (1853-54), Garfield read the whole of "Demosthenes on the Crown."

When he went to Hiram, he had studied Latin only six weeks, and just begun Greek, and was, therefore, just in a condition to begin the four years' preparatory course, ordinarily taken by students before entering college in the Freshman class. Yet, in three years' time, he fitted himself

to enter the Junior class, two years further along. While thus crowding six years of study into three, he earned his living by teaching. To accomplish this, he shut out the whole world from his mind, save that little portion of it within the range of his studies, knowing nothing of politics or the news of the day, reading no light literature, and engaging in no social recreations, that took his time from his books.

The college question was now before him. But where should he go? He had recently read some lectures by President Hopkins of Williams College, that had made him think favorably of that institution. But he had originally intended to enter Bethany College, which was sustained by the church, of which he was a member, and presided over by Alexander Campbell, the man, whom above all others he had been taught to admire and revere. A familiar letter shall tell us how he reasoned and acted:

There are three reasons why I have decided not to go to Bethany: 1st. The course of study is not so extensive or thorough as in Eastern colleges. 2d. Bethany leans too heavily toward slavery. 3d. I am the son of Disciple parents, am one myself, and have had but little acquaintance with people of other views, and, having always lived in the West, I think it will make me more liberal, both in my religious and general views and sentiments, to go into a new circle, where I shall be under new influences. These considerations led me to conclude to go to some New England college. I therefore wrote to the President of Brown University, Yale

and Williams, setting forth the amount of study I had done, and asking how long it would take me to finish their course.

Their answers are now before me. All tell me I can graduate in two years. They are all brief business notes, but President Hopkins concludes with this sentence: 'If you come here, we shall be glad to do what we can for you.' Other things being so nearly equal, this sentence, which seems to be a kind of friendly grasp of the hand, has settled the question for me. I shall start for Williams next week.

Some points in this letter of a young man about to start away from home to college will strike the reader as remarkable. Nothing could show more mature judgment about the matter than his wise anxiety to leave the Disciples' influence and see something of other men and other opinions. It is noticeable, that one, trained to look upon Alexander Campbell as the master-intellect of the churches of the day, should have revolted against studying in his college, because it leaned too strongly toward slavery. And in the final turning of his decision upon the little, friendly commonplace, that closed one of the letters, we catch a glimpse of the warm, sympathetic nature of the man, which a large and wide experience of the world in after years never hardened.

So, in the fall of 1854, the pupil of Geauga Seminary and of Hiram Institute received admission at the venerable doors of Williams College.

CHAPTER VI.

GARFIELD AT WILLIAMS.

WHEN Garfield reached Williams College, in June, 1854, he had about three hundred dollars, which he had saved while teaching at Hiram. With this amount he hoped to finish the first year. The college year had not quite closed. A few weeks remained, which he utilized by attending the recitations of the Sophomore class, that he might become familiar with the methods of the professors before testing his ability to pass the examinations of the Junior year. He had a keen sense of his want of the social advantages and general culture, which the students, with whom he came in contact, had enjoyed all their lives; but his homely manners and Western garb did not subject him to any slights or mortifications. The spirit of the college was generous and manly. No student was estimated by the clothes he wore; no one was snubbed, because he was poor. The intellectual force, originality and immense powers of study, possessed by the new-comer from Ohio, were soon recognized by his classmates; and he was shown as much respect, cordiality and companionship, as if he had been the son of a millionaire. His mates

recall him as very large, quite German in appearance—so strong is good Saxon blood, after centuries of exile from the Saxon land—blonde and bearded, strong-limbed, serious but sociable, and with easy-going, Western manners, ready wit, and broad sympathy going out to all his fellows. The boys called him "Old Gar," so readily did he assume the patriarchate of the college in the brief two years he was there. He boarded in club, and did not smoke or drink.

The beauty of the scenery around Williams-town made a strong impression upon his fancy. He had never seen mountains before. The spurs of the Green Hills, which reach down from Vermont and inclose the little college-town in their arms, were to the young man from the monotonous landscapes of the Western Reserve a wonderful revelation of grandeur and beauty. He climbed Greylock and explored all the glens and valleys of the neighborhood.

The examination for entering the Junior class was passed without difficulty. Although self-taught (he received help from his friend and companion in his studies, Miss Booth), he had a thorough knowledge of the books required. A long Summer vacation followed his examination; and this time he employed in the college-library, the first large collection of books he had ever seen. His absorption in the double work of teaching and fitting himself for college had hitherto left him little time

for general reading, so that the library opened a new world of profit and delight. Of Shakespeare he had read only the few extracts, which he had found in his reading-books in his early school-days. Of the whole range of fiction he had voluntarily deprived himself at eighteen, when he joined the church, having serious views of the business of life, and imbibing the notion, then almost universal among religious people in the country-districts of the West, that novel-reading was a waste of time, and, therefore, a simple, worldly sort of intellectual amusement. With weeks of leisure to range at will over shelves of the college-library, he began with Shakespeare, which he read through from cover to cover. Then he took up English history and poetry. Of the poets, Tennyson pleased him best, which is not to be wondered at, for the influence of the Laureate was then at its height. He learned whole poems by heart, and could always repeat them.

After he had been six or eight months at college, and had devoured an immense amount of serious reading, he began to suffer from intellectual dyspepsia. He found, that his mind was not assimilating what he read, and would often refuse to be held down to the printed page. Then he revised his notions about books of fiction, and concluded, that romance is as valuable a part of intellectual food as salad is of a dinner. He prescribed for himself one novel a month; and on

this medicine his mind speedily recuperated and recovered all its old elasticity. Cooper's Leatherstocking Tales were the first novels he read, and afterwards Sir Walter Scott's. An English classmate introduced him to the works of Dickens and Thackeray. He formed a habit in those days of making notes, while he read, of everything, which he did not clearly understand, such as historical references, mythological allusions, technical terms, etc. These notes he would look up afterwards in the library, that he might leave nothing obscure in his mind concerning the books he absorbed. The thoroughness, which he displayed in his work in after life, was thus begun at that early period, and applied to every subject he took hold of. The ground, which his mind traversed, he carefully cleared and ploughed before leaving it for fresh fields.

Garfield studied Latin and Greek, and took up German as an elective study. One year at Williams completed his classical studies, in which he was far advanced before he came there. German he carried on successfully, until he read Goethe and Schiller readily and acquired considerable fluency in conversation. He entered with zeal into the literary work of the college, becoming a vigorous debater in the Philologian Society, of which he was president in 1855-56. The influence of the mind and character of Dr. Hopkins was especially felt in shaping the direction of Gar-

field's thought and views of life. He often said that the good president rose like a sun before him, and enlightened his whole mental and moral nature. His preaching and teaching were a constant inspiration to the young Ohio student; and he became the centre of his college life, the object of his hero-worship.

At the end of the Fall term of 1854, Garfield enjoyed a Winter vacation of two months in North Pownal, Vt., teaching a writing class in the same school-house, where a year before Chester A. Arthur was the principal. Garfield wrote a broad, handsome hand, that was strongly individual, and was the envy of the boys and girls, who tried to imitate it.

At the end of the college year, Garfield returned home to see his mother, who was then living with a daughter at Solon. His money was exhausted; but two expedients were open to him, either to borrow enough to take him through to graduation at the end of the next year, or to resume teaching, until he earned the requisite amount, and so break the continuity of his college course. He however insured his life for eight hundred dollars, which his brother Thomas undertook to furnish in instalments. After Thomas became unable to advance money, Dr. Robinson of Hiram assumed the obligation and took the insurance policy as a security.

He returned to Williams in the Fall, and was again active in his contributions to the College

Magazine, the *Williams Quarterly*. From these contributions we cannot quote as liberally as we would like. We find three poetical productions. One is a political satire, called "Sam," and contains the lines:

"'Twas noon of night, and by his flickering lamp,
That gloated o'er his dingy room and damp,
With glassy eye and haggard face there sat,
A disappointed, worn-out Democrat ;
His eloquence all wasted—plans all failed,
His spurious coin fast to the counter nailed,
Deception's self was now at length deceived,
His lies, political, no more believed."

Another, evidently a squib about some college prank, is modeled on Tennyson. It is entitled "The Charge of the Tight Brigade." The following is a portion:

*"Bottles to right of them,
Bottles to left of them,
Bottles in front of them,
Fizzled and sundered.
Ent'ring with shout and yell,
Boldly they drank and well,
They caught the Tartar then ;
Oh, what a perfect sell!
Sold—the half hundred.
Grinned all the dentals bare,
Swung all their caps in air,
Uncorking bottles there,
Watching the Freshmen while
Every one wondered ;
Plunged in tobacco smoke,
With many a desperate stroke,
Dozens of bottles broke.
Then they came back—but not,
Not the half hundred."*

The third contribution, in verse, we reproduce entire. It is entitled "Memory."

"'Tis beauteous night ; the stars look brightly down
 Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow.
 No light gleams at the window save my own,
 Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
 And now with noiseless step sweet Memory comes,
 And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
 What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
 Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
 The enchanted shadowy land where Memory dwells ?
 It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
 Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree.
 And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed
 In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
 Robed in the dreamy light of distant years,
 Are clustered joys serene of other days ;
 Upon its gently-sloping hillsides bend
 The weeping-willows o'er the sacred dust
 Of dear departed ones ; and yet, in that land,
 Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
 They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
 Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand,
 As erst they did before the prison tomb
 Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
 The heavens that bend above that land are hung
 With clouds of various hues : some dark and chill,
 Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
 Upon the sunny, joyous land below ;
 • Others are floating through the dreamy air,
 White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
 With gold and crimson hues ; their shadows fall
 Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
 Soft as the shadows of an angel's wing.
 When the rough battle of the day is done,
 And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
 I bound away across the noisy years,
 Unto the utmost verge of Memory's land,
 Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
 And Memory dim with dark oblivion joins ;

Where woke the first-remembered sounds that fell
 Upon the ear in childhood's early morn ;
 And wandering thence, along the rolling years,
 I see the shadow of my former self
 Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
 The path of youth winds down through many a vale
 And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
 From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
 Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf,
 And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
 Leads o'er a summit where the sunbeams fall ;
 And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
 Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along."

The prose contributions were many, and upon various subjects. During his second year, 1855-'56, he and W. R. Baxter, Henry E. Knox, E. Clarence Smith and John Tatlock, were the editors for the class of '56. In the opening number of his year, September, 1855, he supplied the Editor's Table. How pleasantly he voices the trouble which every newspaper editor or writer has experienced, when he says in his opening lines :

It is, indeed, an uninviting task to bubble up sentiment and elaborate thought in obedience to corporate laws ; and not unfrequently those children of the brain, when paraded before the proper authorities, show by their meager proportions, that they have not been nourished by the genial warmth of a willing heart.

He thus states the purpose of the *Quarterly*, which in those days was a very creditable magazine :

It proposes a kind of intellectual tournament where we may learn to hurl the lance and wield the sword, and thus

prepare for the conflict of life. It shall be our aim to keep the lists still open and the arena clear, that the knights of the quill may learn to hurl the lance and wield the sword of thought, and thus be ready for sterner duties. We shall also endeavor to decorate the arena with all the flowers that our *own gardens* afford, and thus render the place more pleasant and inviting. We should remember, however, that it is no honor or profit merely to *appear* in the arena, but the wreath is for those who *contend*.

From a brilliant review of the life and writings of the unfortunate Karl Theodor Körner, that appeared in the number for March, 1856, we quote a single paragraph:

The greater part of our modern literature bears evident marks of the haste which characterizes all the movements of this age; but, in reading these older authors, we are impressed with the idea, that they enjoyed the most comfortable leisure. Many books we can read in a railroad car, and feel a harmony between the rushing of the train and the haste of the author; but to enjoy the older authors, we need the quiet of a winter evening—an easy chair before a cheerful fire, and all the equanimity of spirits we can command. Then the genial good-nature, the rich fullness, the persuasive eloquence of those old masters will fall upon us like the warm, glad sunshine, and afford those hours of calm contemplation in which the spirit may expand with generous growth, and gain deep and comprehensive views. The pages of friendly old Goldsmith come to us like a golden autumn day, when every object which meets the eye bears all the impress of the completed year, and the beauties of an autumnal forest.

Writing on "The Province of History," Garfield defined the historian's duty:

There are two points which the historian should ever have before him:

First—The relation of facts to each other and to the whole body of history; and,

Second—The tendency of the whole toward some great end.

* * * * * *

For every village, state and nation there is an aggregate of native talent which God has given, and by which, together with his Providence, he leads that nation on, and thus leads the world. In the light of these truths we affirm, that no man can understand the history of any nation, or of the world, who does not recognize in it the power of God, and behold His stately goings forth as He walks among the nations. It is His hand that is moving the vast superstructure of human history, and, though but one of the windows were unfurnished, like that of the Arabian palace, yet all the powers of earth could never complete it without the aid of the Divine Architect.

To employ another figure,—the world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and of every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and, though there have been mingled the discord of roaring cannon, and dying men, yet to the Christian, Philosopher and Historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song, which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come. The record of every orphan's sigh, of every widow's prayer, of every noble deed, of every honest heart-throb for the right is swelling that gentle strain; and when, at last, the great end is attained; when the lost image of God is restored to the human soul; when the church anthem can be pealed forth without a discordant note, then will angels join in the chorus, and all the sons of God again "shout for joy."

Young Garfield's connection with the *Quarterly* proved of great benefit to him. It gave him experience and brought him into closer contact with

the men around him. He first came to know Sam Bowles through the *Quarterly*, which was printed in Bowles' office. Among the constant contributors during Garfield's connection with it as editor, we notice Professor Chadbourne, Horace E. Scudder, G. B. Manly, S. G. W. Benjamin, J. Gilfillan, W. R. Dimmock, John Savery and W. S. B. Hopkins, some of whom have gained a more distinguished fame than in the pages of the *College Quarterly*.

His second Winter vacation was passed at Prestenkil, New York, a country neighborhood, about six miles from Troy, where one of the Disciple preachers from Ohio, named Streeter, was occupied in preaching. Garfield organized a writing-school, to keep himself busy, and occasionally preached in his friend's church. During a visit to Troy he became acquainted with the teachers and directors of the public schools, and was one day surprised by the offer of a position, with a salary far beyond what he had expected to earn on his return to Ohio after his graduation. The proposition was debated gravely. If he accepted, he could pay his debts, marry the girl to whom he was engaged, and live a life of comparative comfort in an Eastern city. But he could not finish his college course, and he would have to sever the ties with friends in Ohio and with the struggling school at Hiram, to which he was deeply attached. He settled the question in a conversation. Walk-

ing on a hill, called Mount Olympus, with the gentleman who had made the proposition, Garfield said to him :

You are not Satan, and I am not Jesus, but we are upon the mountain, and you have tempted me powerfully. I think I must say, "Get thee behind me." I am poor, and the salary would soon pay my debts and place me in a position of independence ; but there are two objections. I could not accomplish my resolution to complete a college course, and should be crippled intellectually for life. Then my roots are all fixed in Ohio, where people know me and I know them, and this transplanting might not succeed as well in the long run as to go back home and work for smaller pay.

Study at Williams was easy for Garfield. He had been used to much harder work at Hiram, where he had crowded six years of study into three, and taught at the same time. Now he had the stimulus of a large class, an advantage he had never before enjoyed. His lessons were always perfectly learned. Professor Chadbourne says that he was "the boy who never flunked." He found abundant leisure for courses of reading, that involved as much brain-work as the college text-books. He graduated in August, 1856, with a class-honor, established by President Hopkins and highly esteemed in the college—that of Metaphysics—reading an essay on "The Seen and the Unseen." It is singular that at different times in the course of his education he was thought to have a special aptitude for some single line of intellectual work,

and that at a later period his talents seemed to lie just as strongly in some other line. At one time it was mathematics, at another the classics, at another rhetoric, and finally he excelled in metaphysics. The truth was that he had a remarkably vigorous and well-rounded brain, capable of doing effective work of any kind which his will might dictate.

The venerable President Hopkins, recalling his illustrious student, speaks thus of him :

My first remark, then, is that General Garfield was not *sent* to college. He *came*. This often marks a distinction between college students. To some, college is chiefly a place of aimless transition through the perilous period between boyhood and manhood. Without fixed principles, and with no definite aim, with an aversion to study rather than a love of it, they seek to get along with the least possible effort. Between the whole attitude and bearing of such, and of one who *comes*, the contrast is like that between mechanical and vital force. In what General Garfield did there was nothing mechanical. He not only came, but made sacrifices to come. His work was from a vital force, and so was without fret or worry. He came with a high aim, and pursued it steadily.

A second remark is that the studies of General Garfield had breadth. As every student should, he made it his first business to master the studies of the class-room. This he did, but the college furnishes facilities, and is intended, especially in the latter part of its course, to furnish opportunity for gaining general knowledge, and for self-directed culture. To many, the most valuable result of their college course is from these. What they have affinity for they find, and often make most valuable acquisitions in general literature, in history, in natural science, and in politics. Of these facilities and of this

opportunity General Garfield availed himself largely. Of his tendency toward politics in those days we have an illustration in a poem entitled "Sam," which he delivered while in college, and in which he satirized the Know-Nothing Party. He manifested while in college the same tendency toward breadth which he has since, for it is well known that he has been a general scholar and a statesman rather than a mere politician.

And as General Garfield was broad in his scholarship, so was he in his sympathies. No one thought of him as a recluse, or as bookish. Not *given* to athletic sports, he was fond of them. His mind was open to the impression of natural scenery, and, as his constitution was vigorous, he knew well the fine points on the mountains around us. He was also social in his disposition, both giving and inspiring confidence. So true is this of his intercourse with the officers of the college as well as with others, that he was never even suspected of anything low or trickish; and hence, in part, the confidence I have always felt in his integrity. He had a quick eye for anything that turned up with a ludicrous side to it, and celebrated a trick the Freshmen played on the Sophomores by a clever parody of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," published in the *College Quarterly*. Respecting always the individuality of others, and commanding without exacting their respect, he was a general favorite with his associates.

A further point in General Garfield's course of study worthy of remark was its evenness. There was nothing startling at any one time, and no special preference for any one study. There was a large general capacity, applicable to any subject, and sound sense. As he was more mature than most, he naturally had a readier and firmer grasp of the higher studies. Hence his appointment to the metaphysical oration, then one of the high honors of the class. What he did, was done with facility, but by honest and avowed work. There was no pretence of genius, or alternation of spasmodic effort and

of rest, but a satisfactory accomplishment in all directions of what was undertaken. Hence there was a steady, healthful, onward and upward progress, such as has characterized his course since his graduation. If that course should still be upward, it would add another to the grand illustrations we have already of the spirit of our free institutions.

President Chadbourne, in a letter to Mr. Hinsdale, has also this word to say concerning Garfield:

He graduated in 1856, soon after I began my work here as professor. The students who came under my instruction then made a much stronger impression upon me than those of a later day, since my attention has been called to other interests than those of the lecture-room. But General Garfield, as a student, was one who would at any time impress himself upon the memory of his instructors by his manliness and excellence of character. He was one whom his teachers would never suspect as guilty of a dishonest or mean act, and one whom a dishonest or mean man would not approach. College life is, in some respects, a severe test of character. False notions of honor often prevail among students, so that, under sanction of "college custom," things are sometimes done by young men which they would scorn to do in other places. There was a manliness and honesty about General Garfield that gave him power to see and do what was for his own good and the honor of the college. His life as a student was pure and noble. His moral and religious character and marked intellectual ability gave great promise of success in the world. His course since he entered active life has seemed to move on in the same line in which he moved here. He has been distinguished for hard work, clear insight into great questions of public interest, strong convictions and manly courage.

The class of 1856 contained among its forty-two

members a number of men who have since won distinction. Three became general officers in the volunteer army during the rebellion—Garfield, Daviess and Thompson. Two, Bolter and Shattuck, were captains, and were killed in battle; Eldridge, who now lives in Chicago, was a colonel; so was Ferris Jacobs of Delhi, N. Y.; Rockwell is a quartermaster in the regular army; Gilfillan is Treasurer of the United States. Hill was at one time Assistant Attorney-General and is now a lawyer in Boston. Knox is a leading lawyer in New York. Newcombe is a professor in the University of New York.

Of the classmates of Garfield, Hon. C. H. Hill, Rev. J. K. Hazen, Rev. John Tatlock, S. P. Hubbell, Lavalette Wilson, Elijah Cutter, Rev. E. N. Manley and Rev. E. C. Smith joined in letters to Colonel Rockwell—after Garfield's nomination—recalling the lights and shadows of his career at Williams, as they remembered them. Subjoined are these letters. Hon. C. H. Hill wrote this:

33 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON, June 23d, 1880.

I think at that time he was paying great attention to German, and devoted all his leisure time to that language. In his studies, his taste was rather for metaphysical and philosophical studies than for history and biography, which were the studies most to my liking, but he read besides a good deal of poetry and general literature. Tennyson was then, and has ever been since, one of his favorite authors; and I remember, too, when *Hiawatha* was published, how greatly he admired it, and how he would quote almost pages of it in our walks

together. He was also greatly interested in Charles Kingsley's writings, particularly in *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*. I first, I think, introduced him to Dickens and gave him *Oliver Twist* to read, and he roared with laughter over *Mr. Bumble*.

We belonged to the Philologian Society, one of the two great literary societies of the college, and it was at his suggestion that I attended its weekly meetings regularly, and almost always took part in the debate. I think he was considered our best debater, although we had several who were very good. Garfield had always been a Whig of the Seward and Wade school, and until the organization of the Republican Party, in 1856, men with his opinions, during our college days, were in a sort of political limbo, for he would have nothing to do with the Know-Nothing Party, which then seemed to be carrying everything before it, and attracted large numbers of young men, but whose principles he strongly condemned, and he had no liking, of course, for the Democracy. The great political questions of the day—the treatment of Kansas, the dangers from the influx of foreigners and from the Roman Catholic Church, the constitutionality of Personal Liberty Bills, the Crimean war, and the desirability of an elective judiciary—were eagerly debated in the Philologian, and he invariably took part, except during the period when he was President of the society. Two members of the Convention at Chicago which nominated him for President were active members of the society, Mr. W. S. B. Hopkins, of Worcester, Massachusetts, and our classmate, General Ferris Jacobs, of Delhi, N. Y. Other prominent debaters were the lamented Dr. Dimmock, of Adams Academy, Quincy; ex-Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska; E. L. Lincoln (now deceased); S. B. Forbes, and Charles Marsh, of the Class of 1855, and Charles S. Halsey, Edward Clarence Smith, C. D. Wilber, and others whom I do not now recall, of our own class. In all these debates, I should say he was distinguished for moderation—not always, perhaps, in expression, but in opinion. His instincts were conservative. I remember dis-

tinctly that he was, when he came to college, a fervent supporter of the elective judiciary, but in preparing himself to take part in a debate on the subject, he studied himself over to the opposite side of the question, and began his speech by frankly admitting that he had within a week entirely changed his opinions on this subject.

In 1879 he was appointed Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, and for five winters my rooms were in the same street with Garfield's house at Washington, and but a few doors from it, and either at his house, or at the Capitol, I saw him almost daily. I think, in college, he looked forward rather to a professional and judicial career than to a political one, but I perceived that his intellectual growth since he left college, had been a steady and consistent expansion of what he was as a young man. His political opinions, as they showed themselves in our conversations, were what they appear, I think, in his speeches—broad and conservative—those of a party man who, however, looks beyond party, and of a practical statesman who deals with existing facts, and does the best with them, rather than those of a political doctrinaire. His consistent and unflinching support of honest money, and constant enforcement of the duty of maintaining the national honor by paying the creditor according to his contract, reminds me of one trait in his character. Although a poor boy, and very poor man in college, and although he has been comparatively poor ever since, I never perceived in him the slightest tincture of bitterness or envy toward those who were better off than he was, or of dislike for the rich because they are rich. In my long intimate companionship with him, I am certain he would more than once have betrayed some such feeling had he entertained it, and I know I should have noticed and remembered it. At Washington, he was always delighted to see old college friends, and talk over college days, about which his memory is wonderfully retentive. Two other members of our class, Mr. Gilfillan, Treasurer of the United States, and Colonel Rockwell, resided in Washington at the time,

and formed a nucleus for class meetings whenever an old classmate turned up. Toward Williams College he has always entertained a most filial affection, and ever speaks with deep feelings of the benefits which he derived from his two years' residence there, and especially from the instruction and influence of Dr. Hopkins, the President, who, during his thirty years' tenure of that office, impressed himself as strongly upon the young men under his charge as any college instructor the country has ever seen, and who has old pupils on the Supreme Bench of the United States, in both Houses of Congress, and in other positions of trust and influence throughout the land.

I remain your obedient servant,
 CLEMENT HUGH HILL.

The Rev. James K. Hazen wrote :

PRESBYTERIAN COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION, }
 1001 MAIN STREET, }
 RICHMOND, VA., June 22d, 1880. }

The warm personal regard and affection I have for Garfield lead me to respond with alacrity, though I fear I can furnish you little that will be valuable for the purpose which you have in view.

We expected much of Garfield when in college, and predicted for him a seat in Congress within less than ten years of his graduation (he reached it in seven), but, so far as I know, our class prophecies did not point to a Presidential candidacy; if they had, our memoranda would doubtless have been very full.

It was my privilege to board at the same table with Garfield during our Senior year, and I have a very vivid recollection of our daily conversations upon the various subjects of study that engaged our attention, but particularly upon the Shorter Catechism.

It was the custom then, and perhaps is still, in old Williams,

for the Senior Class to devote Saturday morning to an exercise in that time-honored standard of the Calvinistic faith, under the instructions of President Hopkins, and, though holding a different type of theology, none of our class entered into the study more heartily than Garfield. It suited his metaphysical turn of mind.

In the discussions that followed, as we went from the classroom to our dinner-table, I was always impressed with the keenness of his criticisms, though my faith in the old Catechism and its doctrines was not shaken, and with the straightforward fairness and the hearty respect which he accorded to views which he utterly refused to accept. It occurs to me that in this we have a characteristic feature of the man, which has more than once been prominently manifested in his political career.

The occurrence of the last few days have recalled to my mind very vividly the beginning of the campaign of 1856, twenty-four years ago. The first Presidential candidate of the Republican Party, John C. Fremont, was nominated shortly before our graduation. A college ratification meeting was held, on receipt of the news, and, among others of the Senior Class, Garfield spoke. Probably this was his first Republican speech, and I can testify that it was enthusiastic and eloquent.

He had turned his attention to politics before this somewhat, having delivered, on the occasion of the Adelpic Union Exhibition, 1855, a poem, entitled "Sam," which may be found in Vol. III. No. 1, page 25, of the *Williams Quarterly*.

Of the heartiness and cheeriness of his manner as a friend and companion, I have the pleasantest recollections, and I can recall nothing, whatever, that in the slightest degree mars this impression.

Strong, however, as was my attachment to Garfield during our college life, it has been greatly strengthened by incidents that have since occurred.

It was my fortune to be the only one of my classmates on the losing side in the late war. Going South very soon after graduation, it has been my home ever since. In 1871 or 1872, some fifteen years from the time we graduated, business called me to Washington, and I found there several of my classmates and college acquaintances, occupying various positions of honor and responsibility, but none of them recognized me as I met them, and I was under the necessity of introducing myself. Not so, however, with Garfield. On the morning of my arrival, a friend had given me a seat on the floor of the House at the opening of the session. Shortly afterward, Garfield came in from the opposite side of the hall, and approaching his desk, which happened to be just before the one I occupied, he recognized me the moment he entered, and greeted me at once with my old college nickname, "Rex." I mention this as indicating the possession of one of those faculties which men of high position have found it necessary to cultivate. But what I designed to mention especially in connection with this, was the warm welcome I received to his home, and the many kindnesses experienced then and on subsequent occasions, many of them prompted, as I am disposed to think, by the very fact that I was regarded in the light of "an erring brother."

Yours, very truly,

JAS. K. HAZEN.

Next the Rev. John Tatlock :

HOOSICK FALLS, N. Y., June 25th, 1880.

Mr. Garfield displayed in college that perfect self-possession, that entire command of his powers and of his mental resources, which afterward made him successful in the field, and a ready and powerful debater in Congress.

Of his boldness and facility in turning to account vague scraps of information, which more timid men would fear to use, and which less able men could not use, I recall an illustration.

In his junior year he was engaged in a public debate between representatives of the two literary societies. The speaker who preceded him on the opposite side produced an elaborate illustration from "Don Quixote." Garfield, in reply, raised a laugh against his opponent by comparing him to the knight attacking the windmill. "Or rather," said he, "it would be more appropriate to say that the gentleman resembles the *windmill* attacking the knight."

At the supper following the debate, Garfield was rallied on his extensive acquaintance with the classics. He laughingly replied that he had never read "Don Quixote," and had heard only an allusion to the mad knight's assault upon the flying arms of the innocent mill. * * *

To this I will only add that he was a man of a sweet, large and wholesome nature, and endeared himself the most to those who knew him best.

Yours truly,

JOHN TATLOCK,

Classmate of General Garfield, and Co-Editor with him.

This was followed by Mr. Silas P. Hubbell:

CHAMPLAIN, CLINTON COUNTY, N. Y., June 28, 1880.

Garfield entered our Junior Class in the Fall of '54. He brought with him from Ohio another student, Charles D. Wilbur, who joined our class at the same time, and between them there seemed to be a strong attachment. They roomed together in South College, and, as we termed it, were college chums. Wilbur unfortunately was lame and limped badly, and required the help of crutches or a stout cane. They were always together, and Garfield's kindness to his crippled chum was very noticeable. The pair in their daily walks to and from the recitation-rooms and about the college grounds excited the eager gaze and curiosity of their fellow-students, from their quaint and odd appearance and evident unfamiliarity with college ways and doings.

Besides, the contrast in the appearance of the couple was very striking—Garfield of large frame, looming up six feet high, strong and healthy, and looking like a backwoodsman, and Wilbur, with a pale, intellectual cast of countenance, limping along beside him.

They made no attempt to conform to the ways and peculiarities of college life, or to ingratiate themselves with the students. They both seemed to be in dead earnest, striving to an education, and to be entirely engrossed in their studies and college duties.

Their position at first was a very isolated and peculiar one, and which was somewhat enhanced by a whisper that soon circulated among the students that they were *Campbellites*. Now, what that meant, or what tenets the sect held, nobody seemed to know, but it was supposed to mean something very awful. But they continued on pursuing the even tenor of their way, unmoved by the stares and criticisms of their companions. After a time this feeling passed away, and Garfield, by his successful attainments and straightforward, manly course, commanded the respect and admiration of his class and of the whole college.

College life, as everybody knows, is a world in miniature; we had our elections, our debates, our caucuses, our anxieties, and ambitious desires. There were two large debating societies in the college, one the Philologists, the other the Philotechnians, and a strong rivalry existed between the two societies. Garfield joined the Philologist Society, and took great interest in its welfare. He very soon took prominence as a debater, and by his ready wit and intimate knowledge of the subject discussed, generally won his side of the case. He was a very hard student, and he never would speak or enter into the debate unless he had thoroughly mastered the subject beforehand. The subjects discussed in these meetings were of a varied character, but he always spoke on the side of right and freedom, and in behalf of the people and against oppression of all kinds. In October, 1855, in the public de-

bate between the two societies, held in the college chapel, he was one of the persons elected to represent his society in the debate. The subject for discussion was, "Was the Feudal System Beneficial?" The negative was supported by Garfield, and by his animated, earnest and convincing arguments, and enthusiastic denunciations of the oppressions of the system, he won the hearty applause of his auditory. At the beginning of the Senior year he was elected President of the Philologian Society by a large majority, and won the admiration of all by his knowledge of parliamentary tactics, and the ease and grace with which he presided over the assembly.

At the commencement of Senior year, Garfield was elected one of the editors of the *Williams Quarterly*, a periodical conducted by the students, and won an honorable distinction in our literary world by his contributions to the magazine. Some of his essays at the time were very noticeable, one in particular I now remember, entitled "The Province of History," which showed a depth of research and broad, far-reaching views as to the province of history which was not expected of an undergraduate at college. This article appeared in the number for June, 1856, and placed Garfield at the front in regard to literary attainments.

Garfield early joined the Mills Theological Society, which represented some of the best men in college. They held meetings every week, had a very fine library, embraced among their members a great deal of the best culture and talent in the college. It was unsectarian in character, and wielded a powerful influence for good over the whole college.

Garfield successively filled the offices of Librarian and President of the society, and by his urbanity, innate kindness of nature, and good sound judgment in the management of its affairs, won the respect and esteem of all its members. Garfield was quiet and undemonstrative in his religious habits. There was no cant about him. But he impressed all with his deep sincerity and honesty of purpose. He lived the life of a true Christian.

I well remember commencement day at "Old Williams," when our class graduated. Garfield took one of the highest honors of his class, called the metaphysical oration. The subject of his oration was "Matter and Spirit." The audience were wonderfully impressed with his oratory, and at the close there was a wild tumult of applause, and a showering down upon him of beautiful bouquets of flowers by the ladies, a most fitting end to his arduous, self-denying college course and a bright augury for the future.

I remain respectfully yours,

SILAS P. HUBBELL.

Mr. Lavalette Wilson wrote :

Haverstraw, N. Y., June 28th, 1880.

Mr. Garfield even then showed that magnetic power which he now exhibits in a remarkable degree in public life, of surrounding himself with men of various talents, and of employing each to the best advantage in his sphere. When questions for discussion arose in the college societies, Garfield would give each of his allies a point to investigate; books and documents from all the libraries would be overhauled, and the mass of facts thus obtained being brought together, Garfield would analyze the whole, assign each of his associates his part, and they would go into the battle to conquer. He was always in earnest and persistent in carrying his point, often against apparently insurmountable obstacles, and in college election contests (which are often more intense than national elections) he was always successful.

He showed perfect uprightness of character, was religious without cant or austerity, and his influence for good was widely felt. I never heard an angry word or hasty expression, or a sentence which needed to be recalled. He possessed equanimity of temper, self-possession, and self-control in the highest degree. What is more, I never heard a profane or improper word or an indelicate allusion from his lips. He was in habit, speech and example a pure man.

Arising, some may say, from his own early struggles, but, as I believe, from his native nobility of character, was his sympathy for the suffering, or depressed, or humble. He would find out their wishes and desires, their best points, and where their ability lay, and encourage them to advancement and success. Not even now has he any of that inapproachability and hauteur which too often accompany great talents and high position. He is a democrat in the highest sense of the word; no matter how humble a position a person may hold, how unfashionably dressed, how countrified in appearance, or lacking in knowledge of the usages of polite society, he will feel at ease in Mr. Garfield's presence, and receive the same courtesy and probably greater attention than would the Prince of Wales.

On entering Williams College, Mr. Garfield was uncommitted in national politics; perhaps his first lesson came from John Z. Goodrich, who at that time represented in Congress the Western district of Massachusetts. In the fall of 1855 Mr. Goodrich delivered a political address in Williamstown on the history of the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, and the efforts of the handful of Republicans then in Congress to defeat the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. As Mr. Goodrich spoke, I sat at Garfield's side, and saw him drink in every word. He said, as we passed out, "This subject is entirely new to me. I am going to know all about it." He sent for documents, studied them till he became perfectly familiar with the history of the anti-slavery struggle, and from that hour has been the thorough Republican, the champion of right against injustice, that he is at this hour.

LAVALETTE WILSON.

So, too, Mr. Elijah Cutter:

BOSTON, June 30th, 1880.

He had a robust physique and an open countenance. There was no stint in his make-up, and no "style," no assumed gentility, but much of "nature's nobleman" about him.

He was a little in advance of the average class age, and had an exuberant growth of hair, while his maturity of thought and expression, not unmixed with "Westernisms," challenged our attention. Yet in all youthful feelings and impulses he was as truly *a boy* as any in the class. His unstudied and often unskillful handling of himself was always accompanied by real delicacy of feeling and mental adroitness and aptitudes. Garfield's greatness was to our young eyes enigmatical, but it was real. There was a *good deal of him*—body, soul and spirit. Nature had not defaulted in his make-up, and his talents were of the popular order.

That a serious purpose brought Garfield to college, and how bent he was on accomplishing it, none who knew him in daily life could doubt. He accomplished much and aspired to more, not alone in class studies but in other and varied acquirements. He read much of history and poetry. He was passionately fond of Shakespeare, and gave to debates and other optional literary exercises much attention.

I think most, if not all of our class will remember Garfield pleasantly for his companionable traits. Not in the ordinary sense a "hail-fellow well met," he had that genial temperament which readily drew others about him. Who among the men of 1856 does not recall among the picturesque memories of East College, that of Garfield sitting on the fence or rolling at full length on the campus, convulsed with some newly-fledged joke, or apt nickname, or droll personation, or college yarn? There were a few fine specimens of nimble wits in the class, of which Garfield might not be reckoned one, but none more ready to appreciate and perpetuate the college humor than he, and in all that goes to maintain the recreative and sporting life among young men he was prominent.

I should like to speak of Garfield in his religious nature, and of those high moral convictions which rendered him conspicuous in college, not less than in his public career since, and of some deep struggles he went through while

weighing the question of entering upon politics as a profession. Some of these experiences would exhibit Garfield in a true light, if the boy is but the father of the man. But I fear I should trespass both upon his confidence and your space.

I am, sir, yours very respectfully,

ELIJAH CUTTER.

The Rev. E. N. Manley thus remembered him :

CAMDEN, N. Y., July 8th, 1880.

Garfield played chess with interest and success. The game becoming fascinating, threatening study hours, and finally carrying him once or twice near to, if not over into, the small hours of night, he said, "This won't do," and stopped short off.

We used to have an annual holiday called "Mountain-Day." At the close of one, a Fourth of July evening, on the summit of old "Greylock," seven miles from college, there was a goodly gathering of students about their camp-fire, when Garfield, the recognized leader, taking a copy of the New Testament from his pocket, said, "Boys, I am accustomed to read a chapter with my absent mother every night; shall I read aloud?" All assenting, he read to us the chapter his mother in Ohio was then reading, and called on a classmate to pray.

I think it was at the breaking-up meeting of the class, at graduation, that, being called up for a speech, he said, "*gar* is a Greek preposition, meaning *for*. Gar-field, for-the-field. That is what I suppose I am."

E. N. MANLEY, Pastor Presbyterian Church.

And last, but not least, of his mates, the Rev. Edward Clarence Smith:

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND AND CLASSMATE: I thank you for your kind letter of the 10th inst. I joy and rejoice with you.

H

I am glad to hear from one who so thoroughly appreciates the great power and worth of our honored and beloved Garfield. What you say of his mental growth and maturing powers I fully endorse. In sheer force and reach of faculty, in breadth of thought and culture, I believe he is the peer of the best man in America to-day. But what seems grander to me is his unswerving loyalty to conscience, to truth, and to his country's good ; in a word, his magnificent manliness.

I sincerely believe that there are times in the history of such countries as ours when God makes special use of such men. In this scientific age, persons do not like to hear the word *Providence*. But there seem to be certain superhuman arrangements and adjustments that philosophy cannot explain, and that work out righteous results. Human ingenuity does not devise them? human wisdom does not foresee them. I call it the insertion of a Divine factor in history. It does not compel the human will ; it does not destroy personal freedom ; but it does achieve its results with resistless might, and with infallible certainty. What think you of a *theologico-philosophico-mathematical* formula like this? $a \times b = c$, in which "a" is man's freedom, intact, but finite ; "b," a divinely inserted factor, unlimited ; "c," the providential plan of God in the issue of things. Thus freedom is saved, and the ends of eternal rightness achieved. But, mathematics and metaphysics aside, it seems to me that our friend has often come near that holy place, where Providence touches the machinery which weaves out the plans of history, and, doubtless often, without being personally conscious of it.

There are but few sincere souls that are deemed worthy of such honor : "*Pauci quæ æquus amavit Jupiter, aut ardens enexit ad æthera virtus.*" They are never self-seekers. They work where they are placed. Like Æneas, in the fable, they are often covered with a cloud woven by Divine fingers, and the mass do not see them. But, when they are needed, the cloud breaks away ; they are known of men, and are summoned to do God's work, sometimes against their will.

Washington was such a man, Lincoln was another, and I sincerely believe Garfield is a third. Such men can be known by their utter unselfishness, their inherent nobility of character, and always by their unconsciousness of themselves. Such men invariably impress their generation with a sense of their *personality*. To how many millions is Lincoln thoroughly known, though few have ever seen him? The great heart of humanity recognizes such men, when they pass, by a kind of divinely-implanted instinct.

I have long felt that General Garfield was divinely intended to supply important links in the chain of our country's history. I have therefore anticipated, with you, his election to the Presidency. One of my friends reminded me to-day that just one year ago I showed him the photograph of General Garfield as that of the next President. I have little doubt of his success. You may have seen a storm-cloud move over the earth, and gain all the electric forces along its course into affinity with it, so that the lightning of the earth runs to meet the lightning of the cloud; so in case of a divinely-chosen man; he carries in his great heart all the instincts, hopes and aspirations of an age. When he appears and comes near to men, the love and acclaim of a nation run to meet him. There is, in my opinion, no doubt of our honored friend's success. He cannot appear, but the people will know him. Did you observe this at Chicago? The machinery was well forged, riveted and clamped, air-tight and fire-proof. But the popular will burst the bonds, as though withes of straw. To change the figure, it seemed to be a case of spontaneous combustion. The party engines played, but the fires *would* burst through chink and crevice. Finally the galleries caught fire, and everything went.

Wasn't it grand to see our friend stand by Sherman, with heroic loyalty, to the last, protesting against the use of his name, and fearing nothing so much as disloyalty to manliness and friendship? A few words of prophecy: The galleries at Chicago caught fire, as we know. I foresee that the flames

will sweep like a prairie fire over the continent; burning to the very edge of the St. Lawrence; to the surges that break upon Plymouth Rock; and even to the melancholy murmurs of the great western sea.

* * * God bless you, my dear fellow. Remember me affectionately to our honored and loved friend, when you see him; and, though he may never hear from me again, inasmuch as he is now likely to swing out of my horizon, yet tell him I glory in his achievement for good, and shall ever wish him *God-speed!*

Cordially and affectionately yours,

EDWARD CLARENCE SMITH.

During Garfield's last term at Williams he made his first political speech before a meeting gathered in one of the class-rooms to support the nomination of John C. Fremont. Although he had passed his majority nearly four years before, he had never voted. The old parties did not interest him; he believed that both were corrupted with the sin of slavery; but when a new party arose to combat the designs of the slave-power, it enlisted his earnest sympathies. His mind was free from all bias concerning the parties and statesmen of the past, and could equally admire Clay or Jackson, Webster or Benton.

He was, and still is, particularly fond of his *Alma Mater*. Two letters, the first to Colonel Rockwell, the second to B. A. Hinsdale, furnish us a happy glimpse of this well-bestowed affection.

HIRAM, OHIO, August 13th, 1866.

My Dear Jarvis: My visit to Williams has washed out the footprints of ten years and made me a boy again. Strolling on the shore of life, it is with reluctance that I plunge back again into the noisy haunts of men. The noble re-union has wedded my heart more than ever to the class and to old Williams. Let us not hereafter cease to pay that reverence which is due to youth. I mean to go back to Williams as often as I can. The place and its associations shall be to me a fountain of perpetual youth. If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old.

WASHINGTON, June 30th, 1872.

After spending all the day Monday on the law case in Cleveland, I took the train for Williamstown, which I reached in the evening; stayed throughout the examination until Friday morning. The exercises were very solemn and impressive. The resignation of Dr. Hopkins was a noble act and the final speech in which he delivered up the keys to his successor was one of the rarest grandeur and simplicity. His first paragraph was this: "Why do I resign? *First*, that I may not be asked why I do not resign. *Second*, because I believe in the law of averages, and the average man of seventy is not able to bear the burdens of this Presidency. And yet I can now bear it. Many of my friends think I should continue to bear it. I think it safer to test the law of averages."

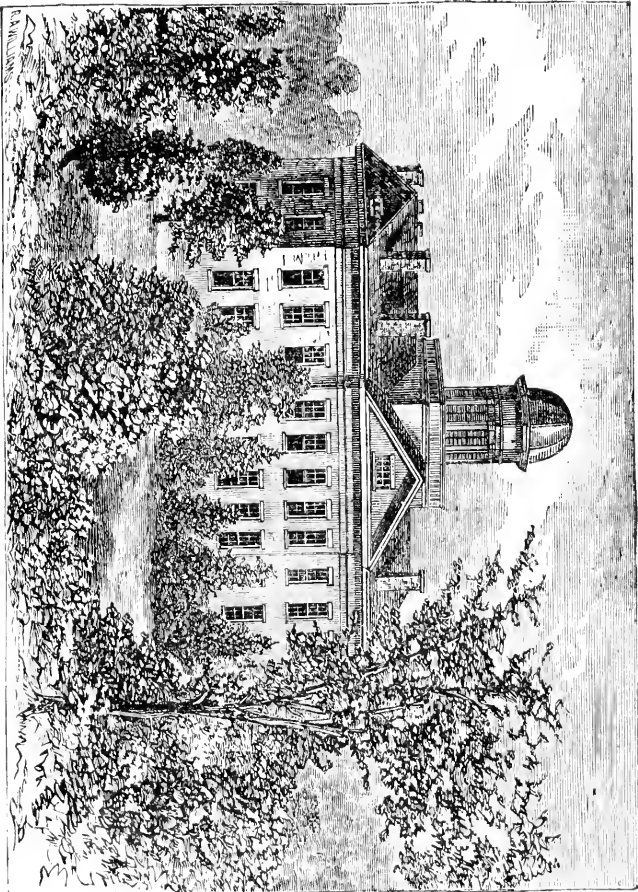
I stayed with Dr. Hopkins as his guest, and it was very touching when the old President bade me good-bye, saying, "You will observe that I reserve for the concluding and final act of my official life, before laying down the office, the conferring upon you of the degree of LL.D. I was glad to have my work thus associated with your name.

CHAPTER VII.

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

JAMES A. GARFIELD left the venerable dome of Williams, and went directly to his Ohio home, to take a higher step in his hard-won career. He entered Hiram College in the fall of 1856 as the professor of ancient languages and literature. The next year, at the age of twenty-six, he was made the president of the institution. This office he held until he went into the army in 1861. Hoping that he might return—unwilling to part even with his name—the board kept him nominally at the head two years longer. Then his name disappeared from the catalogue, except in 1864 and 1865, when it re-appeared as a trustee, and as advisory principal and lecturer. His last service as an instructor was an admirable series of ten lectures on "Social Science," given in the spring of 1871.

Hiram had not much improved, during Garfield's absence at Williams. It was a lonesome country village, three miles from a railroad, built upon a high hill, overlooking twenty miles of cheese-making country to the southward. It contained fifty or sixty houses clustered around the green, in the centre of which stood the homely



HIRAM COLLEGE, HIRAM, OHIO.



red-brick college structure. Plain living and high thinking were the order of things in those days. The teachers were poor; the pupils were poor; and the institution was poor; but a great deal of hard, faithful study was done, and many courageous plans formed.

The young president was ambitious for the success of the institution. There probably never was a younger college president; but he carried his new position remarkably well, and brought to it energy, vigor and good sense, which are the main-springs of his character. Under his supervision, the attendance at Hiram soon doubled. He raised its standard of scholarship, strengthened its faculty, and inspired everybody connected with it with his own zeal and enthusiasm. At that time the leading Hiram men were called Philomatheans, from the society, to which they belonged. Henry James, an old Philomathean, mentioning recently the master-spirits of that time, thus referred to the president:

Then began to grow up in me an admiration and love for Garfield that has never abated, and the like of which I have never known. A bow of recognition, or a single word from him, was to me an inspiration.

The young president taught, lectured and preached, and all the time studied as diligently as any acolyte in the temple of knowledge. His scholars all regarded him with respect, admiration

and affection. His greatness as a teacher and administrator lay, not so much in his technical scholarship, his drillmaster teaching, and his schoolmaster discipline, as in energizing young men and women. He stimulated thought, aroused courage, stiffened the moral fibre, poured in inspiration, widened the field of mental vision, and created a noble ideal of life and character. He was more than a teacher and administrator; the student found him a helper and friend.

A notable instance of this is on record. The present president of Hiram College, B. A. Hinsdale was greatly troubled during the winter of 1856-57, about the questions of life. He wrote to Garfield for relief. Garfield's reply was as follows:

HIRAM, January 15th, 1857.

MY DEAR BRO. BURKE:—I was made very glad a few days since by the receipt of your letter. It was a very acceptable New Year's present, and I take great pleasure in responding. You have given a vivid picture of a community in which intelligence and morality have been neglected—and I am glad you are disseminating the light. Certainly, men must have some knowledge in order to do right. God first said, "Let there be light." Afterward He said, "It is very good." I am glad to hear of your success in teaching; but I approach with much more interest the consideration of the question you have proposed. Brother mine, it is not a question to be discussed in the spirit of debate, but to be thought over and prayed over as a question "out of which are the issues of life." You will agree with me that every one must decide and direct his own course in life, and the only service friends can afford

is to give us the data, from which we must draw our own conclusion and decide our course. Allow me, then, to sit beside you and look over the field of life and see what are its aspects. I am not one of those who advise every one to undertake the work of a liberal education; indeed, I believe that in two-thirds of the cases, such advice would be unwise. The great body of the people will be, and ought to be, intelligent farmers and mechanics, and in many respects these pass the most independent and happy lives. But God has endowed some of His children with desires and capabilities for a more extended field of labor and influence, and so every life should be shaped according to "what the man hath." Now, in reference to yourself. *I know* you have capabilities for occupying positions of high and important trust in the scenes of active life; and I am sure you will not call it flattery in me, nor egotism in yourself, to say so. Tell me, Burke, do you not feel a spirit stirring within you that longs *to know, to do and to dare* to hold converse with the great world of thought, and hold before you some high and noble object, to which the vigor of your mind and the strength of your arm may be given? Do you not have longings like these, which you breathe to no one, and which you feel must be heeded, or you will pass through life unsatisfied and regretful? I am sure you have them, and they will forever cling round your heart, till you obey their mandate. They are the voice of that nature, which God has given you, and which, when obeyed, will bless you and your fellow-men. Now, all this might be true, and yet it might be your duty not to follow that course. If your duty to your father or your mother demands that you take another, I shall rejoice to see you taking that other course. The path of duty is where we all ought to walk, be that where it may. But I sincerely hope you will not, without an earnest struggle, give up a course of liberal study. Suppose you could not begin your study again till after your majority? It will not be too late then, but you will gain in many respects; you will have more maturity of mind to appreciate whatever you may

study. You may say you will be too old to begin the course, but how could you spend the earlier days of life? We should not measure life by the days and moments that we pass on earth.

“The life is measured by the soul’s advance;
The enlargement of its powers; the expanded field
Wherein it ranges, till it burns and glows
With heavenly joy, with high and heavenly hope.”

It need be no discouragement, that you are obliged to hew your own way, and pay your own charges. You can go to school two terms every year, and pay your own way. I know this, for I did so, when teachers’ wages were much lower than they are now. It is a great truth, that “where there is a will there is a way.” It may be that by and by your father could assist you. It may be that even now he could let you commence on your resources, so that you could begin immediately. Of this you know, and I do not. I need not tell you how glad I should be to assist you in your work; but if you cannot come to Hiram while I am here, I shall still hope to hear that you are determined to go on as soon as the time will permit. Will you not write me your thoughts on this whole subject, and tell me your prospects? We are having a very good time in the school this winter, Give my love to Polden and Louise, and believe me always your friend and brother,

J. A. GARFIELD.

P. S.—Miss Booth and Mr. Rhodes send their love to you. Henry James was here and made me a good visit a few days ago. He is doing well. He and I have talked of going to see you this winter. I fear we cannot do it. How far is it from here? Burke, was it prophetic that my last word to you ended on the picture of the Capitol of Congress?

J. A. G.

The significance of the last sentence is seen, when it is understood, that it was written on a

sheet of Congress note paper, and the last words covered the little picture of the capitol, which adorns its upper left-hand corner.

A pleasant picture of his methods and manners is drawn from another source—the recollections of an old pupil, the Rev. J. F. Darsie. He pictures Garfield graphically.

I attended school at the Western Reserve Eclectic Institute when Garfield was principal, and I recall vividly his method of teaching. He took very kindly to me, and assisted me in various ways, because I was poor and was janitor of the buildings, and swept them out in the morning and built the fires—as he had done only six years before, when he was a pupil at the same school. He was full of animal spirits, and he used to run out on the green almost every day and play cricket with us. He was a tall, strong man, but dreadfully awkward. Every now and then he would get a hit on the nose, and he muffed his ball and lost his hat as a regular thing. He was left-handed, too, and that made him seem all the more clumsy. But he was most powerful and very quick, and it was easy for us to understand how it was that he had acquired the reputation of whipping all the other mule-drivers on the canal, and of making himself the hero of that thoroughfare when he followed its tow-path ten years earlier.

No matter how old the pupils were, Garfield always called us by our first names, and kept himself on the most familiar terms with all. He played with us freely, scuffled with us sometimes, walked with us in walking to and fro, and we treated him out of the class-room just about as we did one another. Yet he was a most strict disciplinarian, and enforced the rules like a martinet. He combined an affectionate and confiding manner with respect for order in a most successful manner. If he wanted to speak to a pupil, either for reproof or approbation, he would generally manage to get one arm

around him and draw him close up to him. He had a peculiar way of shaking hands, too, giving a twist to your arm and drawing you right up to him. This sympathetic manner has helped him to advancement. When I was janitor, he used sometimes to stop me and ask my opinion about this and that, as if seriously advising with me. I can see now that my opinion could not have been of any value, and that he probably asked me partly to increase my self-respect, and partly to show me that he felt an interest in me. I certainly was his friend all the firmer for it.

I remember once asking him what was the best way to pursue a certain study, and he said: "Use several text-books. Get the views of different authors as you advance. In that way you can plow a broader furrow. I always study in that way." He tried hard to teach us to observe carefully and accurately. He broke out one day in the midst of a lesson with "Henry, how many posts are there under the building downstairs?" Henry expressed his opinion, and the question went around the class, hardly one getting it right. Then it was: "How many boot-scrapers are there at the door?" "How many windows in the building?" "How many trees in the field?" "What were the colors of different rooms, and the peculiarities of any familiar objects?" He was the keenest observer I ever saw. I think he noticed and numbered every button on our coats.

Mr. Garfield was very fond of lecturing to the school. He spoke two or three times a week, on all manner of topics, generally scientific, though sometimes literary or historical. He spoke with great freedom, never writing out what he had to say, and I now think that his lectures were a rapid compilation of his current reading, and that he threw it into this form partly for the purpose of impressing it on his own mind. His facility of speech was learned when he was a pupil there. The societies had a rule that every student should take his stand on the platform and speak for five minutes, on any topic suggested at the moment by the audience. It was a very

trying ordeal. Garfield broke down badly the two first times he tried to speak, but persisted, and was at last, when he went to Williams, one of the best of the five-minute speakers. When he returned as principal his readiness was striking and remarkable.

As President of the Institute, Garfield very naturally appeared on the platform on every public occasion. The Church of the Disciples, as before stated, like the Society of Friends, is accustomed to accord large privileges of speaking to its laity; and so it came to be expected, that President Garfield should address his pupils on Sundays, briefly, when ministers of the Gospel were to preach; more at length, when no one else was present to conduct the services. The remarks of the young president were always forcible, and generally eloquent; and the community presently began to regard him as its foremost public speaker, putting him forward on every occasion, and hearing him with attention on every subject. His pupils also helped to swell his reputation and the admiration for his talents.

His large brain was stored with information always at his command; he was fluent without being verbose; and he had in an unusual degree the happy quality of clearness. This, added to his commanding presence and effective delivery, caused him to be sought for on all public occasions. His sincerity, his unblemished character, and his eloquence were well known, not only in

the region where he lived, but throughout the State; and the announcement that Mr. Garfield was to appear in the pulpit anywhere, always drew a great crowd.

He remained at Hiram, as has been said, until the war called him away; and steadily refused all efforts to induce him to desert the institution, for whose welfare he had done so much. In March, 1861, he was offered the place of vice-principal of the Cleveland Institute, at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. To the offer he returned this reply:

I am very much obliged to you for your kind offer, but you would not want to employ me for a short time, and I feel it my duty to say that some of my friends have got the insane notion in their heads that I ought to go to Congress. I know I am not fit for the position, and I have fought against it all I could. I know nothing about political wire-pulling, and I have told my friends plainly that I would have nothing to do with that kind of business, but I am sure that I can be nominated and elected without resorting to any unlawful means, and I have lately given authority to allow my name to be used. I don't know that anything will come of it; if there does not, I will gladly accept your offer.

During his term as president of Hiram, he continued the study of law, and was admitted to the bar of Cuyahoga County in 1860. He also paid some attention to Masonry, into which order he was initiated. He was not, however, a very active member, though he took a number of degrees. When he was in the army, so many of his regi-

ment were Masons, that they organized a lodge, which he joined to please them. He was a charter member of Pentalpha Lodge, No. 23, and a member of Columbia Chapter, No. 1, Columbia Commandery, No. 2, and Mithras Lodge of Perfection, A. and A. Rite, all of Washington.

With this last mention, President Garfield dropped from the record of educational history in this country, and took his place in the procession of figures, that stand silhouetted against our national horizon, as the men who made and saved our country. The mature teacher was transformed into the youthful statesman. Before we follow him on the stormy sea of politics, we must relate an incident, that proved the happiest of his life. In his earlier days, when a pupil, he met, as related, a sweet-faced girl named Lucretia Rudolph. She was the daughter of a Maryland farmer, Zebulon Rudolph, from the banks of the Shenandoah. The uncle of this man served with distinguished bravery in the war of the Revolution. After sheathing his sword here, he went to France to draw it in the service of the great Napoleon, and rose to be, so says a cherished tradition in the Rudolph family, that brilliant soldier, Michel, Duke of Elchingen, Marshal Ney. Zebulon Rudolph's wife, of an old Connecticut family, was Arabella Mason of Hartford, Vermont. This was Lucretia Rudolph's parentage.

When Garfield first met her as a fellow-student

at Hiram, she was a refined, intelligent, affectionate girl, who shared his thirst for knowledge and his ambition for culture, and had, at the same time, the domestic tastes and talents, which fitted her to preside equally over the home of the poor college-professor and that of the famous statesman. A Hiram poet, celebrating the Ladies' Literary Society of the college in verse, thus sang :

*“Again a Mary? Nay, Lucretia,
The noble, classic name
That well befits our fair ladie,
Our sweet and gentle dame,
With heart as leal and loving
As e'er was sung in lays
Of high-born Roman matron,
In old, heroic days;
Worthy her lord illustrious, whom
Honor and fame attend;
Worthy her soldier's name to wear,
Worthy the civic wreath to share
That binds her Viking's tawny hair;
Right proud are we the world should know
As hers, him we long ago
Found truest helper, friend.”*

When Garfield entered Williams, Miss Rudolph went to Cleveland to teach in the public schools and to wait patiently the realization of their hopes. They planned to be married, as soon after his graduation as he became established in life. Accordingly, in 1858, shortly after he was made President of Hiram, they were married. A neat, little cottage fronting the college campus, was

bought, and the wedded life begun, poor in worldly goods, but wealthy in the affection of brave hearts. The match was a love-match, which resulted very happily. The general attributed much of his success in life to his wise selection. His wife grew with his growth, and was, during all his career, the appreciative companion of his studies, the loving mother of his children, the graceful, hospitable hostess of his friends and guests, and a wise and faithful helpmeet in the trials, vicissitudes and successes of his busy life.

They both derived great pleasure from continuing their study of the classics. It is said that, when a girl at Hiram, she used to remark that her Latin and Greek would be of no use to her in after life. Two or three years ago, having grown a little "rusty" in these languages, she expressed the hope that she had not forgotten her Latin, as she would like to teach it to her boys. One day, her husband handed her a Cæsar, and told her that he would hear her recite a page of it that night. She had not looked at the famous Commentaries for years; but when night came, she recited the page very well. For two years after this, she taught the two older boys Latin and other branches of study. Although the younger children have attended school, they have constantly had the oversight and valuable instruction of their accomplished mother.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIRTH OF A POLITICAL CAREER.

UP to 1856, General Garfield had taken no particular interest in public affairs. He had been occupied with other matters. But now that his general education was finished, and he was ready to devote himself to the work of the world, his political pulses began to stir. A year or two before the Republican party had sprung up as an immediate consequence of the Kansas-Nebraska legislation. Its original mission has been thus stated by its recent standard-bearer:

Long familiarity with traffic in the bodies and souls of men had paralyzed the conscience of a majority of our people. The baleful doctrine of State sovereignty had shaken and weakened the noblest and most beneficent powers of the National Government; and the grasping power of slavery was seizing the virgin territories of the West, and dragging them into the den of external bondage. At that crisis the Republican party was born. It drew its first inspiration from that fire of liberty which God has lighted in every human heart, and which all the powers of ignorance and tyranny can never wholly extinguish.

In the campaign of 1857 and 1858, he took the stump and became quite well-known as a vigorous, logical stump-orator. And it is extremely

probable, that, during the excitement of the campaign, he felt the promptings of a political ambition, which he did not acknowledge even to himself. It was natural then, that, thinking that a few weeks at Columbus would not interfere with his duties at Hiram, he should have accepted the nomination to the Ohio Senate, from the counties of Portage and Summit, when it was tendered him in 1859; and equally natural, that he should have been thought of by the strong anti-slavery voters of those counties. His speeches, during his first campaign, were warm, fresh and impassioned, and added not a little to his already growing popularity. He was elected by a very handsome majority.

Senator Garfield at once took high rank in the Legislature, as a man, well informed on the subjects of legislation, and effective and powerful in debate. He seemed always prepared to speak; he always spoke fluently and pointedly; and his genial, warm-hearted nature served to increase the kindness, with which both political friends and opponents regarded him. Three Western Reserve senators formed the Radical Triumvirate in that able and patriotic Legislature, which was to place Ohio in line for the war. One was a highly-rated professor of Oberlin College; another, a lawyer already noted for force and learning, the son-in-law of the president of Oberlin; and the third, our village-carpenter and village-teacher

from Hiram. He was the youngest of the three, but he speedily became the first. The trials of the next six years were to confirm the verdict of the little group about the State capitol, that soon placed Garfield before both Cox and Monroe. The college-professor was abundantly satisfied with his success in life, which made him a consul at a South American port. The adroit, polished, able lawyer became a painstaking general, who perhaps, oftener deserved success than won it, and who at last, profiting by the gratitude of the people for their soldiers, became Governor of the State, and there (for the time, at least) ended his career. The village-carpenter started lower in position in the war, rose higher, became one of the leaders in our national councils, and confessedly one of the ablest among the younger of our statesmen.

During the session of 1860-61, he was characteristically active and vigorous in aiding to prepare his State to stand by the General Government, in opposition to the rising storm of rebellion, which he met bravely, as we shall see later. In committee-work, we find from his pen an able report in favor of a State Geological Survey; and another from a select committee in favor of authorizing active measures for protecting and instructing neglected, destitute and pauper children. Moreover, he framed the now famous report to punish treason, in which he urged that it was "high time for Ohio to enact a law to meet treachery,

when it shall take the form of an overt act, and to provide that, when her soldiers go forth to maintain the Union, there shall be no treacherous fire in the rear."

The following, which gives an idea of the man, at this time, was written by Mr. W. D. Howells, the recent editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who was legislative correspondent and news-editor of the *Ohio State Journal* during the years Garfield was in the Ohio Senate :

One winter there was an exchange of visits between the Tennessee Legislature and ours to promote a sentiment of good-feeling. Garfield was prominently in the affair, and extremely popular with the Tennesseans, on account of the manly and self respectful good-feeling, with which he, a Western Reserve anti-slavery man, met them on the common ground of their Americanism and devotion to the Union. I think he was more acceptable to them than any other Ohioan, though there was no question about his political opinions. He had then, as now, that simple, affectionate way, which harms people.

I knew him, then, for his literary taste, and I particularly remember his passion for Tennyson's poetry. I had printed my first poems in the *Atlantic*, and it was, no doubt, his confidence in my literary sympathy which brought him one morning to the *Journal* office, with his Tennyson, to read me some passages that had especially moved him in "The Poet." The rich fullness of his voice, and his fine self-forgetfulness, as he read were impressive enough to a boy of twenty, who had looked up to him as a law-giver.

This literary reminiscence calls forth another from a correspondent, who knew the young sena-

tor at the time. Remarking on Garfield's love of Pascal, he says:

One of the passages from Pascal, which the general is most fond of quoting is where that great philosopher said that the true way to study history is to treat the whole human race as one colossal, immortal man, forever living, always learning; who sometimes stumbles and falls, but who in the long run always advances in intelligence and civilization. I well remember the general's quoting this. "Do you know," he said, "that thought of Pascal's is one of remarkable beauty and value? I have often dwelt over it, and carried it much further than it is developed by the philosopher. The people of a Republic like ours are peculiarly like a single great individual man, full of passions—prejudices often—but with a great heart, despising anything like show or pretense, and always striving forward in a general right direction. The popular verdict, expressed as the voice of this giant man, is sometimes wrong for the nonce, but in the course of time it assumes the right tendency again. This individual pays but little attention to infinite things, unless there is something very peculiar about them. He casts his ox-like eye, in a sort of slow and easy way, along the horizon, and ascertains about where a great many men are. If any of these men who appear before his general vision make any special effort to attract his attention, he probably smiles a sort of contemptuous smile, and passes on. Men often attempt to attract his attention—some one way, and others another. If the old fellow once fastens his eyes on a man or woman from some legitimate act or course of action of his or hers, that person has that thing happen to him known as fame. If the old fellow's eye is caused to rest on a person from some outlandish caper performed on purpose to catch his eye, that man is only notorious. The way to make the old giant take special notice of a man of worth is not to pay much attention to him, but keep on one's course, regardless of whether he sees or

not. It has been so often illustrated that the men who by Lilliputian efforts attempt to court the old fellow generally fall short of capturing his favor. It is like a woman courting a man. There is something in man's nature that makes him revolt against anything of that kind. No woman is so pretty, charming and well-dressed that she can safely say to him, 'Here, marry me! You love me, and I know it. I am now ready for you; why should we delay?' The man would say, 'I was going to ask you to marry me, yesterday; but now I don't want you at all. You are just a little too willing. I think I'd rather not.' That is man's nature—he can't help but show it; and that is the nature of the old giant we are discussing. He would much rather seek his man when he wants to look at one or bestow any special favors."

On the 4th of July, 1860, at Ravenna, Mr. Garfield delivered an oration, which rings with the sterling patriotism of the man, and forms a fitting prelude to the story of war, to which the reader's attention will next be invited. At Ravenna, Garfield said:

We have seen that our Republic differs in its origin from all the monarchies of the world. We may also see that it differs widely from all other republics of ancient or modern times. These all centred round a conquering hero or a powerful city—ours round a principle. In the brightest days of the Grecian Republic, its strength and glory rested upon the life and fortunes of Pericles. In the old Dutch Republic of Holland and the later establishments of modern Germany, freedom was of the city and not of the people. The burghers were the only freemen, and they constituted an aristocracy more haughty and imperious than the hereditary peers of England. The peasants of the rural districts, the toiling thousands, were hardly known to the government, except

that they bore many of its heavy burdens. But here, cities are not tyrannies, and freedom in her best estate is found in the green fields of the country, among the hardy tillers of the soil. Heroes did not *make* our liberties, they but reflected and illustrated them. Individuals may wear for a time the glory of our institutions, but they carry it not with them to the grave. Like rain-drops from heaven, they pass through the circle of the shining bows and add to its lustre, but when they have sunk in the earth again, the proud arch still spans the sky and shines gloriously on. Governments, in general, look upon man only as a citizen, a fraction of the state. God looks upon him as an individual man, with capacities, duties and a destiny of his own; and just in proportion as a government recognizes the individual and shields him in the exercises of his rights, in that proportion is it Godlike and glorious. The village church and the village school have become our great civilizing and elevating guardians, and we mention with honest pride the fact that more than half of all the revenue of our State government is annually expended in the education of our youth. And yet there are other States in the Union, which, in this respect, wear still brighter laurels than Ohio. To all these means of culture is added that powerful incentive to personal ambition which springs from the genius of our Government. The pathway to honorable distinction lies open to all. No post of honor so high but the poorest boy may hope to reach it.

It is the pride of every American that many cherished names, at whose mention our hearts beat with a quicker bound, were worn by the sons of poverty, who conquered obscurity and became fixed stars in our firmament. None appreciate this more fully than our adopted citizens, who have felt the crushing hand of power in other lands. It cannot but destroy the high hopes of a noble nature to know that, though the blood that visits his heart leaps as free and ruby red as that which courses the veins of king or lord, and though in God's sight he is every whit their peer, yet

the strong crust of centuries is above him, the shadow of power gloomily enshrouds him, and all the high places of distinction and trust are forever barred against him.

And here we are brought to that question of deepest interest to the patriot's heart—our nation's future. Shall it be perpetual? Shall the expanding circle of its beneficent influence extend, widening onward to the farthest shore of time? Shall its sun rise higher and yet higher, and shine with ever-brightening lustre? Or, has it passed the zenith of its glory, and left us to sit in the lengthening shadows of its coming night? Shall power from beyond the sea snatch the proud banner from us? Shall civil dissension or intestine strife rend the fair fabric of the Union? The rulers of the Old World have long and impatiently looked to see fulfilled the prophecy of its downfall. Such philosophers as Coleridge, Allison and Macauley have, severally, set forth the reasons for this prophecy—the chief of which is, that the element of instability in our Government will sooner or later bring upon it certain destruction. This is truly a grave charge. But whether instability is an element of destruction or of safety, depends wholly upon the sources whence that instability springs.

The granite hills are not so changeless and abiding as the restless sea. Quiet is no certain pledge of permanence and safety. Trees may flourish and flowers may bloom upon the quiet mountain side, while silently the trickling rain-drops are filling the deep cavern behind its rocky barriers, which, by and by, in a single moment, shall hurl to wild ruin its treacherous peace. It is true, that in our land there is no such outer quiet, no such deceitful repose. Here society is a restless and surging sea. The roar of the billows, the dash of the wave, is forever in our ears. Even the angry hoarseness of breakers is not unheard. But there is an understratum of deep, calm sea, which the breath of the wildest tempest can never reach. There is, deep down in the hearts of the American people, a strong and abiding love

of our country and its liberty, which no surface-storms of passion can ever shake. That kind of instability which arises from a free movement and interchange of position among the members of society, which brings one drop up to glisten for a time in the crest of the highest wave, and then give place to another, while it goes down to mingle again with the millions below; such instability is the surest pledge of permanence. On such instability the eternal fixedness of the universe is based. Each planet, in its circling orbit, returns to the goal of its departure, and on the balance of these wildly-rolling spheres God has planted the broad base of His mighty works. So the hope of our national perpetuity rests upon that perfect individual freedom, which shall forever keep up the circuit of perpetual change. God forbid that the waters of our national life should ever settle to the dead level of a waveless calm. It would be the stagnation of death—the ocean grave of individual liberty.



GARFIELD AS A SOLDIER.



“General Garfield proceeded to the Front.”

—General Rosecrans's official report of the battle of Chickamauga.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORM BURSTS.

TO write the career of James A. Garfield during the trying hours of the Rebellion is to write at once a history of intrepid bravery, exquisite coolness in danger, and sure success in action. His career has been rarely equaled by any American, who entered the war as a civilian and laid down his sword with the rank of a major-general. His record, while bearing testimony to the marvelous spirit, that always pervades a great people in a great crisis, and brings to the front a leader for every emergency, is a strangely complete illustration of how perfectly a man of brains and determination may succeed in some difficult walk in life, for which special and particular training have been always considered necessary.

When the South chose to inaugurate the budding of the leaves and the return of the flowers, in 1861, by tearing from the old flag some of its sacred stars, the country paused a moment, waiting, as it were, for actors in the coming tragedy, leaders for the now inevitable armies. The guns, that had opened upon Sumter on the memorable 12th of April, had not merely crumbled the walls

of that Southern fortress. They had also shattered all hopes of a peaceful solution of the problems then before the country.

Civil war had become a sad necessity, a bitter fact to write upon the pages of a nation's history, which had begun so gloriously in 1776. The President's proclamation of the 15th called forth the militia for objects entirely lawful and constitutional, and it was responded to with a patriotic fervor, which melted down all previously existing party lines. This "uprising of a great people," as it was well termed by a foreign writer, was a kindling and noble spectacle. The hearts of a whole land throbbed as one. But we cannot now, without a feeling of sadness, recall the brilliant and burning enthusiasm, that lighted our beloved country like a torch, because there was mingled with it so much ignorance, not merely of the magnitude of the contest before us, but of the nature of war itself. The high-spirited young men, who swelled the ranks of the volunteer force at the call of duty, marched off as gayly, as if they were participants in a holiday turnout—a party of pic-nickers rather than devoted patriots, upon very many of whom the death seal was already set. The Rebellion was to be put down at once, and by little more than the mere show of the preponderating force of the loyal States; and the task of putting it down was to be attended with no more danger than was sufficient to give

the enterprise a due flavor of excitement. War was unknown to us except by report; the men of the Revolution were but spectres of a jeweled past; the veterans of 1812 were some of them still alive, but even they were gray with years and the memories of events.

We had read of battles; we had seen something of the pomp of holiday-soldiers; but of the grim realities of war we were absolutely ignorant. Indeed, not a few had come to the conclusion, that war was a relic of barbarism, and that civilization had forever dispensed with the soldier and his sword.

It need hardly be said, that the call to conflict found us totally unprepared for the great storm about to break. Our regular army was insignificant in numbers and scattered over our vast territory or along our Western frontier, so that it was impossible to collect any considerable force at any point. Our militia-system had everywhere fallen into neglect, and in some States had almost ceased to have any existence whatever. The wits laughed at it, it was a common subject of newspaper criticism; it was christened "the cornstalk militia;" platform orators declaimed against it. Indeed, so low had it fallen in public estimation, that it required some moral courage to march through the streets at the head of a company.

The South had been wiser, or at least, more provident in this respect. The military spirit had

never been discouraged there. Many of the political leaders had long been looking forward to the time, when the unhappy sectional contests, which were distracting the country, would blaze into a civil war; and for this war they had long been preparing. They watched the smouldering fire of discontent, and awaited the great conflagration of war. In some of the States there were military academies which furnished a great number of trained officers for their regiments. This gave them at the start a considerable advantage, which, more real than seeming, was quickly improved.

At the North the people paused a moment to ask themselves where they were to find the needed officers. Graduates of West Point were scattered over the country. To them the civil authorities turned for assistance. This, which was necessarily limited, was rendered freely and ably. In most States the militia, and later the Executive, chose the officers; and this system continued until time and experience tested the ability of these civilian officers, and brought to the front the most meritorious. This produced a result, of which we have no reason to be in the least ashamed. A race of civilian officers, proving their right to command by deeds, not diplomas, winning experience at the point of the bayonet, and testing their bravery within range of the bullets of the foe, sprang everywhere into existence to uphold the Stars and

Stripes To this class, now occupying a place in our history, James A. Garfield belonged; and of those, who were his comrades, few made a better, braver record than he.

When the secession of the Southern States began, National considerations were of paramount importance in Ohio as elsewhere. Indeed, the early signs of the separation between the North and South had attracted earnest attention and severe comment in that State. In its Senate and House of Representatives many a debate had been held, wherein the seeds of secession doctrines had been attempted to be planted by men, who saw amiss. Garfield, as it will be remembered, was a member of the Senate, having been elected to represent Portage and Summit Counties two years before. The spring of 1861 found the Senate, of which he was a member, earnestly occupying its time with those questions, that excited so much interest within, as well as beyond, the borders of Ohio, Garfield's course on all these questions was manly and outspoken. He was the foremost of the very small number (only six voting with him) that thought the spring of 1861 unseasonable for adopting the Corwin Constitutional Amendment, which forbade Congress from ever legislating on the subject of slavery in the States. He was among the foremost in maintaining the right of the National Government to coerce seceded States. "Would you give up the forts and

other Government property in those States, or would you fight to maintain your right to them?" was his adroit way of putting the question to a conservative Republican, who deplored his incendiary views. A bill, which he had introduced, was passed, declaring that any resident of the State, who gave aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States, was guilty of treason against the State, and should be punished by imprisonment for life in the penitentiary.

Ohio, when the great call came, was as unprepared as the other States. There was a small force of militia nominally organized; but the constitution and laws of the State provided, that all its officers should be elected by the men, and that the governor should be limited in his selection of officers, in case the militia was called out, to the parties so chosen. Everywhere, however, there were enthusiasm for the cause and a wild willingness to help the government by every possible sacrifice, that a great people could make. When the President's call for seventy-five thousand men was announced to the Ohio Senate, Senator Garfield was instantly on his feet, and amid tumultuous acclamations from the assemblage, moved that twenty thousand troops and three millions of money" should be at once voted as Ohio's quota! His speech he immediately illustrated by offering his own services in any capacity, which Governor Dennison might choose. That he should uphold

the flag was demanded both by patriotism and by the logic of the Republican doctrine, that he had so nobly, so bravely maintained. It was but the second stage of resistance to slavery. While awaiting a wider field, he occupied himself with the arming of the militia, or any measure, that had for its object the advancement of the plans then in progress. He made a hasty journey to Illinois, and procured five thousand muskets, which he shipped to Columbus to arm some of the first regiments, that formed upon Ohio soil. He then returned to the capital.

From here he wrote as follows to Mr. Hinsdale:

COLUMBUS, January 15th, 1861.

My heart and thoughts are full almost every moment with the terrible reality of our country's condition. We have learned so long to look upon the convulsions of European States as things wholly impossible here, that the people are slow in coming to the belief that there may be any breaking up of our institutions, but stern, awful certainty is fastening upon the hearts of men. I do not see any way, outside a miracle of God, which can avoid civil war with all its attendant horrors. Peaceable dissolution is utterly impossible. Indeed, I cannot say that I would wish it possible. To make the concessions demanded by the South would be hypocritical and sinful; they would neither be obeyed nor respected. I am inclined to believe that the sin of slavery is one of which it may be said that without the shedding of blood there is no remission. All that is left us as a State, or say as a company of Northern States, is to arm and prepare to defend ourselves and the Federal Government. I believe the doom of slavery is draw-

ing near. Let war come, and the slaves will get the vague notion that it is waged for them, and a magazine will be lighted whose explosion will shake the whole fabric of slavery. Even if all this happen, I cannot yet abandon the belief that one government will rule this continent, and its people be one people.

Meantime, what will be the influence of the times on individuals? Your question is very interesting and suggestive. The doubt that hangs over the whole issue bears touching also. It may be the duty of our young men to join the army, or they may be drafted without their own consent. If neither of these things happen, there will be a period when old men and young will be electrified by the spirit of the times, and one result will be to make every individuality more marked and their opinions more decisive. I believe the times will be even more favorable than calm ones for the formation of strong and forcible characters.

ist at this time (have you observed the fact?) we have no man who has power to ride upon the storm and direct it. The hour has come, but not the man. The crisis will make many such. But I do not love to speculate on so painful a theme. * * * I am chosen to respond to a toast on the Union at the State Printer's Festival here next Thursday evening. It is a sad and difficult theme at this time.

COLUMBUS, February 16th, 1861.

Mr. Lincoln has come and gone. The rush of people to see him at every point on the route is astonishing. The reception here was plain and republican, but very impressive. He has been raising a pair of dark-brown whiskers, which decidedly improve his looks, but no appendage can ever render him remarkable for beauty. On the whole, I am greatly pleased with him. He clearly shows his want of culture, and the marks of Western life, but there is no touch of affectation in him, and he has a peculiar power of im-

pressing you that he is frank, direct and thoroughly honest, His remarkable good sense, simple and condensed style of expression, and evident marks of indomitable will give me great hopes for the country. And, after the long, dreary period of Buchanan's weakness and cowardly imbecility, the people will hail a strong and vigorous leader.

I have never brought my mind to consent to the dissolution peaceably. I know it may be asked, Is it not better to dissolve before war than after? But I ask, Is it not better to fight before dissolution than after? If the North and South cannot live in the Union without war, how can they live and expand as dissevered nations without it? May it not be an economy of bloodshed to tell the South that disunion is war, and that the United States Government will protect its property and execute its laws at all hazards?

I confess the great weight of the thought in your letter of the Plymouth and Jamestown ideas, and their vital and utter antagonism. This conflict may yet break the vase by the lustiness of its growth and strength, but the history of other nations gives me hope. Every government has periods when its strength and unity are tested. England has passed through the Wars of the Roses and the days of Cromwell. A monarchy is more easily overthrown than a republic, because its sovereignty is concentrated, and a single blow, if it be powerful enough, will crush it.

Burke, this is really a great time to live in, if any of us can only catch the cue of it. I am glad you write on these subjects, and you must blame yourself for having made me inflict on you the longest letter I have written to any one in more than a year.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE HEAD OF A REGIMENT.

“**W**HEN the time came for appointing officers for the troops so hastily got together, Garfield displayed,” says Whitelaw Reid in his “Ohio in the War,” “his signal want of tact and skill in advancing his own interests. Of the three leading Radical senators, Garfield had the most personal popularity. Cox was at that time, perhaps, a more compact and pointed speaker, he had matured earlier, as (to change the figure) he was to culminate sooner. But he had never aroused the warm regard, which Garfield’s whole-hearted, generous disposition always excited, yet Cox had the sagacity to see how his interests were to be advanced. He abandoned the Senate-chamber, installed himself as assistant in the governor’s office, made his skill felt in the rush of business, and soon convinced the appointing power of his special aptitude for military affairs. In natural sequence he was presently appointed a brigadier-general, while Garfield was sent off on a mission to some western States to see about arms for the Ohio volunteers.”

On the 14th of August, 1861, several months after the adjournment of the Legislature, Governor

Dennison offered Garfield the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Forty-second Ohio, a regiment not yet organized, which Garfield had been instrumental in bringing into existence with the active aid of Judge Sheldon of Illinois, Don A. Pardee of Medina, Ralph Plumb of Oberlin, and other patriotic citizens of his district. He did not accept the tendered command hastily, with the avidity of an aspirant for honors. He went home, opened his mother's Bible, and pondered the subject. He had a wife, a child, and a few thousand dollars. If he gave his life to the country, would God and the few thousand dollars provide for his wife and child? He consulted the Book about it. It seemed to answer in the affirmative; and before morning he wrote to a friend:

"I regard my life as given to the country. I am only anxious to make as much of it as possible before the mortgage on it is foreclosed."

At the same sitting he informed Governor Dennison of his acceptance of the appointment. The regiment, with which he had thus considerably chosen to cast his lot, was principally recruited from Portage and Summit Counties. Most of the officers and privates had been students of Hiram College; and it was in a certain degree the transfer of that literary and religious institution *en masse* to another field, where the *church militant*, becoming *militant* in truth, was finally to be the *church triumphant*.

Five weeks were spent in drilling at camp Chase, near Columbus. Companies A, B, C and D were mustered into service September 25th, 1861, Company E, October 30th, Company F, November 12th, and Companies G, H, I and K, November 26th, when organization was completed.

Garfield at once set vigorously to work to master the art and mystery of war, and to give his men such a degree of discipline, as would fit them for effective service in the field, Bringing his saw and jack-plane again into play, he fashioned companies, and commissioned and non-commissioned officers out of maple blocks; and with these wooden-headed troops he thoroughly mastered the infantry-tactics in his quarters. Then he organized a school for the officers of his regiment, requiring thorough recitations in the tactics, and illustrating the manœuvres with the blocks, which he had prepared for his own instruction. Then he instituted regimental, company, squad, skirmish and bayonet drill, and kept his men at these exercises from six to eight hours a day, until it was universally admitted, that no better drilled or disciplined regiment could be found in Ohio.

At the time Garfield was appointed lieutenant-colonel, it was understood, that, if he had cared to push the matter, he might have been made colonel; but with a modesty quite unusual in those early days of the war, he preferred to start low, and rise as he learned. It was but a just tribute, therefore,

that on the completion of the organization, he was, without his own solicitation, promoted to the colonelcy. The regiment saw three years of service; the last of the men were mustered out December 2d, 1864.

It was not until the 14th of December, 1861, that orders for the field were received at Camp Chase for Colonel Garfield's command. Yet, up to this date no active operations had been attempted in the great department, that lay south of the Ohio River. The spell of Bull Run still hung over our armies. Except the campaign in Western Virginia and the attack by General Grant at Belmont, not a single engagement had occurred in all the region between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. General Buell was preparing to advance upon Bowling Green, when he suddenly found himself hampered by two co-operating forces skillfully planted within striking distance of his flank. General Zollikoffer was advancing from Cumberland Gap toward Mill Spring; and Humphrey Marshall, moving down the Sandy Valley from Virginia, was threatening to overrun Eastern Kentucky. Till these could be driven back, an advance upon Bowling Green would be perilous, if not actually impossible. To General George H. Thomas, just raised from a colonelcy of regulars to a brigadiership of volunteers, was committed the task of repulsing Zollikoffer, and to the untried colonel of the raw Forty-second Ohio

the task of repulsing Humphrey Marshall. On their success the whole army of the Department waited.

Colonel Garfield's orders directed him to move his command to Catlettsburg, Kentucky (a town at the junction of the Big Sandy and the Ohio), and to report immediately, in person, to the Department Headquarters at Louisville. The regiment went by rail to Cincinnati, and thence by boat to Catlettsburg, where it arrived on the morning of December 17th. By sunset of the 19th, Colonel Garfield reported to General Buell, at Louisville. In his interview with that officer he was informed, that he was to be sent against Marshall, who had advanced as far north as Prestonsburg, driving the Union forces before him.

Our hero was now face to face with the actualities of the conflict. He was to command an expedition, to which great importance was attached, and on which great results depended. The prize at stake was Kentucky. If the rebel plan was successful, Kentucky would probably go out of the Union at once; if the Federal operations succeeded, secession might be delayed indefinitely or prevented. Marshall was expected by the rebel authorities to advance toward Lexington, unite with Zollikoffer, and establish the authority of the Provisional Government at the State capital. These hopes were fed by the recollection of his great intellectual abilities and soldierly reputation

ever since he led the famous charge of the Kentucky volunteers at Buena Vista. It was feared that he, with the large army he could gather, would, if unmolested, hang upon Buell's flank, and prevent his advance into Tennessee; or that, if Buell advanced, Marshall would cut off his communications, and, falling on his rear while Beauregard encountered him in front, would crush him, as it were, between the upper and the nether millstone. If this should happen so early in the war, Kentucky would be lost, and the dissolution of the Union might follow.

To check this dangerous advance by Marshall, a thoroughly educated military man, and the uncounted thousands, whom his reputation would draw about him, Colonel Garfield was asked to plan a movement. He had gone into the war with a life not his own, and was now called upon to prove his title to the confidence, which his State had reposed in him. He knew nothing of war beyond its fundamental principles; which are, as stated by a writer, that "a big boy can whip a little boy, and that the big boy can whip two little boys, if he take them singly one after another." He knew no more about it, when General Buell, one of the most scientific military men of his time, selected him to solve a problem, which has puzzled the heads of the ablest generals—namely, how two small bodies of men, stationed widely apart, can unite in the face of an enemy and beat

him, when he is twice their united strength, and strongly posted behind intrenchments.

Garfield was given twenty-five hundred men, eleven hundred of whom under Colonel Cranor were at Paris, Ky., while the remainder, his own regiment, and the half-formed Fourteenth Kentucky under Colonel Moore, was at Catlettsburg. A hundred miles of mountain country, overrun with rebels, were between them. This was the problem of the big boy, uncertain of size, but known to be skilled in war, and of the two little boys, who were to whip him, when only by a miracle they could act together, and when they knew no more of war than could be learned from the posturing of wooden blocks and the crack perhaps of squirrel-rifles.

“That is what you have to do, Colonel Garfield—drive Marshall from Kentucky,” said Buell, when he had finished his view of the situation; “and you see how much depends on your action. Now go to your quarters, think of it over night, and come here in the morning and tell me how you will do it.”

On his way to his hotel, the young colonel bought a rude map of Kentucky, and, shutting himself in his room, spent the night in studying the geography of the country, in which he was to operate, and in making notes of the only plan, which seemed to him likely to secure the objects of the campaign.

His interview with the commanding general the following morning was, as may be imagined, of peculiar interest. Few army-officers possessed more reticence, terse logic and severe military habits, than General Buell; and, as the young man laid his rude map and roughly-outlined plan on his table, and with a curious and anxious face watched his features to detect some indication of his thought, the scene was one for a painter. But no word or look indicated the commander's opinion of the feasibility of the plan, or the good sense of the suggestions. He spoke now and then in a quiet, sententious manner, but said nothing of approval or disapproval. At the close of the conference, he simply said:

"Your orders will be sent to you at six o'clock this evening."

The order came promptly, organizing the Eighteenth Brigade of the Army of the Ohio, Colonel Garfield commanding; and with the order came a letter of instructions for the campaign, recapitulating, with very slight modifications, the plans submitted by Garfield in the morning. On the following morning he took leave of his general. The latter said to him at parting:

"Colonel, you will be at so great a distance from me, and communications will be so slow and difficult, that I must commit all matters of detail, and much of the fate of the campaign to your discretion. I shall hope to hear a good account of you."

Garfield at once set out for Catlettsburg. Arriving there on the 22d of December he found that his regiment had already proceeded to Louisa, twenty-eight miles up the Big Sandy.

A state of general alarm existed throughout the district. The Fourteenth Kentucky—the only force of Union troops left in the Big Sandy region—had been stationed at Louisa, but had hastily retreated to the mouth of the river during the night of the 19th, under the impression that Marshall, with his whole force, was intending to drive them into the Ohio. Union citizens and their families were preparing to cross the river for safety, but on the arrival of Colonel Garfield's regiment a feeling of security returned, which was increased, when it was seen, that the Union troops boldly pushed on to Louisa without even waiting for their colonel. This, however, was done in pursuance of orders, which he had telegraphed on the morning after he had formed the plan of the campaign in his dingy quarters in the Louisville hotel.

Waiting at Catlettsburg only long enough to forward supplies to his forces, Garfield appeared at Louisa on the morning of December 24th, and thenceforward became an actor in one of the most wonderful scenes of history.

CHAPTER XI.

OPENING THE BIG SANDY CAMPAIGN.

GARFIELD had two very difficult things to accomplish. He had to open communications with Colonel Cranor, while the intervening country, as has been said, was infested with roving bands of rebels and populated by disloyal people. He had also to form a junction with the force under that officer in the face of a superior enemy, who would doubtless be apprised of every movement and be likely to fall upon his separate columns, as soon as either was set in motion, in the hope of crushing them in detail. Either operation was hazardous, if not well-nigh impossible.

Evidently the first thing to be done was to find a trustworthy messenger to convey dispatches between the two halves of his army. Garfield therefore applied to Colonel Moore of the Fourteenth Kentucky.

"Have you a man," he asked, "who will die rather than fail, or betray us?"

The Kentuckian reflected a moment, then answered:

"I think I have—John Jordan from the head of Blaine."

Jordan was sent for, and soon entered the tent of the Union commander. He was somewhat of a noted character in that region, a descendant of a Scotchman, belonging to a family of men, who would die in defence of some honor or trust. Jordan was also a born actor, a man of unflinching courage and great expedients, devoted to the true principles, that bind this land in the solidity of a great union.

On his appearance, Garfield was at once impressed in his favor. He always remembered him as a tall, gaunt, sallow man of about thirty years, with gray eyes, a fine falsetto voice pitched in the minor key, and a face, that had as many expressions as could be found in a regiment. To the young colonel he seemed a strange combination of cunning, simplicity, undaunted courage and undoubting faith, but possessed of a quaint sort of wisdom, which ought to have given him to history. Garfield sounded him thoroughly, for the campaign might depend upon his fidelity. Jordan's soul was as clear as crystal, and in ten minutes Garfield had read it, as if it had been an open volume.

"Why did you come into this war?" at last asked the commander.

"To do my part for the country, Colonel," answered Jordan, "and I made no terms with the Lord. I gave Him my life without conditions; and, if He sees fit to take it in this tramp, why, it is His. I have nothing to say against it."

"You mean you have come into the war without expecting to get out of it?"

"I do, Colonel."

"Will you die rather than let this dispatch be taken?"

"I will."

The colonel, recalling what had passed in his own mind, when he was poring over his mother's Bible that night at his home in Ohio, quickly formed a conclusion.

"Very well," he said; "I will trust you."

The dispatch was written on tissue paper, rolled into the form of a bullet, coated with lead, and put into the hand of Jordan. He was given a carbine and a brace of revolvers; and, mounting his horse when the moon was down, he started on his perilous journey.

By midnight of the second day Jordan reached Colonel Cranor's quarters, at McCormick's Gap, and delivered his precious billet. The colonel opened the dispatch. It was dated Louisa, December 24th, midnight, and ordered him to move his regiment at once to Prestonburg. He was directed to encumber the men with as few rations and as little baggage as possible, bearing in mind, that the safety of his command would depend on his expedition. He was also directed to have the dispatch conveyed to Lieutenant-Colonel Woolford, at Stamford, and to order him to join the march with his three hundred cavalry. Hours

were now worth months of ordinary time; and on the following morning Cranor's column was set in motion.

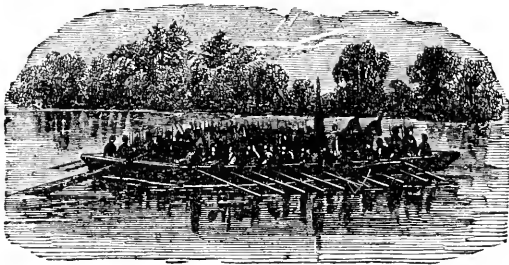
The dispatch fully revealed to Cranor Garfield's intention to move at once upon the enemy. Of Marshall's real strength he is ignorant; but his scouts and the country people report, that the rebel's main body, which is intrenched in an almost impregnable position near Paintville, numbers from four to seven thousand, and that an outlying force of eight hundred occupies West Liberty (a town directly on the route), through which Colonel Cranor is to march to effect a junction with Garfield's men. Cranor's column is one thousand one hundred strong; and the main body, under Garfield, numbers about seventeen hundred, consisting of the Forty-second Ohio Infantry, one thousand and thirteen strong, and the Fourteenth Kentucky Infantry, numbering five hundred, rank and file, and imperfectly armed and equipped. Garfield's entire force, therefore counted two thousand eight hundred, in a strange district, cut off from reinforcements, with which to meet and crush an army of at least five thousand, familiar with the country and daily receiving recruits from the disaffected southern counties. Evidently a forward movement is attended with great hazard; but the Union commander does not waste time in considering the obstacles and dangers of the expedition. On the morning after the scout's departure C

field sets out with such of his command as are in readiness, and halting at George's Creek, only twenty miles from Marshall's intrenched position, prepares to move at once upon the enemy.

The roads along the Big Sandy are impassable for trains; and the close proximity of the enemy renders it unsafe to make so wide a detour from the river, as would be required to send supplies by the table-lands to the westward. Under these circumstances Garfield decides to depend mainly upon water-navigation to transport his supplies, and to use the army-train, only when his troops are obliged, by absolutely impassable roads, to move away from the river.

The Big Sandy is a narrow, fickle stream, that finds its way to the Ohio through the roughest and wildest spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. At low-water it is not navigable above Louisa, except by small flat-boats pushed by hand; but these ascend as high as Picketon, one hundred and twenty miles from the mouth of the river. At high-water small steamers can reach Picketon; but heavy freshets render navigation impracticable, owing to the swift current filled with floating timber, and to the overhanging trees, which almost touch one another from the opposite banks. At this time the river was only of moderate height; and, as will be readily seen, the supply of a brigade in mid-winter by such an uncertain stream, and in the presence of a powerful enemy, was a thing of great difficulty.

However, the obstacles do not intimidate Garfield. Gathering ten days' rations, he charts two small steamers and impresses all the available flat-boats; and taking his army-wagons apart, he loads them with his forage and provisions on the flat-boats. This is on New Year's Day, 1862. Next morning Captain Bent of the Fourteenth Kentucky, entering Garfield's tent, says to him :



FLAT-BOAT TRANSPORTING TROOPS.

“Colonel, there’s a man outside, who says he knows you—Bradley Brown, a rebel thief and scoundrel.”

“Brown,” says Garfield, rising half-dressed from his blanket. “Bradley Brown! I don’t know any one of that name.”

“He has lived near the head of Blaine, been a boatman on the river, says he knew you on the canal in Ohio.”

“Oh, yes,” answered Garfield, “bring him in. Now I remember him.”

In a moment Brown is ushered into the colonel’s quarters. He is clad in country homespun, and

spattered from head to foot with the mud of a long journey. Without any regard for the sanctity of rank, he advances at once to the Union commander, and grasping him warmly by the hand, exclaims, "Jim, ole feller, how ar' ye?"

The colonel receives him cordially, but noticing his ruddy face says :

"Fifteen years haven't changed you, Brown. You will take a glass of whisky? But what's this I hear? Are you a rebel?"

"Yes," answers Brown, "I belong to Marshall's force, and"—this he prefaces with a burst of laughter—"I've come stret from his camp to spy out yer army."

The colonel looks surprised, but says coolly :

"Well, you go about it queerly."

"Yes, quar, but honest, Jim. When yer alone, I'll tell yer about it."

As Bent was leaving the tent, he said to his commander, in an undertone :

"Don't trust him, Colonel. I know him; he's a thief and a rebel."

Brown's disclosures, in a few words, are these :

Hearing, a short time before, at the rebel camp, that James A. Garfield of Ohio had taken command of the Union forces, he inferred at once, that the officer was his old canal-companion, for whom, as a boy, he had felt a strong affection. This supposition was confirmed a few days later by his hearing from a renegade Northern man

some of the antecedents of the colonel. Remembering their former friendship, and being indifferent as to which side was successful in the campaign, he at once determined to do an important service for the Union commander.

With this object he sought an interview with Marshall, stated to him his former acquaintance with Garfield, and proposed, that he should take advantage of it to enter the Union camp, and learn all about the enemy's strength and intended movements. Marshall at once fell into the trap; and the same night Brown set out for the Union camp, ostensibly to spy for the rebels, but really to tell the Union commander all that he knew of the rebel strength and position. He did not know Marshall's exact force, but he gave Garfield such facts, as enabled him to make, within half an hour, a tolerably accurate map of the rebel position.

When this was done the Union colonel said to him:

"Did Bent blindfold you, when he brought you into camp?"

"Yes, Colonel, I couldn't see my hand afore me."

"Well, then, you had better go back directly to Marshall."

"Go back to him! Why, Colonel, he'll hang me to the first tree!"

"No he won't, if you tell him all about my strength and intended movements."

“But how kin I? I don’t know a thing. I tell ye I was blindfolded.”

“Yes, but that don’t prevent your guessing at our numbers and movements. You may say, that I shall march to-morrow straight for his camp and in ten days be upon him.”

Brown sat for a moment musing. Then he said:

“Wall, Colon’l, ye’d be a durned fool—and if ye’s that, ye must hev growed to it, since we were on ther canal—ef ye went upon Marshall, trenched as he is, with a man short on twenty thousand. I kin ‘guess’ ye’s that many,”

“Guess again. I haven’t that number.”

“Then, ten thousand.”

“Well, that will do for a Kentuckian. Now, to-day, I will keep you under lock and key, and to-night you can go back to Marshall.”

At nightfall, Brown set out for the rebel camp; and, on the following day, Garfield moved his little army, reduced by sickness and garrison-duty to fourteen hundred.

It was a toilsome march. The roads were knee-deep in mire. Though encumbered with only a light train, the army made very slow progress. Some days it marched five or six miles, and some considerably less; but on January 6th, it arrived within seven miles of Paintville. Here the men threw themselves upon the wet ground; and Garfield lay down in his boots, in a wretched log-hut, to catch a few hours of slumber.

About midnight, he was aroused from sleep by a man, who said that his business was urgent. The colonel rubbed his eyes, and raised himself on his elbow.

“Back safe?” he asked. “Have you seen Cranor?”

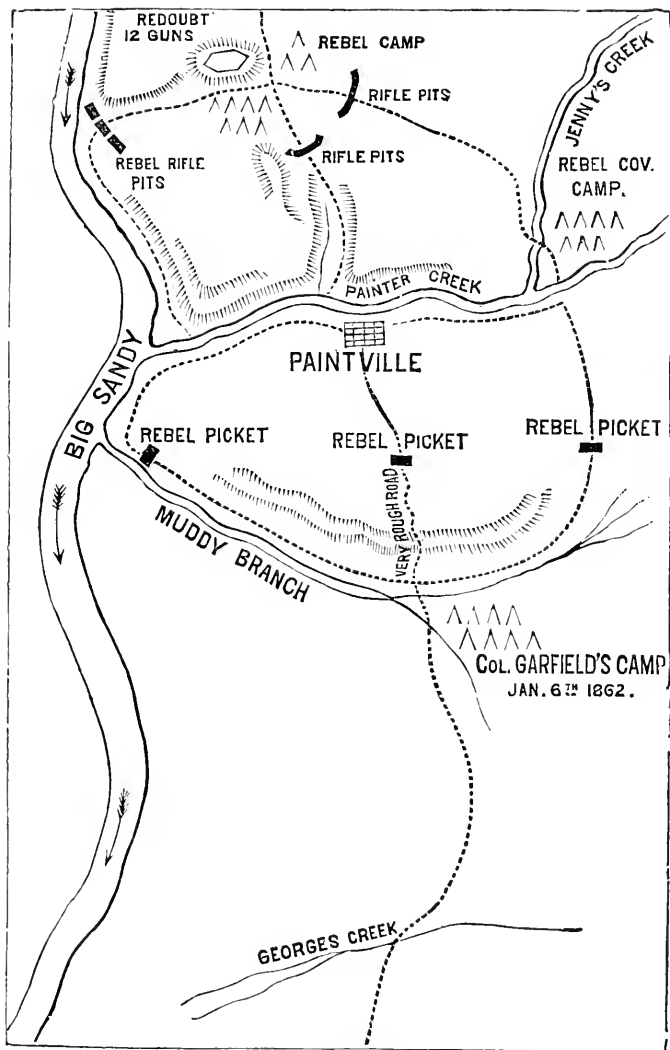
“Yes, Colonel. He can’t be any more than two days behind me.”

“God bless you, Jordan! You have done us a great service,” said Garfield, warmly.

“I thank you, Colonel,” answered Jordan, his face trembling. “That is more pay than I expected.”

He had returned safely; but Providence which had so wonderfully guarded his way out, seemed to leave him to find his way back; for, as he expressed it, “The Lord cared more for the dispatch than He cared for me; and it was natural He should, because my life counts only one, but the dispatch stood for the whole of Kentucky.”

Next morning, another horseman rode up to the Union head-quarters. He was a messenger direct from General Buell, and had followed Garfield up the Big Sandy with dispatches. They contained only a few hurried sentences from a man to a woman; but their value was not to be estimated in money. It was a letter from Marshall to his wife, which Buell had intercepted, and which revealed the important fact, that the rebel general had five thousand men—four thousand four hundred infantry and six hundred cavalry—with twelve pieces



THE FIGHT AT PAINTVILLE.

of artillery, and was daily expecting an attack from a Union force of ten thousand!

Garfield put the letter in his pocket, and called a council of his officers. They assembled in the rude log-shanty, and the question was put to them:

“Shall we march at once, or await the coming of Cranor?”

All but one said “Wait!” He said, “Move at once. Our fourteen hundred can whip ten thousand rebels.”

Garfield, reflecting awhile, closed the council with the laconic remark: “Well, forward it is. Give the order.”

Three roads led to the rebel position—one to the east, bearing down to the river and along its western bank; another, a circuitous one, to the west, coming in on Paint Creek at the mouth of Jenny’s Creek, on the right of the village; and a third between the two others, a route more direct but climbing a succession of almost impassable ridges. These three roads were held by strong rebel-pickets; and a regiment was outlying at the village of Paintville.”

The diagram opposite will show the situation.

To deceive Marshall as to his real strength and designs, Garfield orders a small force of infantry and cavalry to advance along the river road, drive in the rebel pickets, and move rapidly as if to attack Paintville. Two hours after, a similar force, with the same orders, sets off on the road to the

westward; and two hours later still another small party takes the middle road. The effect is, that the pickets on the first road, vigorously attacked, retire in confusion to Paintville, and send word to Marshall, that the Union army is advancing along the river. He hurries off a thousand infantry and a battery to resist the advance of this imaginary column. An hour and a half later, Marshall hears from the routed pickets on his left, that the Union forces are advancing along the western road. Countermanding his first order, he now directs the thousand men and the battery to meet the new danger, and hurries off the troops at Paintville, to make a stand at the mouth of Jenny's Creek. Two hours later the pickets on the central route are driven in; and finding Paintville abandoned, they flee precipitately to the fortified camp with the story, that the whole Union army is close at their heels, and already occupying the town. Conceiving that he has thus lost Paintville, Marshall hastily withdraws the detachment of a thousand to his camp; and Garfield, moving rapidly over the ridges of the central route, occupies the abandoned position.

This is the situation on the evening of the 8th of January, when a rebel spy enters the camp of Marshall with tidings that Cranor, with three thousand three hundred men, is within twelve hours' march at the westward.

On receipt of these tidings, the rebel general,

conceiving himself vastly outnumbered, breaks up his camp, which he might have held for a twelve-month, and retreats precipitately, abandoning or burning a large portion of his supplies. Seeing the fires, Garfield mounts his horse, and with a thousand men enters the deserted camp at nine in the evening, while the blazing stores are yet unconsumed. He sends a detachment to harass the rebel retreat, and awaits the arrival of Cranor, when he means to follow Marshall and bring him to battle.

In the morning Cranor comes, but his men are footsore, hungry and completely exhausted. But the Union commander is determined to give battle. Every man therefore, who has strength to march, is ordered to come forward. Eleven hundred, and among them four hundred of Cranor's tired heroes, step from the ranks. With these, at noon of the 9th, Garfield sets out for Prestonburg, sending all his available cavalry to follow the line of the enemy's retreat, and harass and destroy him.

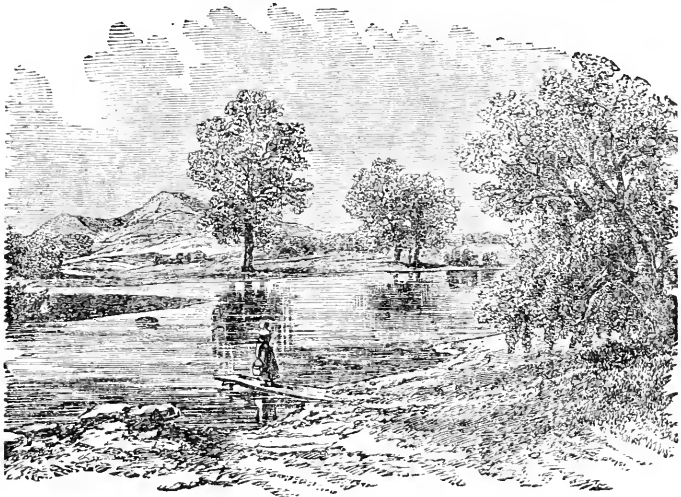
Marching eighteen miles, he reaches, at nine o'clock at night, the mouth of Abbott's Creek, three miles below Prestonburg. There he learns that Marshall is encamped three miles further up the stream. Throwing his men into bivouac in the midst of a sleety rain, he sends back an order to Lieutenant-Colonel Sheldon, who had been left in command at Paintville, to bring up every avail-

able man with all possible dispatch, for he shall force the enemy to battle in the morning. He spends the night in learning the character of the surrounding country, and the disposition of Marshall's forces, and makes a hasty dinner of stewed rabbit from a tin-cup, sharing the single spoon and the stew with one of his officers.

Jordan, the scout, now comes into play once more. A dozen rebels are grinding at a mill; and a dozen honest men come upon them, steal their corn and take them prisoners. The miller is a tall, gaunt man; and his "butternuts" fit Jordan, as if they were made for him. He is a rebel too, and his very raiment bears witness against this feeding of his enemies. It goes back to the rebel camp, and Jordan goes in it. That chameleon-face of his is smeared with meal, and looks the miller so well, that the miller's own wife could not have detected the difference. The night is so dark and rainy, that the danger is lessened. Yet Jordan is picking his teeth in the very jaws of the lion.

Jordan's midnight-ramble in the rebel ranks gave Garfield the exact position of the enemy. They had made a stand, and laid an ambuscade for him. Strongly posted on a semi-circular hill at the forks of Middle Creek, commanding with their cannon the whole length of the road, and hidden by the trees and underbrush, they awaited his coming.

Deeming it unsafe to proceed further in the darkness, Garfield, as has been said, ordered his army into bivouac, at nine o'clock in the evening, and climbed the steep ridge called Abbott's Hill. His tired men threw themselves upon the wet ground to wait till morning. It was a terrible



VIEW OF MIDDLE CREEK.

night, a fit prelude to the terrible day, that followed. A dense fog shut out the moon and stars, and shrouded the lonely mountain in almost Cimmerian darkness. A cold wind swept from the north, driving the rain in blinding gusts into the faces of the shivering men, and stirring the dark fires into the cadences of a mournful music. But the slow and cheerless night at last wore away; and at four in the morning the tired and hungry

men, with their icy clothing clinging to their half-frozen limbs, were aroused from their cold beds and ordered to move forward. Slowly and cautiously they descended into the valley, which to so many of them seemed the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The enemy was awaiting them; they were awaiting the enemy. The last bivouac had been made; and there was nothing left but to advance and measure their strength with the foe.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK.

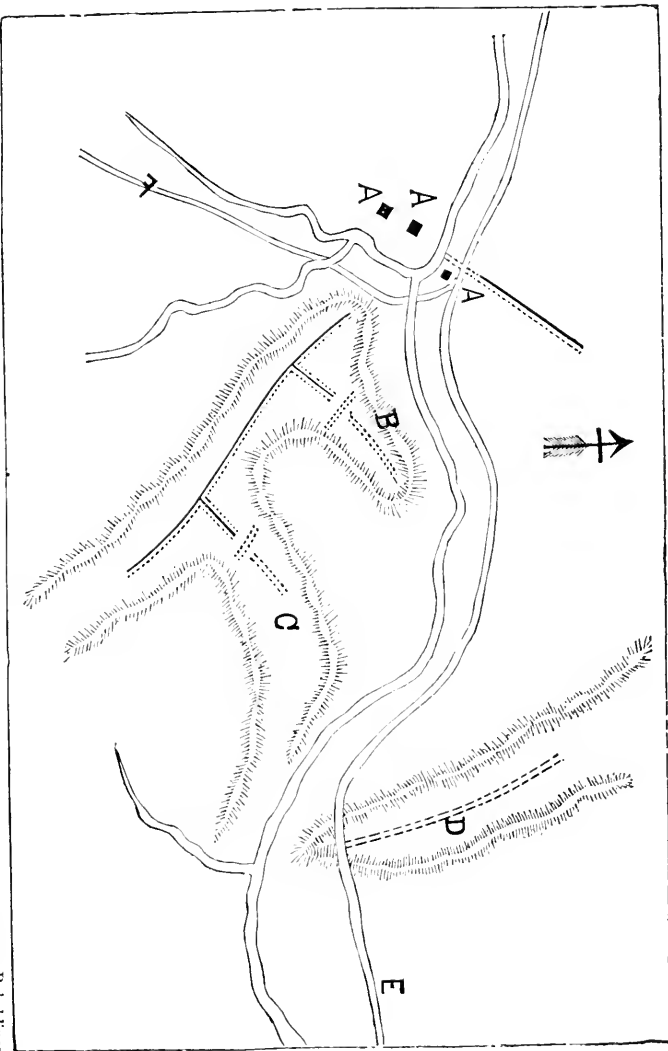
AS the day breaks in the east, and the gray mists, that have been the blankets of Garfield's little force, are slowly lifted from the inhospitable ground, the advance-guard, rounding a hill, that juts out into the valley, is charged by a body of rebel horsemen. Forming his men in a hollow square, Garfield gives the rebels a volley, that sends them reeling up the valley, one only plunges into the stream, and is captured.

The main body of the enemy, it is now evident, is not far distant; but, whether he has changed his position since the visit of the scout Jordan, is yet uncertain. To determine this, Garfield sends forward a strong corps of skirmishers, who sweep the cavalry from a ridge, which they have occupied, and moving forward, soon draw the fire of the hidden rebels. Suddenly a puff of smoke rises from beyond the hills; and a twelve-pound shell whistles above the trees, and, plowing up the hill, buries itself in the ground at the feet of the adventurous little band of skirmishers.

It is now twelve o'clock. Throwing his whole force upon the ridge, whence the rebel cavalry have been driven, Garfield prepares for the im-

pending battle. It is a trying and perilous moment. He is in the presence of a greatly superior enemy; and how to dispose his little force, and where first to attack, are not easily determined. But he loses no time in idle indecision. Looking into the faces of his eleven hundred men, he advances to the terrible struggle. His mounted escort of twelve soldiers he sends forward to make a charge, and, if possible, to draw the fire of the enemy. The ruse succeeds admirably. As the little squad sweeps round a curve in the road, another shell whistles through the valley; and the long roll of nearly five thousand muskets chimes in with a fierce salutation. The battle has begun in earnest.

A glance at the ground will best show the real nature of the conflict. It was on the margin of Middle Creek, a narrow and rapid stream, three miles from where it finds its way into the Big Sandy through the sharp spurs of the Cumberland Mountains. A rocky road, not ten feet in width, winds along this stream; and on its two banks steep and rocky ridges, overgrown with trees and underbrush, shut closely down upon the narrow road and little streamlet. At twelve o'clock Garfield gained the crest of the ridge at the right of the road; and the charge of his handful of horsemen drew Marshall's fire and disclosed his actual position. It will be clearly seen from the accompanying diagram.



- A** Rebel Artillery, 6 and 12 pounders.
- B** Ridge taken by the Ohio Boys.
- C** Ridge taken by Kentuckians under Monroe.

- D** Garfield's Reserve.
- E** Approach of Reinforcement under Col. Shellen.
- F** Road by which enemy retreated.

..... Federal lines.

BATTLE OF MIDDLE CREEK.

----- Rebel lines.

The main force of the rebels occupied the crests of the two ridges at the left of the stream; but a strong detachment was posted on the right, and a battery of twelve pieces held the forks of the creek and commanded the approach of the Union army. It was Marshall's plan to lure Garfield along the road, take him between two enfilading fires, and surround and utterly destroy him. But his hasty fire betrayed his design and unmasked his position.

Garfield acts with promptness and decision. A hundred undergraduates, recruited from his own college, are ordered to cross the stream, climb the ridge, whence the fire had been hottest, and bring on the battle. Boldly the little band plunges into the creek, waist-deep in the icy water, and, clinging to the trees and underbrush, climb the rocky ascent. Half way up the ridge the fire of at least two thousand rifles opens upon them; but springing from tree to tree, they press on, and at last reach the summit. Then suddenly the hill is gray with rebels, who, rising from ambush, pour their deadly volleys into the little band of a hundred. For a moment there are signs of wavering, when their leader calls out: "Every man to a tree! Give them as good as they send, my brave Ber-eans!"

The rebels, behind rocks and rude intrenchments, are obliged to expose their heads while taking aim at the assailing column; but the Union

troops, posted behind the huge oaks and maples, can stand erect, load and fire fully protected. Though they are outnumbered ten to one, the contest is therefore for a time not so very unequal. But soon the rebels, exasperated with the obstinate resistance, rush from their cover and charge upon the little handful with the bayonet. Slowly they are driven down the hill; and two of them fall to the ground wounded. One never rises; the other, a lad of only eighteen, is shot through the thigh, and one of his comrades turns back to bear him to a place of safety. The advancing rebels are within thirty feet, when one of them firing strikes a tree directly above the head of a Union soldier. He turns, fires his musket, and the rebel falls dead. Then the rest are upon him; but zigzagging from tree to tree, he is soon with his retreating column. Not far however are the brave boys driven. A few rods lower down they hear the voice of their leader.

“To the trees again, my boys,” he cries. “We may as well die here as in Ohio!”

In a moment the advancing horde is checked, and rolled backward. Up the hill they turn, firing as they go, while the little band follows. Soon the rebels reach the spot, where the Berean boy lies wounded; and one of them says to him:

“Boy, giv me yer musket.”

“Not the gun but its contents,” returns the lad; and the rebel falls, mortally wounded. Another

raises his weapon to brain the prostrate lad, but he too falls, killed with his comrade's own rifle. All this is done while the nero-lad lies on the ground bleeding. An hour afterward, his comrades bear him to a sheltered spot on the other side of the streamlet. Then the first word of complaint escapes him. As they are taking off his leg, he says, in his agony: "Oh, what will mother do?"

A fortnight later, the words of this patient, patriotic lad—Charles Carlton, of Franklin, Ohio—repeated in the Senate of Ohio, aroused the State to make provision at once for the widows and mothers of its soldiers.

As the college-boys retreat, the quick eye of the Union commander, who stood upon a rocky height on the other side of the narrow valley, discerns, through the densely-curling smoke, the real state of the unequal contest. "They are being driven," he says; "they will lose the hill unless supported."

Immediately, five hundred of the Ohio Fortieth and Forty-second, under Major Pardee and Colonel Cranor, are ordered to the rescue. Holding their cartridge-boxes above their heads, they dash into the steam, up the hill, and into the fight, shouting:

"Hurrah for Williams and the brave Bereans!"

But shot, shell, and canister, and the fire of four thousand muskets, are now concentrated upon the few hundred heroes.

“This will never do,” cries Garfield. “Who will volunteer to carry the crest of the mountain?”

“We will!” shouts Colonel Munroe, of the Fourteenth Kentucky. “We know every inch of the ground.”

“Go in, then,” cries Garfield, “and give them Hail Columbia!”

Fording the stream lower down, they climb the ridge to the left, and in ten minutes are upon the enemy. Like the others, these rebels are posted behind rocks; but their heads, when uncovered, soon become ghastly targets for the sure Kentucky rifles.

“Take good aim, and don’t shoot till you see the eyes of your enemy,” shouts the brave colonel.

Although the men have never been under fire, in a few moments they are as cool as if at one of the traditional Kentucky turkey-matches. “Do you see that reb?” says one to his comrade, as a head appears above the rock. “Hit him while I’m loading.” Another is bringing his cartridge to his mouth, when a bullet cuts away the powder and leaves the lead in his fingers. Shielding his arm with his body, he says, as he turns from the foe and rams home another cartridge; “There, see if you can hit that!” Another takes out a piece of hard-tack, which a ball shivers in his hand. Swallowing the remnant, he coolly fires away again. Another is brought down by a ball

at the knee. Lying on the ground, rifle in hand, he watches for the man who shot him. Soon the rebel raises his head above a rock; and the two are at the same instant. The Union man is struck in the mouth; but, as he is borne down the hill, he splutters out: "Never mind! that secesh done for." The next morning the rebel was found with the whole upper part of his head shot away.

The brave Kentuckians climb up the side of the mountain. Now they are hidden in the underbrush, now sheltered by the great trees, and now fully exposed in some narrow opening; but gradually they near the crest of the ridge, and at last are on its very summit. As they come in open sight, the rebel cries out:

"How many are there of you"?

"Twenty-five millions, d——n you," shouts back the Kentucky Union officer.

Then comes a terrible hand-to-hand struggle. The little band of less than four hundred, overpowered by numbers, are driven far down the mountain.

Meanwhile another cannon has opened on the hill; and round shot and canister fall thickly among the weary eleven hundred. Seeing his advance about to waver, the Union commander sends volley after volley from his entire reserve at the central point between his two detachments; and for a time the fire of the enemy is silenced in that

quarter. When it again opens, Garfield orders all but a chosen hundred upon the mountain. There the battle grows terrible. Thick and thicker swarm the rebels on the crest; sharp and sharper rolls the musketry along the valley; and, as volley after volley echoes among the hills, and the white smoke curls up in long wreaths from the gleaming rifles, a dense cloud gathers overhead, as if to shut out the scene of carnage from the eye of Heaven.

So the bloody work goes on; so the battle wavers, till the setting sun, sinking below the hills, glances along the dense line of rebel steel, as it moves down to envelop the weary eleven hundred. It is an awful moment, big with the immediate fate of Kentucky. At this crisis two figures stand out boldly against the fading sky.

One is in Union blue, with a little band of heroes about him. He is posted on a projecting rock, which, scarred with bullets, is in full view of both armies. His head is uncovered; his hair streaming in the wind; his face upturned in the darkening daylight; and his soul going out in prayer—a prayer for Sheldon and reinforcements. He turns his eyes to the northward, and his lips tighten. Then, pulling off his coat and throwing it into a tree-top out of reach, he says to his hundred men:

“Boys, *we* must go at them.”

The men throw up their caps with a wild shout

and rush on following the Union colonel, who leads them at a run, and in his shirt sleeves.

The other figure is in rebel gray. Moving to the brow of the opposite hill, and placing a glass to his eye, he too takes a long look to the northward. Suddenly he starts, for he sees something, which the other on lower ground does not distinguish. Soon he wheels his horse; and the word, "RETREAT," echoes along the valley. It is his last word; for six rifles crack, and the rebel major lies on the ground quivering. The one in blue looks to the north again, as he clammers up the mountain, and now sees that starry banner floating proudly among the trees, which is the symbol of liberty and life for millions. It is Sheldon and his forces. On they come, like the rushing wind, filling the air with their shouting. The rescued eleven hundred take up the strain; and above the noisy pursuit, above the lessening conflict, above the last boom of smoking cannon, rises the wild huzza of victory.

As they return from the short pursuit, the young commander grasps man after man by the hand, and says:

"God bless you, boys! You have saved Kentucky!"

They had saved it in a wonderful battle. Says that genial writer, Edmund Kirke: "In the history of the late war, there is not another like it. Measured by the forces engaged, the valor dis-

played and the results that followed, it throws into the shade the achievements of even that mighty host that saved the nation. Eleven hundred foot-sore and weary men, without cannon, charged up a rocky hill, over stumps, over stones, over fallen trees, over high intrenchments, right into the face of five thousand fresh troops, with twelve pieces of artillery."

To the reader, this action may seem insignificant, but it was of considerable importance to the Federal armies at this juncture. Captain F. H. Mason, in his history of the Forty-second Ohio Infantry, defines its place in history:

"The battle of Middle Creek, trifling though it may be considered in comparison with later contests, was the first substantial victory won for the Union cause. At Big Bethel, at Bull Run, in Missouri, and at various points at which the Union and Confederate forces had come in contact, the latter had been uniformly victorious. The people of the North, giving freely of their men and their substance in response to each successive call of the government, had long and anxiously watched and waited for a little gleam of victory to show that northern valor was a match for southern impetuosity in the field. They had waited in vain since the disaster at Bull Run, during the previous summer, and hope had almost yielded to despair. The story of Garfield's success at Middle Creek came, therefore, like a benediction to the Union

cause. Though won at a trifling cost it was decisive so far as concerned the purposes of that immediate campaign. Marshall's force was driven from Kentucky, and made no further attempt to occupy the Sandy Valley. The important victories at Mill Spring, Forts Donaldson and Henry, and the repulse at Shiloh, followed. The victory at Mill Creek proved the first wave of a returning tide."

Speaking of the engagement, Garfield said, after he had gained a wider experience in war: "It was a very rash and imprudent affair on my part. If I had been an officer of more experience, I probably should not have made the attack. As it was, having gone into the army with the notion that fighting was our business, I didn't know any better."

"And, during it all," says Judge Clark, who was in the Forty-second, "Garfield was the soldier's friend. Such was his affection for his men that he would divide his last rations with them, and nobody ever found anything better at head-quarters than the rest got."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAPTURE OF POUND GAP.

THE night closed in upon the happy, but tired men, who spent the long watches of it on the frozen ground. Garfield took this time to consider the situation. Marshall's forces were broken and demoralized. Though in full retreat, they might be overtaken and destroyed; but his own troops were half dead with fatigue and exposure, and had less than three days' rations. Under these circumstances, Garfield prudently decided to occupy Prestonburg, and await the arrival of supplies before dealing a final blow at the enemy. On the day succeeding the battle he issued the following address to his army, which tells, in brief, the story of the campaign:

"SOLDIERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH BRIGADE: I am proud of you all! In four weeks you have marched some eighty, and some a hundred miles, over almost impassable roads. One night in four you have slept, often in the storm, with only a wintry sky above your heads. You have marched in the face of a foe more than double your number, led on by chiefs who have won a national renown under the old flag, intrenched in hills of his own choosing, and strengthened by all the appli-

ances of military art. With no experience but the consciousness of your own manhood, you have driven him from his strongholds, pursued his inglorious flight, and compelled him to meet you in battle. When forced to fight, he sought the shelter of rocks and hills. You drove him from his position, leaving scores of his bloody dead unburied. His artillery thundered against you, but you compelled him to flee by the light of his burning stores, and to leave even the banner of his rebellion behind him. I greet you as brave men. Our common country will not forget you. She will not forget the sacred dead who fell beside you, nor those of your comrades who won scars of honor on the field. I have recalled you from the pursuit, that you may regain vigor for still greater exertions. Let no one tarnish his well-earned honor by any act unworthy an American soldier. Remember your duties as American citizens, and sacredly respect the rights and property of those with whom you may come in contact. Let it not be said that good men dread the approach of an American army. Officers and soldiers, your duty has been nobly done. For this I thank you."

The retreat of Marshall had by no means dispelled the dangers, by which the small army of the Union colonel was hampered. A fresh peril now beset it. An unusually violent rain-storm broke out; the mountain gorges were all flooded; and

the Big Sandy rose to such a height, that steam-boat-men pronounced it impossible to ascend the stream with supplies. The troops were almost out of rations; and the rough, mountainous country was incapable of supporting them. Colonel Garfield had gone to the mouth of the river. He ordered the "Sandy Valley," a small steamer, which had been in the quarter-master's service, to take in a load of supplies and start up. The captain declared it impossible. Efforts were made to get other vessels, but without success.

Finally, Garfield ordered the captain and crew on board, and stationed himself at the wheel. The captain still protested, that no boat could possibly stem the raging current; but Garfield turned her head up the stream and began the perilous trip. The water in the usually shallow river was sixty feet deep; and the tree-tops along the banks were almost submerged. The little vessel trembled from stem to stern at every motion of the engines; the water whirled her about as if she were a skiff; and the utmost speed, which the steam could give her was three miles an hour. When night fell, the captain of the boat begged permission to tie up. To attempt ascending the flood in the darkness was madness. But Garfield kept his place at the wheel, now, as always, no mere considerations of danger, affecting his purpose. Finally, in one of the sudden bends of the river they drove, with a full head of steam, into the quicksand of the bank. Every effort to back off was in vain. Mattocks

were procured; and excavations were made in vain around the embedded bow. Garfield, at last, ordered a boat to be lowered to take a line to the opposite bank. The crew protested against venturing out on the flood. Garfield leaped into the boat and steered it over. The force of the current carried them far below the point, which they sought to reach; but they finally succeeded in making fast to a tree, and rigging a windlass with rails sufficiently powerful to float the vessel once more.

It was Saturday, when the boat left the mouth of the Big Sandy. All night, all day Sunday, and throughout Sunday night they kept up their struggle with the current, Garfield leaving the wheel only eight hours out of the whole time, and that during the day. By nine o'clock on Monday morning they reached the camp, and were received with tumultuous cheering. Garfield himself could hardly escape being borne to headquarters on the shoulders of the delighted men.

It was but natural, that the confused retreat of Marshall's troops should have occasioned an alarm among the simple country-people. The flying rebels had spread the most exaggerated reports of the strength and character of the Union forces; and the inhabitants of the district looked for the immediate inauguration of a reign of terror, that should deprive all non-combatants of life and liberty. Fleeing from their homes, they took refuge in the woods and mountains, almost deserting the towns for a time.

On his return with supplies, Garfield determined to attempt to quiet the frightened people. He accordingly issued the following proclamation :

CITIZENS OF THE SANDY VALLEY: I have come among you to restore the honor of the Union, and to bring back the old banner which you all once loved, but which, by the machinations of evil men, and by mutual misunderstanding, has been dishonored among you. To those who are in arms against the Federal Government I offer only the alternative of battle or unconditional surrender. But to those who have taken no part in this war, who are in no way aiding or abetting the enemies of this Union—even to those who hold sentiments averse to the Union, but yet give no aid or comfort to its enemies—I offer the full protection of the Government, both in their persons and property.

Let those who have been seduced away from the love of their country, to follow after and aid the destroyers of our peace, lay down their arms, return to their homes, bear true allegiance to the Federal Government, and they also shall enjoy like protection. The army of the Union wages no war of plunder, but comes to bring back the prosperity of peace. Let all peace-loving citizens who have fled from their homes return and resume again the pursuits of peace and industry. If citizens have suffered from any outrages by the soldiers under my command, I invite them to make known their complaints to me, and their wrongs shall be redressed and the offenders punished. I expect the friends of the Union in this valley to banish from among them all private feuds, and to let a liberal-minded love of country direct their conduct toward those who have been so sadly estranged and misguided. I hope that these days of turbulence may soon end, and the days of the Republic may soon return.

J. A. GARFIELD,

Colonel Commanding Brigade.

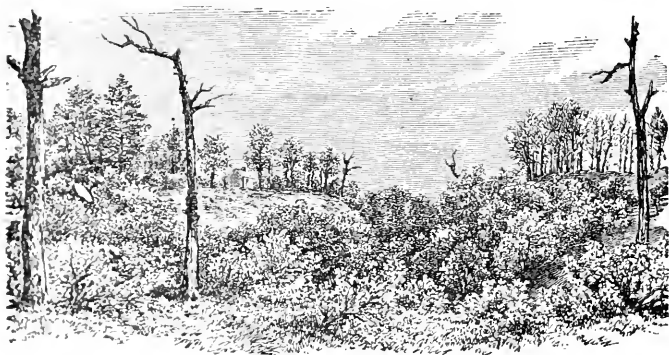
Encouraged by this promise of protection, the people soon issued from their hiding-places and began to flock about the Union head-quarters. From them Garfield obtained various reports of the whereabouts and intentions of Marshall. By some he was told that Marshall, reinforced by three Virginia regiments and six field-pieces, had made a stand and was fortifying himself in a strong position, about thirty miles above, on the waters of the Big Beaver. Others claimed to know, that he was merely collecting provisions and preparing to retreat into Tennessee, as soon as the runs and rivers should become passable.

All information pointed to the fact, that Marshall had made a stand, and was still within the limits of Kentucky. Garfield, having decided to learn his exact position, dispatched a body of one hundred cavalry, under Captain Jenkins of Ohio, with orders to go up the Big Sandy as far as Picketon, and not to return until he had ascertained the position and intentions of the enemy.

From information brought back by Captain Jenkins, and reports gathered from other sources—mainly from the scout Jordan—during the succeeding weeks Garfield was quite well posted about the movements of Marshall, who was still sufficiently near to be obnoxious.

Pound Gap, a wild and irregular opening in the Cumberland Mountains, about forty-five miles

south-east of Piketon, leads into Virginia. It is the only avenue for wagon-communication between the southern portions of Virginia and Kentucky, deriving its name from the fertile tract of meadowland, which skirts the southerly base of the mountains, and is enclosed by a narrow stream called Pound Fork. In the early history of the district,



VIEW OF POUND GAP.

this mountain-locality was the home of a tribe of Indians, who made constant expeditions into Virginia in search of plunder. Returning with the stolen cattle of the settlers, they pastured them in this meadow-inclosure. For this reason it was christened the "Pound"—a name, which was in time, extended to both the gap and the streamlet.

In this "Pound," and on the summit of the gorge, through which the road passes, the rebels had built log-huts, capable of quartering more than a thousand men; and, to make their position impregnable, they had built directly across the

Gap a formidable breast-work; which completely blocked up the way, and behind which five hundred men could resist successfully five thousand. The Gap was garrisoned* by about six hundred rebel militia under Major Thompson. Though incapable of effective service in the field, these troops had been of no small value to the rebel cause by holding this gateway into Virginia, and establishing a constant reign of terror among all the loyal citizens of the surrounding country. Imitating the Indians, the rebels would issue from this stronghold in small parties, descend to the valleys, rob and murder the peaceful inhabitants, and, before pursuit was possible, would once more be behind their protecting breastworks. Many of these predatory bands had been captured through the ceaseless activity of the Kentucky cavalry; but, as soon as one party was captured, another would start out from the stronghold to continue the work of spoliation, and perpetuate the reign of blood. It soon became evident, that the only way to effectually stop these inroads was to break up forever the nest on the mountain. This Garfield had long determined to do. He waited only for reliable information about the strength and position of the rebels, and for a definite description of the route to the rear of their intrenchments.

This information the scout Jordan, after surmounting many difficulties and encountering great dangers, was enabled to supply. He made for

Garfield an accurate map of the position, and wrote to him as follows:

“General Marshall has issued an order for a grand muster of the rebel militia on the 15th of March. They are to meet at the ‘Pound’ in the rear of their intrenchments, and it is expected they will muster in sufficient strength to enter Kentucky and drive the Union forces before them.”

Garfield at once determined to forestall the intended gathering and to break up the entire swarm of guerillas. He set out on the following morning with three days’ rations in the haversacks of his men, and a quantity of provisions packed on the backs of mules. He took with him two hundred and twenty of the Fortieth Ohio under Colonel Cranor, two hundred of the Forty-second Ohio under Major Pardee, one hundred and eighty of the Twenty-second Kentucky under Major Cook, and a hundred cavalry under Major McLaughlin, a total of seven hundred.

The roads were deep with mud; and the countless rivulets, that wind through this mountainous region, were filled with ice and swollen to the size of respectable torrents. The little army made light of its difficulties, however, and pressed on with perseverance over the rough roads in the midst of the drenching rain. Late on the second day Elkhorn Creek was reached, a small stream, which flows along the northern base of the mountains and empties into the Big Sandy, only two

miles below the rebel position. Here the troops went into camp on the wet ground, and awaited the coming of dawn.

Garfield's plan was to send his cavalry up the road to make a demonstration against the enemy's intrenchments, and to engage his attention, while he, with the infantry, should climb the steep side of the mountain, and, filing along a narrow ledge of rocks at the summit, reach the Gap, and attack the rebels upon the flank. Since absolute secrecy was required, every male resident of the vicinity was brought into camp and detained, that he might not carry information to the enemy. Questions were asked of every one about a practicable route to the rear of the rebel intrenchments. There was none. The mountain was steep, and in many places precipitous; and it was tangled with dense thickets, obstructed with fallen logs, and covered with huge boulders, which, coated with ice and snow, formed an almost impassable barrier to the passage of any living thing, save the panther or the catamount. Then again, even if the adventurous band succeeded in gaining the mountain-summit in the face of these obstacles, they would still have to traverse for a long distance the narrow ledge, buried three feet in treacherous snow, where one false step would be dangerous—a place, where ten men could dispute the passage of ten thousand.

Though tempted with liberal offers of money,

not one of the "natives" would undertake to guide the expedition on its perilous journey. Garfield lay down at midnight on the floor of a miserable log-shanty, near the foot of the mountains. The prospect was in no way encouraging. Even if failure was to be the reward of his pains, he determined to scale the mountain in the morning. With these thoughts in his mind, he dropped off to sleep. Before morning he was aroused by a number of men entering his apartment, one of whom said:

"Colonel, this old fellow has just come into camp, and offers to guide us over the mountains. He says he knows every road of this region, and can lead us to the rebel nest in safety."

Garfield raised himself from his blanket, and by the dim light of the logs, that were smouldering on the hearth, looked narrowly at the old native. He was apparently not far from seventy, with a tall, bent form, and long hair and beard, which were almost of snowy whiteness. He wore the common homespun of the district, and over his shoulder carried, slung by a stout leather thong, a brightly-burnished squirrel-rifle. His enormous beard and huge slouch hat more than half hid his face; but enough of it was exposed to show a tawny, smoke-begrimed skin, and strongly-marked, determined features. Hastily scanning him from head to foot, the Union officer, opening conversation, said, smiling:

"You! old man, do you think you can climb the mountain?"

"I hev done it, General, many and many a time," said the "native" in a voice, that sounded much like a cracked kettle.

"I know, but in winter the slope is a sheet of ice with three feet of snow on the summit."

"I komed down it not ten days ago. Whar I kin come down, ye kin go up."

"I should think so—up or down. Is there a bridle path we can follow?"

"Yes, eight miles below. But ye'd better make yer own path. Ye must cum unto them unbeknown and sudden, and to do that ye must foller the path squirrels travel."

"And do you think we can get over it safely?"

"Yes, if ye's men of narve, as means to do what they has come about."

"Well," continued Garfield, after a pause, "what induces an old man like you to undertake a thing so hazardous?"

"The hope to rid ther kentry of a set of murderin' thieves, as is carrying terror and death inter every poor man's home in all the valley," said he, solemnly.

"And what reward do you look for?"

"Nary reward—only your word, that I shall go as I come, with no one to let or hinder me."

Garfield took a long, steady look at him, and finally replied:

“Very well. I’ll trust you. Be here early in the morning,”

When the morning came, the snow was falling so thickly, that objects only a few rods distant were totally invisible. At nine o’clock, the little body of cavalry was started up the road to engage the attention of the enemy and draw him from his intrenchments. Then the infantry was set in motion. In a long, bristling, serpent-like column, catching at every twig, and shrub, and fallen log that lay in their way, they clambered slowly up the icy mountain-side, the old guide leading the way and steadying his steps with the long iron-shod staff in use among mountaineers. The ridge at this point rises two thousand feet above the valley, and half-way up breaks into abrupt precipices, which seem to defy the approach of any foot but that of deer. After a hard scramble through the tangled thickets, over the ice-coated rocks, and along the steep ridge which crowns the summit of the mountain, the native, turning sharply to the left, said to Garfield:

“You are now within half a mile of the rebel position. Yonder is their outside picket, but the way is clear. Press on at the double and you have them.”

The picket now descried the advancing column, and firing his gun, set out at the top of his speed for the rebel intrenchments. A dozen bullets made shrill music about his ears; but he kept on,

followed by the eager blue-coats. When within sight of the rebel camp, a line was thrown down along the eastern slope of the mountain, and pressing rapidly forward, was formed along the deep gorge, through which the high road passes. Up



PICKETS ON DUTY.

to this time the rebels had been skirmishing with the cavalry in front of their intrenchments; but now they gathered on the hill directly opposite the advanced portion of the Union infantry.

To try the range, Garfield sent a volley across the gorge. When the smoke cleared away, he saw the unformed rebel line melt away like mist into the opposite forest. The enemy's position being now understood, the Fortieth and the Forty-second Ohio were ordered to the already formed left wing, when along the line rang the words,

“Press forward, scale the hill, and carry it with the bayonet!”

A ringing shout was the only answer; and the long column swept down the ridge, across the ravine, through the rebel camp, and up the opposite mountain. The rebels gradually fell back among the trees; but when the Union bayonets appeared on the hill, they broke and ran in the wildest confusion. The Unionists followed, firing as they ran; and for a few moments the mountains echoed with the quick reports of the Ohio rifles. Pursuit in the dense forest was impossible; and soon the recall was sounded.

Only one was killed and seven wounded. But this well-nigh bloodless victory rid Eastern Kentucky of rebel rule. The troops re-assembled and passed a comfortable night in the enemy's quarters, faring sumptuously upon the captured viands. The next morning the cabins, sixty in number, were burned, and the breastworks destroyed. Garfield, leaving the Gap, reached Picketon the following night, having been absent four days, and having marched during that time about one hundred miles over a rough country.

Six days after he received orders to leave a small garrison at Picketon, and to transfer the rest of his command, as rapidly as possible, to Louisville.

This campaign on the Big Sandy more than justified every hope of Garfield's friends, and won

him an enviable military reputation. The operations in the Sandy Valley had been conducted with such energy and skill as to receive the special commendation of the commanding-general, and of the Government. General Buell moved to words of unwonted praise, issued the following congratulatory order:

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
LOUISVILLE, KY., January 20th, 1862.

General Orders, No. 40.

The General Commanding takes occasion to thank Colonel Garfield and his troops for their successful campaign against the rebel force under General Marshall, on the Big Sandy, and their gallant conduct in battle. They have overcome formidable difficulties in the character of country, the condition of the roads, and the inclemency of the season; and, without artillery, have in several engagements, terminating in the battle on Middle Creek on the 10th inst., driven the enemy from his intrenched position, and forced him back into the mountains, with a loss of a large amount of baggage and stores, and many of his men killed or captured.

These services have called into action the highest qualities of a soldier—fortitude, perseverance, courage.

By command of General Buell,

JAMES B. FRY,
A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

The War Department made Colonel Garfield a Brigadier-General, dating his commission from the battle of Middle Creek, January 10th, 1862. The country, without understanding fully the details of the campaign, appreciated its tangible results. The discomfiture of Marshall was a source of

special chagrin to the rebel sympathizers in Kentucky, and of amusement and admiration throughout the loyal West. Garfield at once took rank in the public estimation among the most promising of the younger volunteer generals.

In his "Ohio in the War," Whitelaw Reid passes this judgment on the campaign: "Later criticism will confirm the general verdict then passed upon the Sandy Valley campaign. It was the first of the brilliant series of successes, that made the spring of 1862 so memorable. Mill Springs, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Nashville, Island No. 10 and Memphis, followed in quick succession; but it was to Garfield's honor that he had opened this season of victories. His plans, as we have seen, were based on sound military principles; the energy which he threw into their execution was thoroughly admirable, and his management of the raw volunteers was such that they acquired the fullest confidence in their commander and endured the hardships of the campaign with fortitude not often shown in the first field-service of new troops. But the operations were on a small scale, and their chief significance lay in the capacity they developed, rather than in their intrinsic importance."

CHAPTER XIV.

OFF TO AID GRANT.

GARFIELD was transferred to a wider field of operations. His conspicuous ability, developed in battle, and his great bravery were not restricted to the bounds of the Big Sandy district, so effectively freed from the control of the rebels.

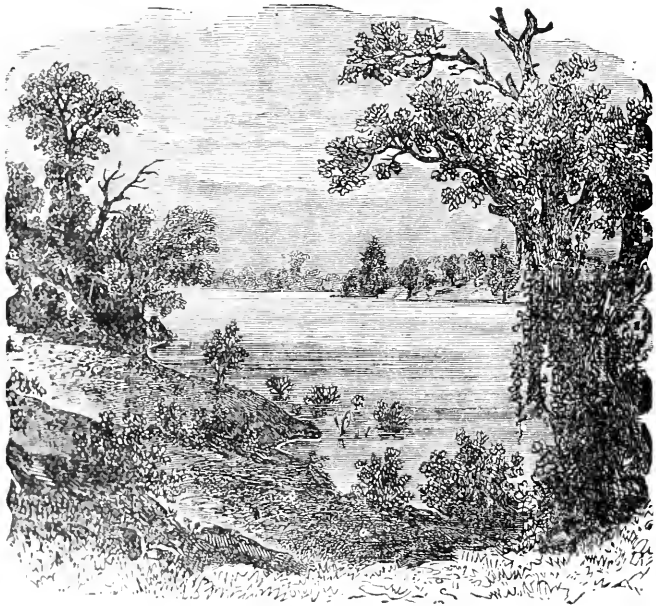
When he arrived at Louisville, he found that the Army of the Ohio was already beyond Nashville, on its way to aid Grant at Pittsburgh Landing. He immediately reported to General Buell about thirty miles south of Columbia, and under his orders assumed command of the Twentieth Brigade, then a part of the division of General Thomas J. Wood. General Wood was making all possible effort to reach the Union forces under Grant, anticipating that the approaching battle with Sidney Johnson would be of the greatest importance.

The battle began on the morning of April 6th. About ten o'clock that day, Grant, hearing that Wood, with the second division of Buell's army, had arrived at Savannah, Tennessee, sent him the following order:

“You will move your command, with the utmost

dispatch, to the river at this point (landing), where steamers will be in readiness to convey you to Pittsburgh."

Still later in the day another dispatch was sent to the commanding officer of Buell's forces, urging him to make all haste.



PITTSBURGH LANDING.

It is not necessary to recount here, how thoroughly the Union forces were whipped on the first day, and how extremely probable it seemed, that the defeat would turn into a rout. But here, as on many another field later in the bloody con-

flict, Ohio saved the day. When a halt was called on the evening of the 6th, it was determined by Grant, that the Ohio troops should form on the left in the morning, and the attack be renewed. During the night of the 6th, Buell busied himself in getting his troops up. Nelson's column and nearly all of Crittenden's and McCook's divisions were ferried across the river and put in position. All night long the gun-boats dropped shells at intervals on the rebel lines; and the fires in the burning wood lighted the battle-field for miles away. But for a merciful shower of rain thousands of helpless wounded would have been burned to death on that blazing battle-field. The orders were:

“As soon as it is light enough to see, attack with a heavy skirmish line, and when you have found the enemy, throw upon him your whole force, leaving no reserve.”

With the first gray of dawn this order was put into execution. The Ohio troops were given the left, while Grant's army, or such of it as could be gathered together, undertook to form and maintain the right. As rapidly as the Ohioans came up, they went into action, and fought with splendid energy. During the early part of the day Grant met the First Ohio marching toward the northern part of the field, and immediately in front of an important position. The regiment on the left after a hard fight had given way, when Grant called

upon the Ohio boys to change direction and charge. With a cheer they obeyed; and the retreating troops, seeing what was going on, took new courage, and with loud shouts drove the enemy from their strong position.

Garfield had all this time been actively engaged in every possible exertion to bring up his brigade and assist, before either defeat or victory silenced the cannonading, which he so distinctly heard. About 1 P. M., he reached the front, and led his men through the storm of lead, as they with a wild cheer dashed at the rebels. The fresh onslaught in which Garfield's brigade participated, changed the fortunes of the day; and the rebels were soon flying from the field, on which they had fought so long and well. The Union troops were too much exhausted to pursue. Halting in the camp, from which they had been driven the day before, they were content with the victory.

On the 9th, the War Department issued the following complimentary order:

"The thanks of the department are hereby given to Generals Grant and Buell, and their forces, for the glorious repulse of Beauregard, at Pittsburgh, in Tennessee."

The next morning (the 8th) Garfield's brigade, forming a part of Sherman's advance, participated in a sharp encounter with the enemy's rear-guard, a few miles beyond the battle-field. The brigade joined in the advance upon Corinth, to

which Beauregard had retreated. This advance was so slow, that it took six weeks to march fifteen miles. It was the 21st of May, before the armies were fairly in line, three miles from Corinth, and ready for the expected battle.

But all the preparations for battle were useless. When Halleck was ready to engage Beauregard, the latter had retreated from Corinth. Garfield's brigade had the empty honor of being among the first, that entered the abandoned town.

When General Buell, turning eastward, sought to prepare for a new aggressive campaign with his inadequate forces, General Garfield was assigned the task of rebuilding the bridges of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and re-opening the Road eastward from Corinth to Decatur. Crossing the Tennessee at the latter place, he advanced to Huntsville, where he remained during the rest of that campaign, carrying out every instruction with absolute fidelity, and always with perfect success.

One of the constant objects of General Buell, while General Garfield was engaged in bridge-building (a task, for which his energy and familiarity with building-work peculiarly fitted him) was the enforcement of discipline. Courts-martial were frequent. It was not always easy to find officers thoroughly fitted for this duty; but Garfield's legal mind and dispassionate judgment singled him out. His first detail was in the case of Colonel Turchin, who was charged with neglect

of duty, to the prejudice of good order and discipline, in permitting the wanton and disgraceful pillage of the town of Athens, Alabama; with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman in failing to pay a hotel bill in the town; and with insubordination in disobeying the orders against the molestation of peaceful citizens in person and property. The court found him guilty (except in failing to pay the hotel bill), and sentenced him to dismissal from the service. Six of its members recommended him to clemency; but General Buell was so determined that the sentence was carried out. The newspapers took up the case and championed the colonel. Those of Chicago were especially vehement in his defense. On his return to Chicago, he was given a public reception; and the President, as if to indorse the deeds of the disgraced colonel, appointed him a brigadier-general.

The tendency to fever and ague, contracted in the days of Garfield's experience on the Ohio Canal, was aggravated in the malarious climate of the South, and he obtained sick-leave on the 1st of August. Just before he started for Ohio, the Secretary of War, who seems, at that early day, to have formed a high estimate of Garfield, ordered him to proceed to Cumberland Gap, and relieve General George W. Morgan; but he was too ill to assume the duty. A month later, the Secretary ordered him to report in person at Washington, as soon as his health would permit. On his

arrival, it was found, that his knowledge of law, his judgment and his loyalty had led to his selection as one of the members of the first court-martial for the trial of Fitz John Porter. During this trial, his intimacy with General Hunter, the president of the court, led to his appointment to service in South Carolina, whither Hunter was about to start. Garfield's strong anti-slavery views had been greatly



ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS.

strengthened by his previous experience in the war, so that this appointment under a commander so radical as Hunter was particularly gratifying. But in the midst of his preparations the old army, in which he had served, plunged into the battle of Stone River. A part of the bitter cost of the victory was the loss of Gareché, the lamented chief of staff of the commanding general. Garfield's appointment to South Carolina was revoked; and

early in January, 1863, he was ordered to join Major-General William S. Rosecrans, then commanding the Army of the Cumberland.

Rosecrans was already prejudiced against him, thinking him a "political preacher." He kept him at head-quarters for a couple of days, as he desired to make his acquaintance and sound him before assigning him to active duty. The more he saw of him, the more he liked him; and finally he gave him his choice between Chief of Staff and the command of a brigade. Most men would have taken the brigade; but Garfield chose to remain with the general. That Rosecrans never regretted appointing him Chief of Staff, is evidenced, by what he has said:

We were together until the Chattanooga affair. I found him to be a competent and efficient officer, an earnest and devoted patriot, and a man of the highest honor. His views were large, and he was possessed of a thoroughly comprehensive mind.

Garfield's appointment as Chief of Staff gave great satisfaction throughout the army. The country was equally pleased, and especially Ohio. The editor of the *Xenia Torchlight*, a paper published at Garfield's home, thus commented on the appointment;

We have known General James A. Garfield for several years, and entertain for him the highest personal regard. He is one of the most eloquent men in Ohio, as well as one of the

ripest scholars. Socially and morally, he has no superior. He is popular with all, as the attachment of his scholars, as well as his soldiers, for him demonstrates. In respect to abilities, nature has by no means been unfriendly to him; and he has neither despised nor slighted her gifts. A severe course of mental training, combined with the mental practice obtained by presiding over one of the colleges of Ohio, has fully developed his natural endowments. Above all these considerations, every one respects General Garfield for his stern, unyielding, uncompromising, patriotism. The permanent good of his country, the restoration of its unity, and the perpetuation of the National power and glory through all coming time, are the objects which he keeps steadily in view.

When installed in his new position, he rapidly became a favorite. Possessed of sound, natural sense, an excellent judgment, a highly cultivated intellect, and the deserved reputation of a successful military leader, he soon became the mentor of his staff. His opinions were sought, and his counsels heeded, by many, who were older and not less distinguished than himself.

Edmund Kirke, in his picturesque war-story, "Down in Tennessee," published in 1864, draws the following pen-portrait of Garfield in his new capacity:

"In a corner by the window, seated at a small pine-desk—a sort of packing-box, perched on a long-legged stool, and divided into pigeon-holes, with a turn-down lid—was a tall deep-chested, sinewy-built man, with regular, massive features, a full, clear blue eye, slightly tinged with gray, and a high, broad forehead, rising into a ridge over the

eyes, as if it had been thrown up by a plow. There was something singularly engaging in his open expressive face, and his whole appearance indicated, as the phrase goes, 'great reserved power.' His uniform, though cleanly brushed and sitting easily upon him, had a sort of democratic air, and everything about him seemed to denote that he was 'a man of the people.' A rusty slouched hat, large enough to have fitted Daniel Webster, lay on the desk before him; but a glance at that was not needed to convince me that his head held more than the common share of brains. Though he is yet young—not thirty-two—the reader has heard of him, and if he lives he will make his name long remembered in our history."

Garfield was regarded as the only mature member of the staff, Rosecrans having a partiality for young and gallant spirits like Captain Charles Thompson, Major Bond, Colonel Mickler, Captain Hunter Brooke, Major Horace Porter (subsequently on Grant's staff), and Major Morton McMichael. Though he was not much older than these officers, he had a mature look always; and his mood was serious, as if there was in the peril of the nation something more of personal concern and interest to him than to most of his associates.

While acting in this capacity, Garfield had a conversation with Clement L. Vallandigham, who, banished for his treasonable sentiments, was brought to Murfreesboro', Tenn., to be sent by flag

of truce into the rebel lines, a few miles distant, at Tullahoma. He was taken, in the usual course of business, to Rosecrans' head-quarters.

He entered at an early hour of the morning, with an affectation of unconcern and light-heartedness, threw himself into a tragic attitude, and in a mock-heroic vein exclaimed, quoting from "Romeo and Juliet:"

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

Here he hesitated, when Garfield quickly but quietly finished the quotation by adding, in a half aside, to the aid-de-camp in charge of the flag of truce escort, which was waiting to convey Vallandigham to the rebel lines:

"I must begone and live, or stay and die."

Vallandigham however overheard, and caught the hidden meaning of the citation, blushing scarlet, as he made its application.

CHAPTER XV.

GARFIELD AS CHIEF OF STAFF.

A chief of staff should bear the same relation to his general, as a minister of state to his sovereign. What this relation is, that brilliant historian, Kinglake, tells us in his "Crimean War:"

"The difference between a servant and a minister of state lies in this, that the servant obeys the orders given him, without troubling himself concerning the question whether his master is right or wrong, while a minister of state declines to be the instrument for giving effect to the measures which he deems hurtful to his country. The chancellor of the Russian Empire was sagacious and politic. That the czar was wrong in these transactions against Turkey, no man knew better. But, unhappily for the czar and for his empire, the minister did not enjoy so commanding a station as to be able to put restraint upon his sovereign, nor even, perhaps, to offer him counsel in his angry mood."

In some respects General Garfield as Chief of Staff went through a similar experience. From the day of his appointment, he became the intimate associate and confidential adviser of his chief; but he did not occupy so commanding a

station as to put restraint upon him. General Garfield's arrival marks the beginning of that period of quarrels with the War Department, in which General Rosecrans frittered away his influence and paved the way for his removal. That great strategist and gallant soldier was always unwise in caring for his own interests, and generally very imprudent in his intercourse with his superiors. Yet he was nearly always right in his demands, especially when he made appeals to the War Department for more cavalry and revolving arms. In these requests Garfield was heart and soul with his superior. At the same time, he did all in his power to soften the tone of asperity, which his chief adopted in his dispatches to Washington. Sometimes he took the responsibility of totally suppressing an angry message. Oftener he ventured to soften the phraseology. But there was a limit, beyond which he could not go; and when Rosecrans had pronounced certain statements of the department, "a profound, grievous, cruel and ungenerous official and personal wrong," the good offices of the Chief of Staff were no longer efficacious; the breach was irreparable. Thenceforward he could only strive to make victories in the field atone for errors in council.

He regarded the organization of the army as vitally defective. Almost the first recommendation, made by General Garfield, was in regard to the displacement of A. M. McCook and T. L.

Crittenden. This recommendation was made in the course of a discussion of the battle of Stone River, in which, Rosecrans explicitly said, these officers had shown themselves incompetent. Garfield, with his clear-headed judgment, utterly unmoved by popular prejudice, and thoroughly well able to perceive real ability beneath misfortune, recommended, that McCook and Crittenden be replaced by Irvin McDowell and Don Carlos Buell. Garfield did not take the ground, that Buell and McDowell had proved themselves equal to the high commands, which they had already held. Without discussing this point, he argued at length their masterly qualifications for important subordinate positions, as well as the fact, that this offer of an opportunity of coming out from the cloud, under which they rested, would insure their gratitude and incite them to their very best efforts. With George H. Thomas already in command, with men like these as his associates, and with the energy and genius of Rosecrans to lead, the Army of the Cumberland would have been the best officered army in the service of the nation. But "Rosecrans was unwilling to adopt the suggestion for a reason, creditable to his kindness of heart, but not to his military character. Crittenden and McCook ought to be removed. Of that he had no doubt; but 'he hated to injure two such good fellows;' and the 'two good fellows' remained with him until Chickamauga."

From January 4th to June 24th, Rosecrans lay at Murfreesboro'. Through five months of this delay Garfield was with him. The War Department demanded an advance, and, when the spring opened, with unusual vehemence. General Rosecrans delayed, waiting for cavalry, for reinforcements, for Grant's movements before Vicksburg,



GEN. GEORGE H. THOMAS.

for the movements of the enemy, for the opinions of the generals. The Chief of Staff approved the delays, till the army should be strengthened and massed; but long before the delaying officers were ready, he was urging movement with all his power. In a private letter, dated June 12th, 1863, he urged an advance. He wrote:

“Bragg's army is weaker than it has been since

the previous battles. If Grant succeeds at Vicksburg, it will take weeks to recover from the shock and strain. * * * The turbulent aspect of politics in the loyal States renders a decisive blow against the enemy at this time of the utmost importance. * * * The country is anxiously hoping for the army to move. * * * Our true objective is the rebel army. Our army is superior in efficiency and morale. * * * For these reasons I believe an immediate advance of all our available forces is advisable, and under the providence of God will be successful."

This information he procured through a secret-service system, which he had established, and which was perhaps more perfect than in any other of the Union armies. As he subsequently said, he refused to believe that this army, which had defeated a superior at Stone River, could not now move upon an inferior with reasonable prospect of success.

The Army of the Cumberland agreed with Garfield, who was a great favorite with the officers and men. His ringing letter on the atrocities of rebel prison-pens, written a few months previous, had added greatly to his popularity. The closing sentence of this letter reads:

"We cannot believe that the justice of God will allow such a people to prosper. Let every soldier know that death on the battle-field is preferable to a surrender followed by such outrages as their comrades have undergone."

Finally, General Rosecrans formally asked his corps, division and cavalry generals about the propriety of advancing. With singular unanimity, though for divers reasons, they opposed it over their signatures. Out of seventeen generals not one was in favor of an advance; and not one was willing to put himself upon record as favoring an early advance.

General Garfield collated these seventeen letters, and fairly refuted their statements, adding a cogent argument against them and in favor of an immediate movement. This report, says an excellent authority, is "the ablest military document known to have been submitted by a chief of staff to his superior during the war. General Garfield stood absolutely alone, every general commanding troops having, as we have seen, either openly opposed or failed to approve an advance. But his statements were so clear, and his arguments so convincing, that he carried conviction. The considerations which led to his conclusions, he thus stated:

1. Bragg's army is now weaker than it has been since the battle of Stone River, or is likely to be again for the present, while our army has reached its maximum strength, and we have no right to expect re-enforcements for several months, if at all.

2. Whatever be the result at Vicksburg, the determination of its fate will give large re-enforcements to Bragg. If Grant is successful, his army will require many weeks to recover from the shock and strain of his late campaign, while Johnson will send back to Bragg a force sufficient to insure the safety of

Tennessee. If Grant fails, the same result will inevitably follow, so far as Bragg's army is concerned.

3. No man can predict with certainty the result of any battle, however great the disparity in numbers. Such results are in the hands of God. But, viewing the question in the light of human calculation, I refuse to entertain a doubt that this army, which in January last defeated Bragg's superior numbers, can overwhelm his present greatly inferior forces.

4. The most unfavorable course for us that Bragg could take, would be to fall back without giving us battle ; but this would be very disastrous to him. Besides the loss of *materiel* of war, and the abandonment of the rich and abundant harvest now nearly ripe in Middle Tennessee, he would lose heavily by desertion. It is well known that a wide-spread dissatisfaction exists among his Kentucky and Tennessee troops. They are already deserting in large numbers. A retreat would greatly increase both the desire and the opportunity for desertion, and would very materially reduce his physical and moral strength. While it would lengthen our communications, it would give us possession of McMinnville, and enable us to threaten Chattanooga and East Tennessee ; and it would not be unreasonable to expect an early occupation of the former place.

5. But the chances are more than even that a sudden and rapid movement would compel a general engagement, and the defeat of Bragg would be in the highest degree disastrous to the rebellion.

6. The turbulent aspect of politics in the loyal States renders a decisive blow against the enemy at this time of the highest importance to the success of the Government at the polls and in the enforcement of the Conscription act.

7. The Government and the War Department believe that this army ought to move upon the enemy. The army desires it, and the country is anxiously hoping for it.

8. Our true objective point is the rebel army, whose last reserves are substantially in the field ; and an effective blow

will crush the shell, and soon be followed by the collapse of the rebel government.

9. You have, in my judgment, wisely delayed a general movement hitherto, till your army could be massed and your cavalry could be mounted. Your mobile force can now be concentrated in twenty-four hours, and your cavalry, if not equal in numerical strength to that of the enemy, is greatly superior in efficiency. For these reasons, I believe an immediate advance of all our available force is advisable, and, under the providence of God, will be successful."

Twelve days after this report was made, the army moved, to the great dissatisfaction of its leading generals. One of the three corps-commanders, Major-General Thomas L. Crittenden, approached the Chief of Staff at the head-quarters the morning of the advance, and said: "It is understood, sir, by the general officers of the army, that this movement is your work. I wish you to understand, that it is a rash and fatal move, for which you will be held responsible."

This "rash and fatal move" was the Tullahoma campaign, which was perfect in its conception, excellent in its general execution, and only prevented from resulting in the complete destruction of the opposing army by the delays, which had too long postponed its commencement. It might even then have destroyed Bragg, but for the terrible rains, which set in on the morning of the advance, and continued uninterruptedly for the greater part of a month. With a week's earlier start it would have ended the career of Bragg's army.

Let us turn for a moment from the direct story of the conflict to a personal word about our hero. One of the most prolific war-writers, J. R. Gilmore, who spent a month with Rosecrans, gives some interesting pictures of Garfield in the Spring and Summer of 1863. "We rode one day to Sheridan's head-quarters," says Gilmore; "and, as we entered the forest encircling the town, Garfield broke out with Lovell's poem :

'I do believe in Freedom's cause,'

and if the 'Down East poet' would have any appreciation of his own lines, he should hear them in such grand, old woods, the words echoed back from the great spreading trees and set to the music of an hundred horses' heels. He had scarcely ended, when Rosecrans began to tell how

" 'Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
An' peeped in thru the winder;
While there sot Huldy all alone
'Ith no one nigh to hinder.'

" 'What would you give to have written that?' Rosecrans said, as he finished the recitation.

" 'All the castles I ever built in the clouds,' was the reply.

" 'So would I. You know what Wolfe said before his great battle?'

" 'That he would rather have written Gray's Elegy than take Quebec. Would *you* have said that before Stone River?'

" He hesitated a moment, and then answered :

“‘No, for now we need victories more than poems.’”

Another anecdote well illustrates the instant correctness of Garfield's reasoning on subjects of the most vital and serious importance, and his keen penetration into events yet to come.

Toward the close of May, 1863, Rosecrans received a letter, in which the scheme for a general uprising and arming of the blacks, followed by attacks on the whites in all the slave States, on the 1st of the following August, was outlined. The support of Rosecrans was asked for in his department; and he was told, that a similar plan had been sent to the Union commander in each department. Rosecrans deliberated over the communication, and asked a by-stander his opinion.

“It would end the rebellion, Co-operating with our forces, it would certainly succeed; but the South would run with blood.”

“Innocent blood? Women and Children?”

“Yes; women and children. If you let the blacks loose, they will rush into carnage like horses into a burning barn. St. Domingo will be multiplied by a million.”

But the letter says, that no blood is to be shed except in self-defense.”

“It says so; and the leaders may mean so, but they cannot restrain the rabble. Every slave has some real or fancied wrong, and he would take such a time to avenge it.”

"I am puzzled. I must go and talk with Garfield. Come, go with me."

They crossed the street to Garfield's lodgings and found him bolstered up in bed, quite sick with a fever. Rosecrans sat down at the foot of the bed and handed him the letter. Garfield read it over carefully, and, laying it down, said:

"It will never do, General. *We* don't want to whip by such means. If the slaves of their own accord rise and assert their original right to themselves, that will be their own affair; but we can have no complicity with them without outraging the moral sense of the civilized world."

"I knew you would say so; but the writer speaks of other department-commanders. May they not come into it?"

"Yes, they may, and that should be looked to. Send this letter to —— and let him head off the movement."

The insurrection, as every one knows, did not take place, although some unimportant outbreaks occurred in Georgia and Alabama in the following September.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

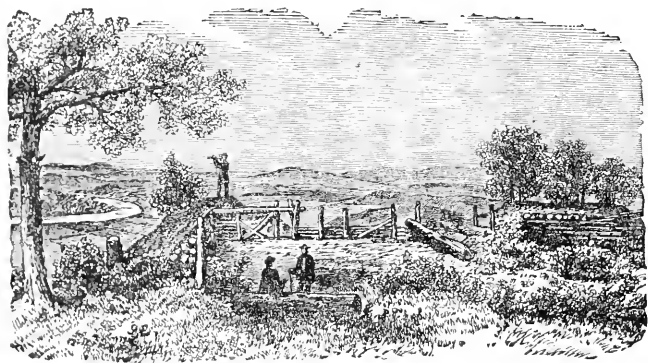
ADDITIONAL differences arose between Rosecrans and the War Department. In the general policy, that controlled the movements of the army, Garfield heartily sympathised. He had, in fact, given shape to that policy. But he deplored his chief's testy manner of defending himself from the complaints of the War Department, and did his best to soften the asperities of the correspondence.

The summer was almost gone; and the coming autumn was ripe with promises of immediate results. The air was full of rumors of approaching conflicts; and the North waited the echo from the battle-field.

August 5th, General Halleck telegraphed Rosecrans peremptory orders to move. Rosecrans quietly waited, till the dispositions along his extended lines were completed, and till stores were accumulated and the corn was ripened, so that his horses could be made to live off the country. On the 15th he was ready.

The problem now before him was to cross the Tennessee River, and gain possession of Chattanooga (the key to the entire mountain-ranges of

East Tennessee and Northern Georgia) in the face of an enemy of equal strength. Two courses were open. Forcing a passage over the river above Chattanooga, he might essay a direct attack upon the town. If not repulsed in the dangerous preliminary movements, he would still have upon his hands a siege, not less formidable than that of Vicksburg, with difficulties incomparably



REDOUT ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, OPPOSITE CHATTANOOGA.

greater in maintaining his supplies. Or he might convince the enemy, that he had adopted this plan; but crossing below, he might hasten Southward over the most rugged roads, and seize the mountain-gaps, whence he could debouch upon the enemy's line of supplies. More briefly, he might either attempt to drive the enemy out of Chattanooga, or outflank him. He chose the latter alternative.

By the 28th the singular activity of the National forces along a front of one hundred and fifty miles

had blinded and bewildered Bragg as to his antagonist's actual intentions. Four brigades suddenly began demonstrating furiously against the enemy's lines above Chattanooga; and the plan was supposed to be revealed. Rosecrans must be attempting to force a passage there; and straightway a concentration to oppose him was ordered. Meanwhile, bridges, secretly prepared, were hastily built thirty miles further down the river at different points; and before Bragg had prepared to resist a crossing above, Rosecrans, handling with rare skill his various corps and divisions, had securely planted his army south of the Tennessee; and, cutting completely loose from his base of supplies, was already pushing southward, admirably protecting his flank next the enemy by the impassable mountains.

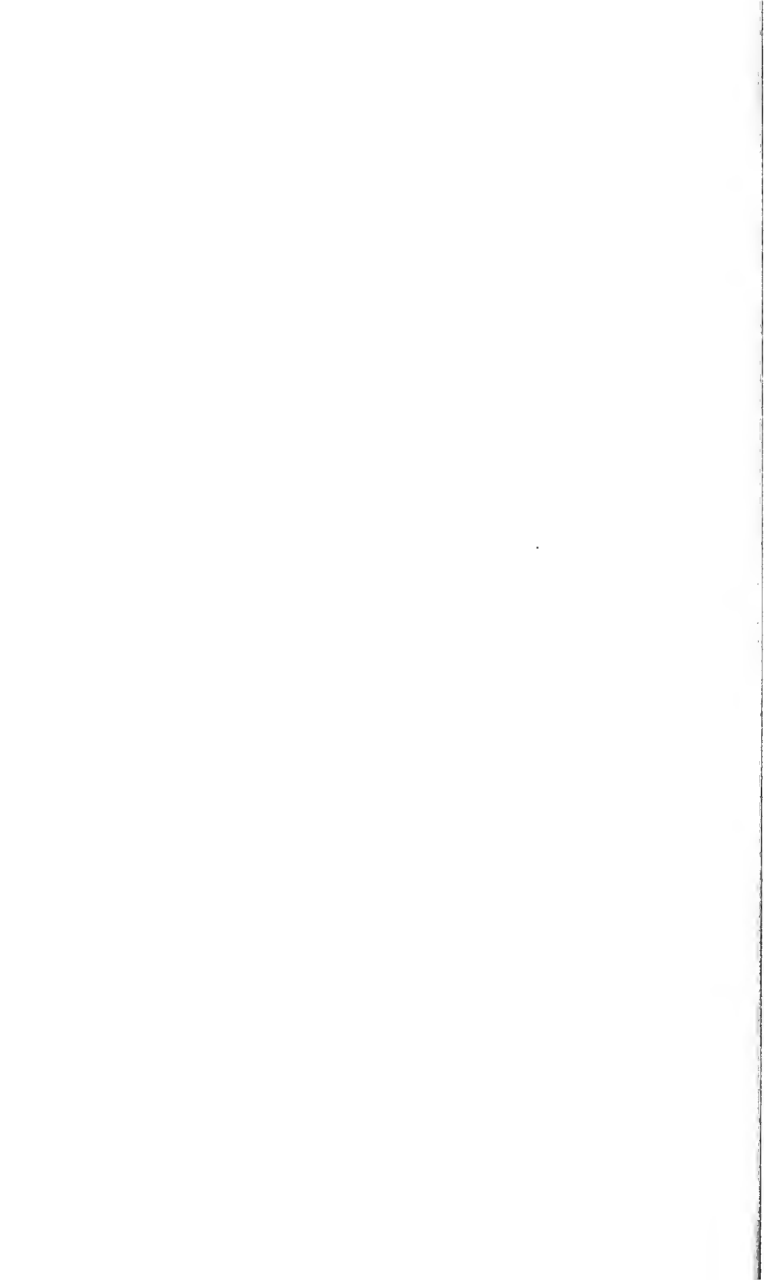
For Bragg but one thing was at all feasible. As he had been forced out of Shelbyville, Wartrace, and Tullahoma, so he was obliged to abandon a still stronger position. In all haste he evacuated Chattanooga, allowing the nearest corps of Rosecrans' army to take possession of it quietly. The very ease of this occupation proved its strongest element of danger; for men, seeing the objective point in the campaign in their hands, forgot the columns toiling through the mountains away to the southward, whose mere presence there compelled the rebel evacuation. But for them, the isolated troops at Chattanooga would have been over-

whelmed. Thenceforward there was need of still greater generalship to reunite the scattered corps. They could not return by the way they had come; for, if they began such a movement, Bragg, holding a shorter line, and already re-inforced by Longstreet's veteran corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, could sweep back over the route of his late retreat. Plainly, they must pass through the gaps, and place themselves between Bragg and Chattanooga, before the stronghold, a mere tentative possession, could be securely held. It therefore happened, that the bloody battle of Chickamauga was fought, to enable the Federal army to concentrate one of its corps in the position, which had already been occupied for days without firing a shot, and with hardly the sight of an armed foe.

Unfortunately, the concentration was not speedy enough. Indeed, there are some plausible reasons for believing that Rosecrans, after his easy success, was, perhaps for a few days, deceived by the belief, that Bragg was still in full retreat. Certainly the General-in-chief and the War Department did all they could to encourage such an idea. Even after Rosecrans, straining every nerve to concentrate his corps, was striving to prepare for the onset of the re-inforced rebel army, General Halleck informed him of reports, that Bragg's army was re-inforcing Lee; and pleasantly added, that, after he had occupied Dalton, it would be



THE BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.



decided whether he should move still further southward!

By this time, Bragg had assembled all available re-inforcements, Longstreet from the east, Buckner from Knoxville, Walker from the army of Joseph E. Johnston, and militia from Georgia. Waiting near Lafayette, he hoped to receive the isolated corps of Rosecrans' army, as they debouched from the gaps, and annihilate them in detail. For a day or two it seemed as if he would be successful. In one way or another, however, he failed. Rosecrans gathered together his army, repelling whatever assaults hindered the concentration, yielding part of the line of the Chickamauga, and marching one of his corps during the entire night of the battle. On September 19th, Bragg made an onset with not less than seventy-five thousand men, although Rosecrans claimed for him ninety-two thousand. Rosecrans had fifty-five thousand. Of the battle, Whitelaw Reid gives the following graphic and trustworthy account:

“Bragg's plan was to turn his antagonist's left and thus clear the way for Chattanooga, but most unfortunately for Bragg, the left was held by Geo. H. Thomas, and shortly after the attack began, Rosecrans, divining the danger, strengthened Thomas' corps with one or two divisions. Disaster overtook us at first, artillery was lost and ground yielded, but Thomas reformed and ad-

vanced his lines, regained all that had been lost, sustained every shock of the enemy, and at night held his position firmly.

“Meanwhile the contest on other parts of our line had been less severe, and had ended decidedly to our advantage. But it was seen that we were outnumbered, and as they came to think how every brigade in the whole army, two only excepted, had been drawn into the fight, the soldiers began to realize the dispiriting nature of the situation.

“Through the night, the last of Longstreet’s corps came up, led by himself and Bragg, prepared for a vigorous onset on the National left. Rosecrans transferred another division (Negley’s) to Thomas, and placed two more in reserve to be hurried to Thomas’ aid if needed. At daybreak, he galloped along the front to find McCook’s line ill-formed, and also to learn that Negley had not yet been forwarded to Thomas. The errors were corrected as well as possible; but long before Thomas’ needed reinforcements had come, the battle was raging on his front and flank. Profoundly conscious of the danger, Rosecrans sought to render still further aid, and ordered over Van Cleve’s division from the right, directing the several division-commanders and the corps-general to close up the line on the left. In the heat of the battle, which by this time was broken out along the right also, one of these division-commanders—T. J. Wood of Kentucky—misunderstood his

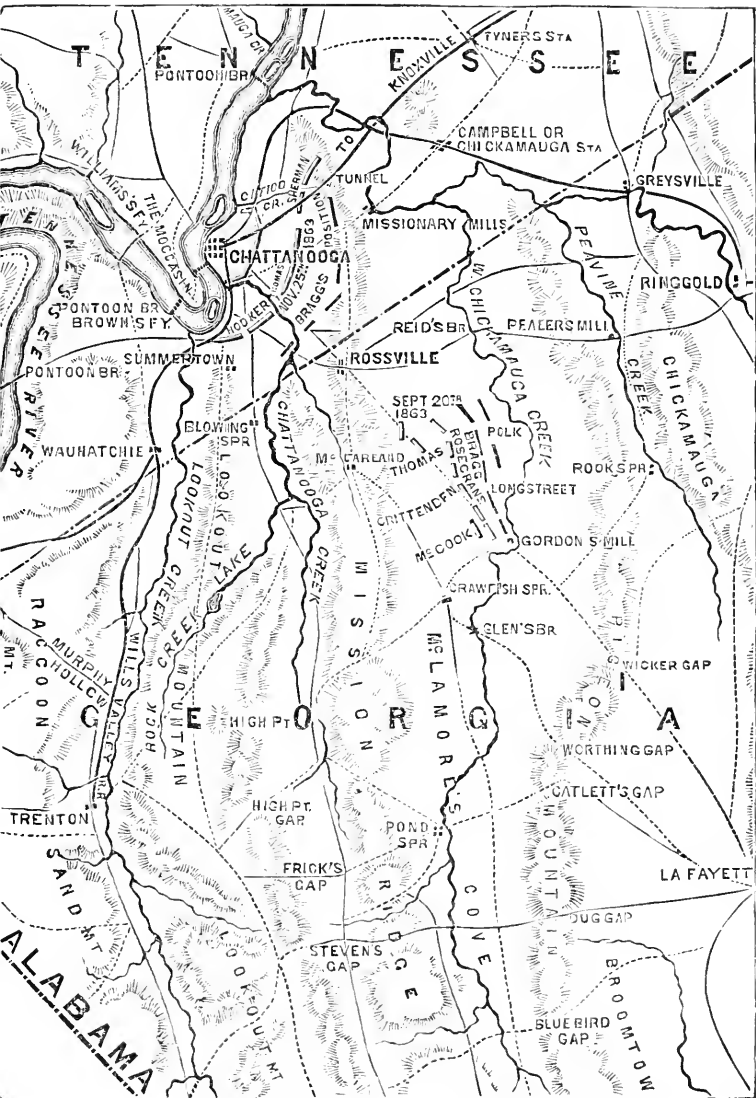
orders, and though he has subsequently stated that he knew the consequences of his action must be fatal, he chose to consider himself bound by the order to break the line of battle and march to the rear of another division. Longstreet perceived the gap and hurled Hood into it. The battle on the right was lost. The whole wing crumbled; the enemy poured forward and all that was left of McCook's corps, a broken rabble, streamed back to Chattanooga.

"General Rosecrans, himself, was caught in this rout and borne along, vainly striving to stem its tide. Finally conceiving that if the wing least pressed was thus destroyed, Thomas, upon whom he knew the main efforts of the enemy were concentrated, could not hold out beyond nightfall he hastened to Chattanooga to make disposition for the retreat and defense which he already regarded as inevitable. Meanwhile, his chief of staff, General Garfield, was sent to Thomas, to convey to him information of what had happened and of the plans for the future."

As Chief of Staff, Garfield was obliged to remain with General Rosecrans. It happened, that the latter had established his head-quarters for the day in the rear of the right wing and centre, leaving to General Thomas, the duty of directing the fortunes of the left wing. McCook and Crittenden, it will be remembered, were commanders of the other two corps. Shortly after the fog, which

during most of the morning had enveloped the field and made manœuvering almost impossible, had lifted, the rebels under Longstreet, who had come from Lee's army to take part in the great contest, made a grand assault on the right and centre. They were just in time to take advantage of Wood's fatal mistake, which left a gap in the Union line. The rebels penetrated far to the rear of the Federal line at this point, and turning, drove back the right of Thomas' forces and the left of the other two corps. These were eventually routed and driven across the ridge of hills to roads leading to Chattanooga, toward which they retreated in dreadful disorder and panic. In the tumult of the defeat of the centre and right, McCook, Crittenden and Rosecrans, with their staff-officers, driven beyond the ridge named, started for Chattanooga, not knowing whether Thomas had been annihilated or had escaped.

Garfield followed his commander about half way to Chattanooga. Riding up to Rosecrans, he said: "General, I ask permission to return and join General Thomas." Some slight remonstrance was made; but Garfield persevered in his desire, and obtained permission. Captain William B. Gaw of the engineers, offered to act as guide, knowing the country thoroughly, and sharing the general wish to be where there was danger. Accompanied by Gaw and his orderly, Garfield set out on his famous ride. Striking through



CHATTANOOGA BATTLE-FIELD AND APPROACHES.



the Rossville Gap, in the mountain range, he rapidly pushed southward in search of General Thomas, the firing of whose guns, indicating that the Union troops were by no means in retreat, could be plainly heard. The sounds, borne on the peaceful breeze, were as fire to the heels of Garfield's horse. With the true soldier's spirit he strained every nerve to reach the scene of action, following Napoleon's advice to his generals: "March in the direction of the heaviest firing."

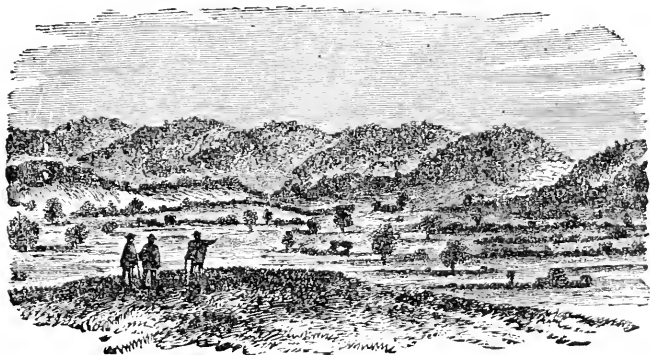
When he made this attempt, the road, by which he expected to reach General Thomas, was covered by sharpshooters and the advance-guard of the rebels, who were pushing forward to secure possession of the road, and thereby cut off Thomas' line of retreat. Garfield did not know of their presence until he was admonished of it by the pattering of their too lively bullets. Garfield's horse and that of his guide, Captain Gaw, were shot at the first discharge; and Garfield's orderly was wounded, though not seriously. They were compelled to abandon the road, and take to the fields and the mountain-side, where Gaw's familiarity with the topography of the country came into play. Trusting himself implicitly to Gaw, Garfield was, after repeatedly avoiding danger, brought in safety to General Thomas' side.

"The Rock of Chickamauga" was reached just after the repulse of the enemy in a formidable assault all along his line, which the rebels had en-

veloped on both flanks. Garfield found Thomas and his staff, General Gordon Granger, General J. B. Steedman, General Wood and others, grouped in a hollow of the open field, a depression just sufficient to protect them from direct fire.

Garfield at once gave Thomas a brief account of the disaster to the right and centre. The latter, in return, stated his own intention and situation. The conversation, however, was cut short by a fresh rebel assault. It was made in great force and with great desperation, the rebels evidently foreseeing, that, if repulsed, they could not get their troops in position for another assault before darkness came to the aid of the enemy. The fire lasted furiously for half an hour, when the rebels again broke and abandoned the assault. During this desperate *melce*, Garfield quietly sat on the ground behind a dead tree, and coolly indited a dispatch to General Rosecrans, detailing the situation. A white dove, after hovering around and above him for several minutes, finally settled on the topmost perch of the tree above his head. Here it remained during the heat of the fight; and when the musketry ceased, it flew away to the north. The attention of Garfield and General Wood was called to the bird. Garfield said nothing, but went on writing. Wood remarked: "Good omen of peace." Garfield finished his dispatch, sending it by an officer, and remained on the field with General Thhmas, until the retreat to

Chattanooga was effected the same night. At seven o'clock that evening, a shotted salute of six Napoleon guns was fired into the woods, at the last of the retreating assailants, under the personal supervision of General Gordon Granger and General Garfield—the last shots in the battle of Chickamauga. What was left of the Union army was master of the field. For the time the



MISSION RIDGE.

enemy evidently regarded himself as repulsed; and Garfield said that night, and ever afterwards maintained, that there was no necessity for an immediate retreat on Rossville.

This was Garfield's last important military service. He wrote every order that day but one—the fatal one to General Wood, which, displacing his brigade, allowed Hood to break through and turn the Union flank. That Rosecrans himself wrote. But after Wood had been moved, and

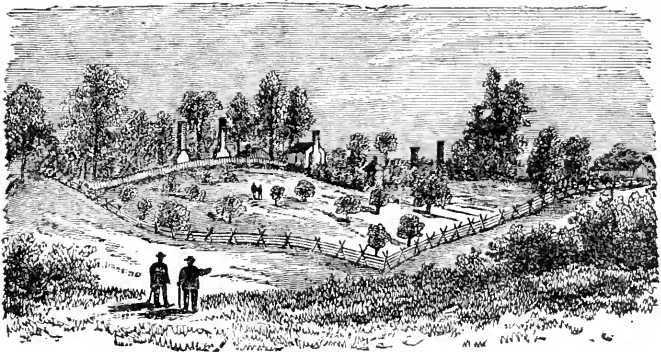
Davis had been shattered and beaten back, and the whole right wing, mad with panic, surged back through the gaps, Garfield came upon the field, showing clearly, that communication could be established between the reserve and Thomas, who still stood as steadfast as the spur of Mission Ridge, that loomed behind him. Through Garfield's energy the reserves were pushed to the left of Thomas, enabling him to hold Polk and Longstreet at bay during that long, sad afternoon of shock and repulse. It should never be forgotten, to Garfield's praise, that it was on his own earnest representations, that he procured permission—by half refusing further retreat—to go to Thomas, and back into battle. He refused to believe, that Thomas was routed or the battle lost.

General Wood, in his official report of Chickamauga, said of General Garfield's action on that day of disaster:

“It affords me much pleasure to signalize the presence with my command, for a length of time during the afternoon (present during the period of hottest fighting), of another distinguished officer, Brigadier-General James A. Garfield, chief of the staff. After the disastrous rout on the right, General Garfield made his way back to the battlefield (showing clearly that the road was open to all who might choose to follow it), and came to where my command was engaged. The brigade which made so determined a resistance on the

crest of the narrow ridge during all the long September afternoon, had been commanded by General Garfield when he belonged to my division. The men remarked his presence with much satisfaction, and were delighted that he was a witness of the splendid fighting they were doing."

Rosecrans, in his official report, added his measure of praise:



THE BATTLE-FIELD AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

"To Brigadier-General James A. Garfield, chief of staff, I am especially indebted for the clear and ready manner in which he seized the points of action and movement, and expressed in orders the ideas of the general commanding."

On an afternoon not long afterward, when the army was then at Chattanooga, Garfield approached Rosecrans, and said to him: "General, I have been asked to accept the Republican nomination for Congress from the Ashtabula district

What ought I to do? What is your advice? Ought I to accept? Can I do so honorably?"

"I am glad, for your sake," returned Rosecrans, "that you have a new distinction, and I certainly think you can accept with honor; and, what is more, I deem it your duty to do so. The war is not over yet, nor will it be for some time to come. There will be, of necessity, many questions arising in Congress, which will require not alone statesmanlike treatment, but the advice of men having an acquaintance with military affairs. For this and other reasons, I believe you will be able to do equally good service to your country in Congress as in the field. Now, let me give you a piece of advice. When you go to Congress, be careful what you say. Don't talk too much, but when you do talk, speak to the point. Be true to yourself, and you will make your mark before the country."

After a week or two of further service, he was sent to Washington, as bearer of dispatches. He there learned of his promotion to a major-generalship of volunteers "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chickamauga." He might have retained this position in the army. The military capacity, which he had displayed, the high favor in which he was held by the government, and the certainty of assignment to important commands seemed to augur a brilliant future. He was a poor man, too; and a major-general's salary was

more than double that of a congressman. But, on mature reflection, he decided, that the circumstances, under which the people had elected him to Congress, bound him to obey their wishes. He was furthermore urged to enter Congress by the officers of the army, who looked to him for aid in procuring such military legislation, as the country and the army required. Under the belief, that his path of usefulness to the country lay in the direction, in which his constituents pointed, he sacrificed what seemed to be his personal interests, and on the 5th of December, 1863, resigned his commission after nearly three years of service.

He left the Army of the Cumberland, followed by the regrets and good wishes of every man in it, for all were his friends; and he laid down his unstained sword to enter an arena, where he won a prouder fame.

A distinguished military critic thus sums up his soldierly achievements:

“He proved himself a good independent commander in the small, but important operations in the Sandy Valley. His campaign there opened our series of successes in the West, and, though fought against superior forces, began with us the habit of victory. After that he was only a subordinate. But he always enjoyed the confidence of his immediate superiors and of the department. As chief of staff, he was unrivalled. There, as elsewhere he was ready to accept the gravest re-

sponsibilities in following his convictions. The bent of his mind was aggressive; his judgment in military matters was always good; his papers on the Tullahoma campaign will stand a monument of his courage and his far-reaching soldierly sagacity; and his conduct at Chickamauga will never be forgotten by a nation of brave men."

In following Garfield's career upon the battlefield, we have steadily pursued the direct thread of the story, rather than turned aside to garner here and there a flower of incident, or to gather a blossom growing beside the smoking mouth of the cannon. Many such were scattered along the path, which he trod with such earnest feet. We may, therefore, with entire relevance and appreciable purpose, devote a page to certain incidents of the conflict, with which he was directly connected.

No man had a keener sense of justice than Garfield. One day a fugitive slave came rushing into the camp, with a bloody head and apparently frightened almost to death, "He had only passed my tent," says a staff-officer of General Sherman, "when, in a moment, a regular bully of a fellow came riding up, and with a volley of oaths, began to ask after his 'nigger.'" General Garfield was not present; and the "bully" passed on to the division-commander who happened to be a sympathizer with the theory, that fugitives should be returned to their masters, and that the Union soldiers should be made instruments for returning

them. He accordingly wrote a mandatory order to General Garfield, in whose command the darkey was supposed to be hiding, directing him to hunt up, and deliver, the property of the outraged citizen. The staff-officer, who brought the order, stated the case fully to General Garfield before handing him the order, well knowing the general's strong anti-slavery views. He took the order and, after reading it carefully, deliberately made the following indorsement:

“I respectfully but positively decline to allow my command to search for, or deliver up, any fugitive slaves. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open; and no obstacle will be placed in the way of the search.”

When the staff-officer read the indorsement, he was frightened, and remonstrated against Garfield's determination. He said, that, if Garfield returned the order in that shape to the division-commander, he would certainly be arrested and court-martialed. To this the Ohio general simply replied:

“The matter may as well be tested first as last. Right is right, and I do not propose to mince matters at all. My soldiers are here for far other purposes than hunting and returning fugitive slaves.”

The staff-officer carried to the division-commander the order with Garfield's indorsement.

The division-commander, highly incensed, at once sent for Garfield, and attempted to "bull-doze" him into abandoning his position. The Ohio abolitionist, however, maintained his ground; and in return the division-commander was obliged to listen to a lecture, which made him think possibly that he was in the wrong. At all events, no court-martial was convened to try the general, who had so flagrantly refused to obey orders; and thereafter the division-commander refrained from issuing orders on the subject of slavery,

General Gareché, Rosecrans' Chief of Staff before Garfield, was killed on the first day of the fight at Murfreesboro'. A solid shot took off his head. "Old Rosey," as he was familiarly called, who was at Gareché's side, when the fatal shot struck him, glanced at the headless body of his faithful officer, and exclaimed: "Poor fellow! poor fellow!" Then he called out: "Scatter, gentlemen, scatter!" The order was obeyed by staff and orderlies with more than alacrity, as the staff were in blank-range of a well-manned battery, and the shot were flying thick and fast. "A few days after," says Thomas Dougherty, "I do not remember how many, when we had got into quarters at Murfreesboro', General Garfield joined us to take the dead man's place as chief of staff. The boys were delighted and thought him a perfect success. As an illustration of his kindness of heart, a virtue not practised often by army officers in the field,

they delighted to relate the following story, as told by a sergeant in Rosecrans' army:

"One night, very late, the boys were rolled in their blankets on the hall floor asleep, and I was at my post, sitting on a chair at the door of the tent of the general commanding, awaiting orders to be taken to their destination by the then sleeping men. The light was but a tallow candle, stuck in a sardine-box. I, with chair tilted against the wall, had fallen asleep, when General Garfield, the new chief of staff, emerged from the head-quarters' room with quick step. Not noticing my extended limbs, he tripped over them and dropped on his hands and knees on the floor. He was no light weight, and even then the fall was not easy. Afrighted, I started from my sleep, sprang to my feet, and, as the general arose, saluted. I expected nothing else than to be cursed, and probably kicked and cuffed, too, from one end of the hall to the other. To my astonishment, the tall general said, kindly and quietly: 'Excuse me, sergeant, I did not see you.' I not only excused him, but with my comrades, to whom the incident was related, we all learned to revere and respect the kindly-hearted man, who had come to us as chief of staff."

George Q. Gardener relates the following story:

After the great and sanguinary battle of Chickamauga, I was bound North on a twenty days' furlough. At Louisville I met Generals Garfield and Steedman. Garfield was going

to Congress, and Steedman North on business. We happened to go down to the ferry-boat in the same 'bus, on top of which were Garfield's and Steedman's negro servants. It appears that, owing to the fact that the emancipation proclamation was not general, and did not at that time apply to Kentucky, that State's Legislature had taken advantage of it and passed laws regarding the kidnapping and confiscating of every stray negro the gangs of civil officers and citizens could lay their hands upon. Officers with posses were stationed at the levees, instructed and authorized to seize all negroes attempting to cross the river on the boats, no matter where they were from. When we went on the boat we were all in ignorance of this State law, and of the fact that a strong force of men were on the boat for the purpose of seizing any unlucky darkey who might be going North with the Union officers. My attention was first called to the fact by hearing General Garfield ask a pompous-looking man: "What do you want with that boy?"

I looked out of the 'bus window and noticed that the man, in company with others, was ordering the two boys to get down from the 'bus and go ashore with them. The man, who claimed to be the sheriff, said the boys could not go across the river; that he should take possession of them, etc., and proceeded to force them off the boat. At this, Garfield and Steedman jumped out of the 'bus. Garfield was mad; he told these insolent men that he had been fighting rebels in the field for two years, that he would now do some fighting on the water, and that if they did not leave the boat at once they would get hurt. He stood between the negroes and the officers, and shook his fist in their faces, and dared them to touch the black boys who had so faithfully stood by him in camp and on the battle-grounds of Stone River and Chickamauga. General Steedman was mad; he pulled off his coat and marched into the crowd, saying he could fight such a white-livered set of rascals with good relish; Chickamauga had had no terrors for him, neither had kidnappers.

It was an exciting time for them. While Garfield and Steedman were getting the negroes away from the sheriff and his deputies, we fellows in the 'bus were getting our revolvers out of our valises, and we soon were out and forming a line of battle, one deep and far apart, in the rear of Garfield and Steedman. The sheriff finally exhibited a disposition to take the negroes at any risk. Garfield, followed by us blue-coats, moved on the enemy in force. They retreated "right smart" to the shore. The sheriff, from his safe place on the shore, ordered the captain of the boat not to move the boat with the negroes on board. The captain then came to Garfield, and told him that he, the captain, could not take the boys across the river without incurring a heavy fine, and therefore would not move the boat. General Garfield said he would relieve him of responsibility, so he announced he would pilot the boat across if some one would volunteer to run the engine. Upon several of the soldiers agreeing to do it, the captain caved and ordered the boat untied, saying he would take the crowd across, and stop the 'tarnal fuss. The boat started and the row ended.



GARFIELD AS A STATESMAN.



Statesmanship consists rather in removing causes than in punishing or evading results.

—*Garfield's Speech on the Ninth Census*

CHAPTER XVII.

HE APPEARS IN CONGRESS.

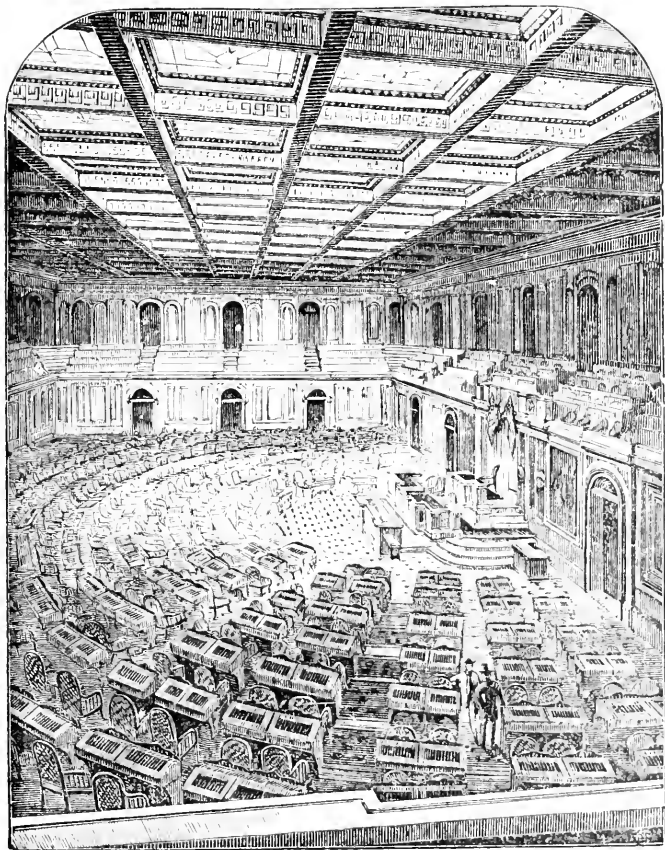
GENERAL GARFIELD, after resigning from the army, entered a wider field of usefulness, than that permitted him at the front. But he still remained one of the nation's defenders. His election to Congress was the result of the popular idea in the North during the summer of 1862, that the war would end in a few months, at least by Christmas. It was but rational, that the people, believing this, should reward with Congressional honors, those who had won distinction in arms.

The Congressional district, in which he lived, is generally called the Ashtabula district, and has been more faithful to its representatives than any in the North, having had but four in half a century. It now consists of the counties of Ashtabula, Lake, Granger, Trumbull and Mahoney. Portage, which was a part of it when Garfield was first elected, was detached in 1880. The district is the Nineteenth, situated in the Western Reserve—the New England of the North-west—in North-eastern Ohio. It was originally settled by New Englanders; and its population has the thrift, the keen intelligence, the habits of local self-government, the poli-

tical instincts, and the morals of New England. No population of equal numbers, on the long line reaching from New York to Chicago, writes so many letters and receives through the mails so much reading-matter. There is less illiteracy in proportion to the population, than in any other district in the United States. This district, the eastern portion of the Reserve, is essentially a rural one, with the exception of some iron-working portions in the southern end. It early became deeply interested in the anti-slavery movement, which greatly quickened the interest of its people in public affairs. This intelligent interest in the national welfare made the district accessible to General Garfield's earnest, straight-forward exposition of solid political doctrines, to his high bearing, to the influence of his mental and moral power upon intelligent and honest minds, rather than to any demagogic measures.

This district was the one, that was long made famous by Joshua R. Giddings, the anti-slavery champion. Having become careless of the arts of politics he came to look upon a nomination and re-election as matters of course. An ambitious lawyer, named Hutchins, taking advantage of this over-confidence, carried the convention of 1858. The friends of Giddings never forgave Hutchins, and cast about for a means of defeating him. The old man himself, comfortably quartered in his consulate at Montreal, did not care to fight for a re-

turn to Congress. His supporters, therefore, making use of the popularity of General Garfield,



HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES.

nominated him, while he was still in the army. He had no knowledge of such a movement; but he

accepted the nomination, believing, that the war would be over, before he would be called to take his seat. He was elected by a large majority. He continued his military service to the very opening of Congress. Even then he seriously thought of resigning his position as a representative, rather than his major-general's commission; and he would have done so, if there had been any prospect of active operations during the winter months. He often expressed regret, that he did not remain until the close of the war. Had he done so, he would doubtless have ranked among the foremost of the victorious generals of the Republic.

In December, 1863, he entered the great arena, where for seventeen years he was a conspicuous figure. Only one member of that body anteceded him—Judge Kelley. During all this time he was an active participant in the measures presented to Congress, and left the imprint of his ability and patriotism upon the legislation of the country as thoroughly, as any one man now in the public service. He certainly realized the meaning of the title, "a public benefactor," as defined in the following quotation from his speech of December 10th, 1878.

The man, who wants to serve his country, must put himself in the line of its leading thought, and that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money and the payment of all obligations;

and the man, who can add anything in the direction of accomplishing any of these purposes, is a public benefactor.

No man with such lofty aims, as Garfield had, could fail to take high rank at once, even in such an illustrious assemblage. At the outset he was recognized as a leader; and his influence grew with service. Placed on the military committee with General Schenck, its chairman, and with Farnsworth, both fresh from the field, he was of great service, just as Rosecrans had anticipated, in carrying through the measures, that served to recruit the armies during the closing months of the war. His activity, industry and thorough knowledge of the wants of the army were invaluable in all legislation pertaining to military matters. He was appointed chairman of a select committee of seven, to investigate the alleged frauds in the money-printing bureau of the Treasury. He soon became known as a powerful speaker, remarkably ready and always effective in debate.

Senator G. F. Hoar thus summed up the career, on which General Garfield was now entering:

Since the year 1864, you cannot think of a question which has been debated in Congress, or discussed before the great tribunal of the American people, in regard to which you will not find, if you wish instruction, the argument on one side stated, in almost every instance better than by anybody else, in some speech made in the House of Representatives or on the hustings by Mr. Garfield.

His first speech of any length, on January 28th,

1864, gave ample promise of his powerful oratory. It was a reply to his Democratic colleague, Mr. Finck, and favored the confiscation of rebel property. We quote from its brilliant passages:

The war was announced by proclamation, and it must end by proclamation. We can hold the insurgent States in military subjection half a century if need be, until they are purged of their poison and stand up clean before the country. They must come back with clean hands, if they come at all. I hope to see in all those States the men, who fought and suffered for the truth, tilling the fields, on which they pitched their tents. I hope to see them, like old Kasper of Blenheim, on the summer evenings, with their children upon their knees, pointing out the spot, where brave men fell and marble commemorates it.

* * * * *

I deprecate these apparently partisan remarks. It hurts me to make them, but it hurts me more to know they are true. I conclude by returning once more to the resolution before me. Let no weak sentiments of misplaced sympathy deter us from inaugurating a measure, which will cleanse our nation and make it the fit home of freedom and a glorious manhood. Let us not despise the severe wisdom of our Revolutionary fathers, when they served their generation in a similar way. Let the republic drive from its soil the traitors, that have conspired against its life, as God and His angels drove Satan and his host from Heaven. He was not too merciful to be just, and to hurl down in chains and everlasting darkness the "traitor angel," who "first broke peace in Heaven," and rebelled against Him.

He soon won additional reputation by speaking in favor of the payment of prompt and liberal

bounties by the Federal Government for the encouragement of enlistments.

This readiness in debate proved, in some respects, injurious to his rising fame. He spoke so readily, that members were constantly asking his services in behalf of favorite measures, which, with the impulsive eagerness of a young man and a young member, he often rendered. The House therefore wearied a little of his polished periods, and began to think him too fond of talking. His superior knowledge, too, at first offended some of his less learned colleagues. They thought him bookish and pedantic, until they found how solid and useful was his store of knowledge. His genial personal ways soon won him many warm friends; and a reaction set in. The men of brains in both houses and the departments quickly discovered his fresh, strong, intellectual force, that was destined to influence the politics of the country.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LADDER OF HONOR.

WHEN the time came for holding the Congresssional Convention of 1864, in the Nineteenth District, it was whispered around in the Western Reserve, that Garfield had written the Wade-Davis manifesto against President Lincoln, or, at least, was in sympathy with it. The Convention, though eager to nominate him, hesitated, because he had not condemned the manifesto. He was called upon to explain. Entering the Convention-hall, he walked to the platform, planted himself firmly on it, and began a speech, which he must have thought, would dig his political grave. He spoke a half-hour only, telling his hearers, that he had not written the Wade-Davis letter, but that his only regret about it was, that there was a necessity for its appearance. He approved of the letter, defended the motives of the authors, asserted his right to independence of thought and action, and told the delegates, that, if they did not want a free agent for their representative, he had no desire to serve them longer. As he warmed with his subject, he captivated the Convention with his plain, hard reasoning and glowing eloquence. When he had

finished, he left the platform and strode out of the hall. As he reached the head of the stairs, before leaving the building, he heard a great noise, which, he imagined, was the evidence of his unanimous rejection. On the contrary, it was the applause, that followed his nomination by acclamation. His very boldness had stunned the Convention, which had expected something entirely different from its leader. After a short silence an Ashtabula delegate arose, and said: "By ——, the man who can face a convention like that, ought to be nominated by acclamation." And he *was* nominated by acclamation, before his opponents in the convention could dissent. Governor Todd closed the meeting with the remark: "A district that will allow a young fellow like Garfield to tweak its nose and cuff its ears in that manner, deserves to have him saddled on it for life."

General Garfield, speaking of this incident, said, that, he knew that it was a bold action for a youngster, but that he believed that both Wade and Davis were right, and that he had determined to stand by them. "This showed me completely the truth of the maxim, 'Honesty is the best policy;' and I have ever since been entirely independent in my relations with the people of my district."

The news of his action spread far and wide. A day or two afterward he met Ben. Wade, who seized him warmly by the hand and gratefully acknowledged his brave conduct. The young states-

man had the satisfaction of knowing, that he had gained a life-long friend in the oldest and best statesman of Ohio.

At the election he was returned to Congress by a majority of twelve thousand. He had proved himself such an invaluable worker, and had gained such a reputation in the handling of financial questions, that at the opening of his second term the Secretary of the Treasury requested that he be appointed on the Committee of Ways and Means,* the leading committee of the House. This was in the direct line of his tastes and studies. His work during this term was earnest, thorough and incessant; and he steadily gained in the estimation of his colleagues. He delivered a noted speech on the "Constitutional Amendment to Abolish Slavery;" and from the Committee on Military Affairs, on which he had been placed, he made a report on the discharge of soldiers, who enlisted to fill old regiments. He made noted speeches also on the "Freedmen's Bureau," the "Restoration of the Rebel States," the "Public Debt and Specie Payments," and the "National Bureau of Education."

On March 6th of this year (1866), he argued the conspiracy case (Milligan, Bowles and Horsey), which had been appealed to the Supreme Court from the courts of Indiana. Ben. Butler,

* The committee which matures the financial legislation of Congress and provides the means of raising the revenue.

Hon. James Speed and Hon. Henry Stanberry appeared for the United States, and Gen. Garfield, Hon. J. A. McDonald, Hon. J. S. Black and Hon. David Dudley Field for the prisoners. Mr. Garfield's argument was most elaborate and bristled with precedents and telling points. It gained him a high standing in the Supreme Court, and brought him important cases for years afterwards. Its peroration was as follows:

It is in your power, O Judges! to erect in this citadel of our liberties a monument more lasting than brass; invisible indeed to the eye of flesh, but visible to the eye of the spirit, as the awful form and figure of justice, crowning and adorning the Republic; rising above the storms of political strife, above the din of battle, above the earthquake shock of rebellion; seen from afar and hailed as protector by the oppressed of all nations; dispensing equal blessings, and covering with the protecting shield of law the weakest, the humblest, the meanest, and, until declared by solemn law unworthy of protection, the guiltiest of its citizens.

When the nominating Convention met late in the summer of 1866, a few of his constituents, living in the Mahoning Valley, an iron-producing district, opposed his re-nomination because he had not favored as high a tariff on iron, as they wanted. The Convention, however, was so overwhelmingly for him, that not a single anti-Garfield delegate secured a seat. In after years he convinced these opponents, that a moderate duty, affording a sufficient margin for protection, was better for

their interests than a high prohibitory rate. Early in his third term he was made chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs; and he had plenty to do in looking after the demands of the discharged soldiers for pay and bounty, of which many had been deprived by "red-tape" decisions of the Government accounting-officers. During this term everything seemed drifting towards greenbacks and repudiation. Gen. Garfield took a bold stand, as his views were opposed to those of many leading men of his party, and to the declarations of the Republican State Committee of Ohio. Although he risked a re-nomination, he did not hesitate to avow his convictions firmly and fully. His financial doctrines were at length adopted by the entire party, and fully indorsed in the Chicago Republican platform. This term was marked by speeches, among others, on "Reconstruction," "the Currency," and "Taxation of United States Bonds." He also delivered an address on "College Education," before the literary societies of Hiram College, June 14th, 1867, and an address at the National Cemetery at Arlington, Va., on Decoration Day, May 30th, 1868.

He was opposed in the nominating Convention of 1868 by Darius Cadwell, of Ashtabula County, who secured forty votes chiefly from his own county, and had the pleasure of seeing his opponent elected by one of his overwhelming majorities. During this term he was chairman of the

Committee on Banking and Currency. In addition to his duties on this committee, he did most of the hard work on the Ninth Census. He also made a most elaborate, and painstaking report on remodeling the army, and a careful investigation of the causes of Black Friday. This report, which possesses none of the saw-dust filling of almost all of the "Pub. Docs.," is a fascinating story for any reader. April 1st, 1870, he made a speech on the tariff.

In 1870, there was no opposition in either the Convention or the field; and Garfield returned to the capitol for his fifth term. In 1871, he was promoted to the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations, as successor to Henry L. Dawes, which he held until the Democrats secured control of the House, in 1875. He made speeches on the "McGarrahan Claim," the "Right to Originate Revenue Bills," "Enforcing the Fourteenth Amendment," and "National Aid to Education." He delivered, November 25th, 1871, an elaborate eulogy on General George H. Thomas; and February 9th, 1872, he argued the Henderson case before the Supreme Court.

In 1872, a few blank ballots were cast in the nominating Convention; and a liberal Republican was put up by the opposition at the election; but Garfield received his old-time majority. He delivered to the students of Hudson College, July 2d, 1873, an oration on "The Future of the Re-

public." In October of the same year, he was in the Supreme Court in the Rogers case, and contributed some papers to the Western Reserve, and the Northern Ohio, Historical Society.

The year 1874 was the year of the Democratic tidal wave, the Credit Mobilier and the "salary-grab" having alienated many of the Republicans. Nowhere did these two affairs make a deeper impression than on the sensitive and jealous constituency represented by Mr. Garfield. Mr. Whittlesey and Mr. Giddings, who had preceded General Garfield, were men of unsullied reputation. The faintest semblance of anything like an improper course of conduct was enough to draw forth the honest, plain-spoken indignation of men, who would not justify the slightest departure from the line of right. General Garfield had now represented his district in five successive Congresses; and, though not so well known as later, his name was respected throughout the Union. The district felt very proud of him. No representative held his constituency with a firmer hand. His tenure had promised to be as long as that of Whittlesey or Giddings. But a Republican convention, that met in Warren for some local purpose, demanded his resignation. Most men denounced, all regretted, none defended, what had been done. All, that the staunchest friends of General Garfield presumed to say, was; "Wait until you hear the case. Hear

what Garfield has to say, before you decide, that he is a dishonest man." Garfield wrote from Washington to a friend: "The district is lost; and, as soon as I can close up my affairs here, I am coming home to capture it." And he did capture it. He issued at Washington his pamphlets, "Review of the Transactions of the Credit Mobilier Company" and "Increase of Salaries," and then went to Hiram. These pamphlets, with a personal speech in Warren somewhat later, constituted his direct defense. When the next campaign opened, he went, as usual, upon the stump. He rarely, never unless compelled, referred to the charges against him. He grappled with the questions of the day, He went from county to county, and almost from village to village. His knowledge was so great, his argumentation so logical, his spirit so earnest, and his bearing, both public and private, so manly, that men began to ask: "Can it be true that General Garfield is such a man as they tell us?" Prejudice was slowly but surely overcome; and at the polls the people's verdict was thus expressed: Garfield, 12,591; Regular Democratic ticket, 6,245; Independent Republican ticket, 3,427. His antagonist at that time was a Republican, named Casement, who afterwards was one of the general's best and most ardent friends.

During all the storm of abuse, that darkened this year, the sunshine of the future was pre-

dicted. The following sonnet appeared in the *Washington Evening Star*. in the Winter of 1874:

“TO JAMES A. GARFIELD.

“Thou who didst ride on Chickamauga’s day,
 All solitary, down the fiery line,
 And saw the ranks of battle rusty shine,
 Where grand old Thomas held them from dismay,
 Regret not now, while meaner factions play
 Their brief campaigns against the best of men!
 For those spent-balls of slander have their way,
 And thou shalt see the victory again.
 Weary and ragged, though these broken lines
 Of party reel, and thine own honor bleeds.
 That mole is blind that Garfield undermines!
 That dart falls short which hired malice speeds!
 That man will live whose place the State assigns,
 And whose high mind the mighty nation needs!”

No one now believes, that in the matters just alluded to, General Garfield did not act with the most thorough honesty. Reference is here made to them, simply to show the pain and distress, which they caused him. His feelings are reflected in the following letters:

(*To B. A. Hinsdale.*)

WASHINGTON, February 8th, 1873.

Nothing new has transpired since you wrote, except that Ames has been ordered to bring his original books and memoranda. None of the papers that he presented to the committee, in the form of accounts, were original, except the receipts in Patterson’s case. He does not pretend to have any receipts from me, nor any other evidence of the points in which our testimony conflicts. The committee themselves have been stampeded by the general spirit of panic that has

prevailed, and though some of them are good lawyers, they have not applied the rules of evidence to this investigation. I think the indications are that the men here are recovering their balance a little, and begin to think with more calmness on the merits of the case. But it is, even yet, too early to tell into what conclusions the public judgment will settle down. * * *

I expect Judge Black in town to-day, and I have no doubt that he will remember that I gave him, three years ago, the same account of my relation to the Credit Mobilier as I have given in my testimony.

(*To B. A. Hinsdale.*)

WASHINGTON, February 15th, 1873.

Ames has come and made whatever exhibition his memorandum book enabled him to make. I cannot see that he has added anything to the strengthening of his case by the production of the book. The impression here is beginning to prevail that he fixed up his memorandum for use with his company, to make them believe he had effected sales of his stock.

I think it is clear that Ames intended to get members of Congress interested in this company, without saying anything to them to indicate his purpose. He does not pretend to have any receipts of mine, or any other evidence but his statement in his book of the transaction which he alleges took place between us.

The investigation is really done now, and the report will probably be finished in the course of three or four days.

(*To B. A. Hinsdale.*)

WASHINGTON, March 19th, 1873.

I am thoroughly disgusted with the way my vote on the salary question is treated, and I feel as if there was but little use in attempting to resist the senseless and wicked clamor which is being raised on the subject.

It is very singular to notice how differently the subject is

treated in different parts of the country. In some, at least, the increase of salaries, together with the retroactive clause, is stoutly defended, and but little criticism is made.

I feel this morning, though I would not say this except to you, like throwing up my position in disgust, and retiring from a field where ten years of honest work goes for naught in the face of one vote of which, at the very most, it can be said to be only a mistake honestly made and which could not possibly have changed the result.

Were it not for the Credit Mobilier, I believe I would resign.

I have not drawn the additional salary, and do not know that I shall. Certainly, I shall not for the present, and probably not at all. But this I will not say in the midst of this storm.

(*To B. A. Hinsdale.*)

WASHINGTON, March 21st, 1873.

When I find that I voted no less than fifteen times against motions made in favor of the salary amendment, and did all in my power, both by speech and vote, to prevent it, I feel keenly the injustice with which the public are treating me on this subject, and I begin to get really angry over it.

(*To B. A. Hinsdale.*)

WASHINGTON, April 4th, 1873.

I agree in all you say on the question of back pay; but neither truth nor ability seemed to avail anything in the face of this temptation. I not only have never drawn the extra pay, but, nearly two weeks ago, I ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to close my account, and directed my back pay due me, \$4,500, to be covered into the Treasury beyond my reach, or that of my heirs in case of my death. That has been done; but I felt that under no circumstances would I allow it to be known publicly, at least for the present. It may, however,

be necessary by and by to let the fact come out. What do you think?

* * * * *

One phase of this case is most singular. Here in Washington, among all the men who most earnestly opposed the salary clause from the start, I have none who attack me for the course I have taken, while at home the condemnation seems to be universal. You know that I have always said that my whole public life was an experiment to determine whether an intelligent people would sustain a man in acting sensibly on each proposition that arose, and in doing nothing for mere show or for demagogical effect. I do not now remember that I ever cast a vote of that latter sort. Perhaps it is true that the demagogue will succeed when honorable statesmanship will fail. If so, public life is the hollowest of all shams.

(*To Col. A. F. Rockwell.*)

WASHINGTON, May 21st, 1873.

After many years of prosperity and success, it has been my fortune to try the discipline of disaster, without any fault or wrong on my part. My name has been dragged into the whirlpool of calumny, and I have been defending myself against assault. I inclose you a copy of my review of the Credit Mobilier rascality, and shall be glad to know how it strikes you. I think of you as away, and in an elysium of quiet and peace, where I should love to be, out of the storm and in the sunshine of love and books. Do not think from the above that I am despondent. There is life, and hope, and fight in your old friend yet.

Writing to Prof. Hinsdale, January 4th, 1875, he says:

With me the year 1874 has been a continuation, and in some respects an exaggeration of 1873. That year brought me unusual trials, and brought me face to face with personal

assaults, and the trial that comes from calumny and public displeasure. This year has, perhaps, seen the culmination, if not the end, of that kind of experience. I have had much discipline of mind and heart in living the life which these trials brought me. Lately I have been studying myself with some anxiety to see how deeply the shadows have settled around my spirit. I find I have lost much of that exuberance of feeling, that cheerful spirit which I think abounded in me before. I am a little graver and less genial than I was before the storm struck me. The consciousness of this came to me slowly, but I have at last given in to it, and am trying to counteract the tendency.

It is but just to General Garfield to quote the following summary from his "Review of the Transactions of the Credit Mobilier Company:"

To sum it up in a word: out of an unimportant business transaction, the loan of a trifling sum of money as a matter of personal accommodation, and out of an offer never accepted, has arisen this enormous fabric of accusation and suspicion.

If there be a citizen of the United States who is willing to believe that, for three hundred and twenty-nine dollars, I have bartered away my good name, and to falsehood have added perjury, these pages are not addressed to him. If there be one who thinks that any part of my public life has been gauged on so low a level as these charges would place it, I do not address him. I address those who are willing to believe that it is possible for a man to serve the public without personal dishonor. I have endeavored in this review to point out the means by which the managers of a corporation, wearing the garb of honorable industry, have robbed and defrauded a great national enterprise, and attempted, by cunning and deception, for selfish ends, to enlist in its interests those who would have been the first to crush the attempt had their object been known.

If any of the scheming corporations or corrupt rings that have done so much to disgrace the country by their attempts to control its legislation, have ever found in me a conscious supporter or ally in any dishonorable scheme, they are at full liberty to disclose it. In the discussion of the many grave and difficult questions of public policy which have occupied the thoughts of the nation during the past twelve years, I have borne some part; and I confidently appeal to the public records for a vindication of my conduct.

In 1876, he was again re-elected. He served during this term as a member of the Committee on Rules, in recognition of his rare knowledge of parliamentary law. In 1877, Mr. Blaine took his seat in the Senate; and the mantle of the Republican leadership in the House, by common consent, descended to Gen. Garfield—a mantle, which he continued to wear with honor. He was, at the opening of this Congress, the Republican candidate for the speakership; but the Democrats, who were largely in the majority, elected Mr. Randall. This year, the appointment of Senator Sherman to the secretaryship of the Treasury, his own inclinations and the support of his friends in Ohio led him to aspire to the vacant senatorial chair. President Hayes is understood to have been effective in preventing him from becoming a senatorial candidate, representing, that his services were more needed as Speaker of the House. Mr. Stanley Matthews was elected Senator. When the House was organized, the Speakership was secured by the Democracy; and General Garfield

was "left out in the cold." Two years later, however, the Democracy carried Ohio, and elected "Gentleman George" Pendleton to Matthews' seat in the Senate.

In 1878, Garfield was re-elected by a majority of 9,613. Men, who had been almost denunciatory, were now warmest in his praise; and his *friends*, who had stood by him throughout the storm, actually supplied such criticism, as every public man possibly needs, to keep him in his proper tone.

As it was in the district, so it was in the state. In a sense, he had become, in 1878, the representative of Ohio. He passed through a state, as well as a district, ordeal, and came out approved. What then was more natural, than that, when the election gave the Ohio Legislature to the Republicans, and the party looked around for a successor to Allen G. Thurman on the 4th of March, 1880, Gen. Garfield should be the man? He received the complimentary vote of the Republican members of the caucus in 1878; but after a protracted and bitter contest, his name was withdrawn, and it was resolved to cast only blank votes in the two houses. This time ex-Senator Stanley Matthews, ex-Attorney-General Alphonso Taft and ex-Governor William Denison had entered into a canvass for the place; but when the caucus met, the general sentiment of the state was so earnest and enthusiastic in favor of Garfield, that his three

competitors withdrew without waiting for a ballot, and he was nominated unanimously by a rising vote, an honor never accorded to any other man of any party in the State of Ohio. He was elected by a majority of 22 in the Assembly and of 7 in the Senate.

Concerning this election, he wrote his friend Hinsdale:

WASHINGTON, January 18th, 1880.

At first, let me say that among the 1,200 letters and telegrams that have come to me since my nomination to the Senate, no one has touched all the points of the case so perfectly as you have in your letter of the 13th instant. I need not say a word about the nomination and election and my relations to it, for you have said it all. This, however, I may say on another phase of the subject: on many accounts my transfer to the Senate brings sad recollections. Do you remember the boy "Joe" in one of Dicken's novels who said that everybody was always telling him to "move on;" that, whenever he stopped to look in at a window to long for gingerbread, or catch a glimpse of the pictures, the voice of the inexorable policemen made him "move on?" I have felt something of this in the order that sends me away from the House. It is a final departure.

He wrote Professor Hinsdale as follows:

WASHINGTON, April 21st, 1880.

I share your regret that I am so much absorbed in political work; but the position I hold in the House requires an enormous amount of surplus work. I am compelled to look ahead at questions likely to be sprung upon us for action, and the fact is, I prepare for debate on ten subjects where I actually take part in but one. For example: it seemed cer-

tain that the Fitz John Porter case would be discussed in the House, and I devoted the best of two weeks to a careful re-examination of the old material and a study of the new.

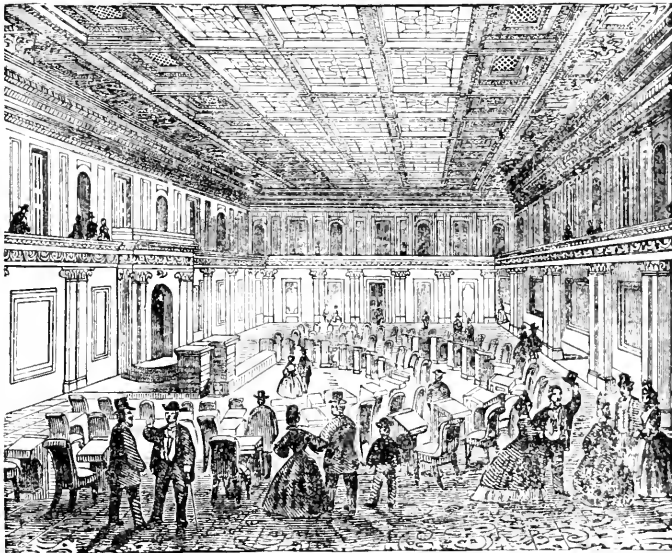
These is now lying on top of my book-case a pile of books, revisions and manuscripts, three feet long by a foot and a half high, which I accumulated and examined for a debate, which certainly will not come off this session, and perhaps not at all. I must stand in the breach to meet whatever question comes. * * *

I look forward to the Senate as at least a temporary relief from this heavy work. * * * I am just now in antagonism with my own party on legislation in reference to the election law, and here also I have prepared for two discussions, and as yet I have not spoken on either. * * *

I am sorry you did not write me in regard to my going to Chicago. I have refused to be a delegate from my district, but I think it likely that the State Convention will elect me as a delegate at large. I prefer not to go at all; but, if I am chosen, I suppose I had better go.

It will be *a propos* to relate here a little incident. Soon after Thurman's election and Wade's retirement, his friends in Ohio proposed, that the "Old War Horse" should be sent to the House. Wade lived in Garfield's district. As soon as the general heard of the proposition to send Wade to the House, he cordially indorsed it, saying: "The nation can better afford to spare me from its councils, than it can to spare Ben Wade. Let him be sent to the House in my place." When Wade heard of what was on foot, he said: "Now, put a stop to it, and at once. What a devil of an idea! sending me to the House as if I were essen-

tial to its existence! Why, I wouldn't go, if I was unanimously nominated and elected. You have a good representative in Garfield, and I advise you to stick to him. I am old, and had better be getting ready to die than thinking of office. I have had enough of public office, and only wish to



SENATE CHAMBER.

be let alone now. Garfield is young, faithful and able. Send him back and keep him there—stick to him. I tell you, there is no telling how high that fellow may go."

At Columbus, on January, 14th, 1880, he acknowledged his election as United States Senator in the following admirable speech:

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I should be a great deal more than a man, or a great deal less than a man, if I were not extremely gratified by this mark of your kindness you have shown to me in recent days. I did not expect any such a meeting as this. I knew there was a greeting awaiting me, but I did not expect so cordial, generous and general a greeting, without distinction of party, without distinction of interests, as I have received here to-night.

I recognize the importance of the position to which you have elected me, and I should be base if I did not recognize the great man whom you have elected me to succeed. I say for him, Ohio has had few larger-minded, broader-minded men in the record of her history than that of Allen G. Thurman. Differing widely from him, as I have done in politics and do, I recognize him as a man high in character and great in intellect; and I take this occasion to refer to what I have never before referred to in public—that many years ago, in the storm of party fighting, when the air was filled with all sorts of missiles aimed at the character and reputation of public men, when it was even for his party interest to join the general clamor against me and my associates, Senator Thurman said in public, in the campaign, on the stump—where men are as likely to say unkind things as at any place in the world—a most generous and earnest word of defense and kindness for me, which I shall never forget so long as I live. I say, moreover, that the flowers that bloom over the garden-wall of party politics, are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world, and, where we can fairly pluck them and enjoy their fragrance, it is manly and delightful to do so.

And now, gentlemen of the general assembly, without distinction of party, I recognize this tribute and compliment made to me to-night. Whatever my own course may be in the future, a large share of the inspiration of my future public life will be drawn from this occasion and these surroundings,

and I shall feel anew the sense of obligation that I feel to the State of Ohio.

June 8th, 1880, he was nominated at Chicago for the Presidency, and on July 6th elected a trustee of Williams College.

We have in this chapter given nothing more than a brief outline of his career. We add portions of two interesting letters, which he wrote to Prof. Hinsdale. The first is dated Washington, December 11th, 1865.

We have begun, as you have seen, and currents are beginning to develop their direction and strength only feebly as yet. We appear to have a very robust House, and indications thus far show it to be a very sound one. The message is much better than we expected, and I have hoped that we shall be able to work with the President. He sent for me day before yesterday, and we had a free conversation. I gave him the views of the earnest men North as I understand them, and we tried to look over the whole field of the difficulties before us.

They are indeed many and formidable. Sumner and Boutwell and some more of that class are full of alarm; less, however, than when they first came. Some foolish men among us are all the while bristling up for fight, and seem to be anxious to make a rupture with Johnson. I think we should assume that he is with us, treat him kindly, without suspicion, and go on in a firm, calmly considered course, leaving him to make the breach with the party if any is made. I doubt if he would do it under such circumstances. The caucus resolution of Thaddeus Stevens was bad in some of its features. It was rushed through before the caucus was fully assembled,

and, while it expresses the sentiment of the House in its main propositions, there are some points designed to antagonize with the President. It still lies over in the Senate, where it will be modified, if it passes at all.

The second is likewise from Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 1st, 1867.

I am less satisfied with the present aspect of public affairs than I have been for a long time. I find that many of the points and doctrines, both in general politics and finance, which I believe in and desire to see prevail, are meeting with more opposition than heretofore, and are in imminent danger of being overborne by popular clamor and political passion. In reference to reconstruction, I feel that if the Southern States should adopt the Constitutional Amendments within a reasonable time, we are literally bound to admit them to representation; if they reject them, then I am in favor of striking for impartial suffrage, though I see that such a course is beset with grave dangers. Now Congress seems determined to rush forward without waiting even for the action of the Southern States, thus giving the South the impression, and our political enemies at home a pretext for saying, that we were not in good faith when we offered the Constitutional Amendments. * * * Really, there seems to be a fear on the part of many of our friends that they may do some absurdly extravagant thing to prove their radicalism. I am trying to do two things: dare to be a radical and not be a fool, which, if I may judge by the exhibitions around me, is a matter of no small difficulty. I wish the South would adopt the Constitutional Amendments soon and in good temper. Perhaps they will. * * * Next, the Supreme Court has decided the case I argued last winter, and the papers are insanely calling for the abolition of the court. * * * In reference to finance, I believe that the great remedy for our

ills is an early return to specie payments, which can only be effected by the contraction of our paper currency. There is a huge clamor against both and in favor of expansion. You know my views on the tariff. I am equally assaulted by the free-traders and by the extreme tariff men. There is passion enough in the country to run a steam-engine in every village, and a spirit of proscription which keeps pace with the passion. My own course is chosen, and it is quite probable it will throw me out of public life.

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CHAPTER XIX.

AN ORNAMENT OF CONGRESS.

GENERAL GARFIELD'S career in Congress was essentially one of work. His speeches, reports, resolutions, debates, etc., number hundreds. His powers as an orator will be mentioned in the next chapter. As a debater he had few equals. Producing always an overwhelming array of facts, he was a

“Tower of strength,
Which stands four square to all the winds that blow.!”

He was thorough in committee work, assiduous in private study of pending questions, and able in debate — by no means a common combination of qualities. He interested himself in subjects of great importance to the public, such as the census, education, scientific surveys, and the life-saving service. As the Republican leader in the House, he was more conservative than Blaine; and his judicial turn of mind, leading him to look at both sides of a question, always relieved him of the charge of partisanship. When the issue fairly touched his convictions, however, he became thoroughly aroused and struck tremendous blows. Blaine's tactics were to harass the enemy continually by sharp-shooting, surprises and picket-firing.

Garfield always waited for an opportunity for a pitched battle; and his generalship was shown to best advantage, when the fight was a fair one, and waged on ground, where each party thought itself the stronger. Then his solid shot of argument was exceedingly effective. He always took a genuine pride in the historical achievements of the Republican party, with which he was identified from its birth. He had a traditional leaning toward all measures for the advantage of the freedmen or for curtailing the influence of the party, which he held responsible for the Rebellion. Nevertheless, he was by no means deficient in generous impulses toward the South; and more than once he exerted his influence to prevent the passage of rash partisan legislation against the interests of that section. The "Confederate Brigadiers" in Congress found him a determined but chivalrous adversary; but he never stooped to take unfair advantage of the numerical preponderance of his party. As leader of a Republican minority in the House of Representatives, he knew how to reconcile party-fealty with a conciliatory disposition toward the party in power, and was not unduly obtrusive of legislation, which did not, in his opinion, transcend the fair limits of party predominance. He was in all things a calm, courteous, determined leader of men,

"rich in saving common sense,
And, as the wisest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

He was not a practical politician, knowing little about the machinery of caucuses and conventions or the methods of conducting close campaigns. As a politician in the larger and better sense of shaping the policy of a great party, however, he had few equals. To no man is the Republican party more indebted for its successes in recent years than to James A. Garfield.

With the single exception of 1867, when he spent several weeks in Europe, for a time in company with Senators Blaine and Morrill, he worked hard on the stump for the Republican party in every campaign after entering Congress. He was one of the best stump-orators of his party. He had a good voice, evident sincerity, great clearness and vigor of statement, and a way of knitting his arguments together, so as to make a speech deepen its impression on the mind of the hearer, until the climax clinched the argument forever. During his last ten years, his services were in demand in all parts of the country. He usually reserved half of his time for the Ohio canvas, and gave the other half to other States. The November elections found him worn and haggard with travel and speaking in the open air; but his constitution was so robust, that, after a few weeks of rest on his farm, he always appeared in Washington refreshed, and ready for his duties.

A mind so prone as his to look philosophically into his surroundings could not fail to have studied

the history and functions of the body of which he was such an illustrious member. It will be fitting to follow his criticism of that body in his article, "A Century in Congress," which he contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* of July, 1877:

Congress has always been and must always be the theatre of contending opinions, the forum, where the opposing forces of political philosophy meet to measure their strength; where the public good must meet the assaults of local and sectional interests—in a word, the appointed place, where the nation seeks to utter its thoughts and register its will.

In the main, the balance of power so admirably adjusted and distributed among the three great departments of the Government has been safely preserved. It was the purpose of our fathers to lodge absolute power nowhere; to leave each department independent within its own sphere; yet, in every case, responsible for the exercise of its discretion. But some dangerous innovations have been made. And first, the appointing power of the President has been seriously encroached upon by Congress, or rather by the members of Congress. Curiously enough, this encroachment originated in the act of the chief executive himself. The fierce popular hatred of the Federal party, which resulted in the elevation of Jefferson to the presidency, led that officer to set the first example of removing men from office on account of political opinions. For political causes alone, he removed a considerable number of officers who had recently been appointed by President Adams, and thus set the pernicious example. His immediate successors made only a few removals for political reasons. But Jackson made his political opponents, who were in office, feel the full weight of his executive hand. From that time forward, the civil offices of the Government became the prizes, for which political parties strove; and twenty-five years ago, the corrupting doctrine that "to the victors belong

the spoils" was shamelessly announced as an article of political faith and practice. It is hardly possible to state with adequate force the noxious influence of this doctrine. * * * The present system invades the independence of the executive, and makes him less responsible for the character of his appointments; it impairs the efficiency of the legislator, by diverting him from his proper sphere of duty, and involving him in the intrigues of aspirants for office; it degrades the civil service itself, by destroying the personal independence of those who are appointed; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure and efficient administration; and, finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public office as the reward of mere party zeal. To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship. This reform cannot be accomplished without a complete divorce between Congress and the Executive in the matter of appointments. It will be a proud day, when an administrator, senator or representative, who is in good standing in his party, can say, as Thomas Hughes said, during his recent visit to this country, that, though he was on the most intimate terms with the members of his administration, yet it was not in his power to secure the removal of the humblest clerk in the civil service of his government.

I have long believed that the official relations between the Executive and Congress should be more open and direct. They are now conducted by correspondence with the presiding officers of the two Houses, by consultation with committees, or by private interviews with individual members. This frequently leads to misunderstandings, and may lead to corrupt combinations. It would be far better for both departments, if the members of the cabinet were permitted to sit in Congress and participate in the debates on measures relating to their several departments, but of course, without a vote. This would tend to secure the ablest men for the chief executive offices. It would bring the policy of the admini-

stration into the fullest publicity by giving both parties ample opportunity for criticism and defense.

The most alarming feature of our situation is the fact, that so many citizens of high character and solid judgment pay but little attention to the sources of political power, to the selection of those, who shall make their laws. The clergy, the faculties of colleges, and many of the leading business men of the community never attend the township caucus, the city primaries or the county conventions ; but they allow the less intelligent and the more selfish and corrupt members of the community to make the slates and “run the machine” of politics. They wait until the machine has done its work, and then, in surprise and horror at the ignorance and corruption in public, sigh for the return of that mythical period, called the “better and purer days of the Republic.” It is precisely this neglect of the first steps in our political processes, that has made possible the worst evils of our system. Corrupt and incompetent presidents, judges and legislators can be removed ; but when the fountains of political power are corrupted, when voters themselves become venal and elections fraudulent, there is no remedy except by awakening the public conscience and bringing to bear upon the subject the power of public opinion and the penalties of the law. The practice of buying and selling votes at our popular elections has already gained a foothold, though it has not gone so far as in England. In a word our national safety demands, that the fountains of political power shall be made pure by intelligence and kept pure by vigilance ; that the best citizens shall take heed to the selection and election of the worthiest and most intelligent among them to hold seats in the national legislature ; and that when the choice has been made, the continuance of their representatives shall depend upon their faithfulness, their ability and their willingness to work.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ORATOR'S POWER.

WE now invite the reader's attention to Garfield, as he appears in his speeches. If we cannot fully show his rare oratorical powers from his own words, it is because space forbids.

It was impossible for a man, so large hearted and so patriotic as Garfield, not to have felt deeply the death of Abraham Lincoln. He saw, that it was not the hand of one man, but the spirit of secession, aiming a last despairing blow at the great principles, that had conquered it. Naturally then his was the tongue to give some expression to the nation's grief. In the exciting hours, that followed Booth's cowardly pistol-shot, when the whole North was stirred with a whirlwind of mad passion, Garfield's hand was apparent in staying the impending storm, in counseling the wiser course.

In the incident, which we are about to mention, the extraordinary moral power, which he always exerted over men, was perhaps never shown to better advantage. This incident is related by a distinguished public man, who was an eye-witness of the exciting events.

He very graphically described the scenes, which he witnessed in New York City on the receipt of the news of Lincoln's assassination—the angry grief of the crowd, as they swore to avenge the murder of the martyred President; the immense assemblage in front of the Wall Street Exchange; the patient waiting for the coming of Gen. Butler from Washington; the thrilling effect of his arrival; his heart-broken greeting to his friends, "Gentlemen, he died in the fullness of his fame!" "when his lips quivered and the tears ran fast down his cheeks;" the speeches of Butler and others from the balcony of the Exchange, and the frenzy of the crowd at these speeches. The eyewitness continues:

By this time the wave of popular indignation had swelled to its crest. Two men lay bleeding on one of the side streets; the one dead, the other next to dying; one on the pavement, the other in the gutter. They had said a moment before: "Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago!" They were not allowed to say it again. Soon two long pieces of scantling stood out above the heads of the crowd, crossed at the top like the letter X, and a looped halter pendant from the junction, a dozen men following its slow motion through the masses, while "Vengeance" was the cry. On the right, suddenly, the shout rose, "The World!" "the World!" "the office of the World!" "World!" "World!" and a movement of perhaps eight thousand or ten thousand turning their faces in the direction of that building began to be executed. It was a critical moment. What might come no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of that office. Police and military would have availed little or been too late. A telegram

had just been read from Washington, "Seward is dying." Just then, at that juncture, a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd. "Another telegram from Washington!" And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out, "Fellow-citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face? Fellow-citizens! God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives!" The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground with awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the Government in that hour. As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea, when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence, inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and that but once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett, Seward, never reached it. What might have happened had the surging and maddened mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. I inquired what his name. The answer came in a low whisper, "It is General Garfield, of Ohio!"

It was Garfield, who made the speech, when the House took official action on the death of President Lincoln and who again (February 12th, 1878), retouched with his eloquent powers the same theme, when receiving, on behalf of the nation, F. B. Carpenter's painting of Lincoln and Eman-

cipation. He also delivered a masterly eulogy of General Thomas.

The reader pauses here, and recalls instinctively the terrible days with which July, 1881, opened: the dastardly assassination, the long hours of the President's tarrying at the gate of death, the suspense and silent agony of the nation! The mighty voice of some past-time prophet as it were, comes echoing Garfield's words, with which he held a whole city at bay: "Fellow-citizens: God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!" Was it the hand of Providence, that brought him so conspicuously to the front at Lincoln's death, to point years ahead to his own trial and agony from an assassin's bullet?

It was eminently natural, that he should have been the chosen orator on such occasions; for every act of his life was a testimony in defence of his country, which he loved so well. Speaking on its future, he said, at Hudson College:

Distance, estrangement, isolation have been overcome by the recent amazing growth in the means of intercommunication. For political and industrial purposes California and Massachusetts are nearer neighbors to-day, than were Philadelphia and Boston in the days of the Revolution. It was distance, isolation, ignorance of separate parts, that broke the cohesive force of the great empires of antiquity. Fortunately, our greatest line of extension is from east to west, and our pathway along the parallels of latitude are not too broad for safety—for it lies within the zone of national development. The Gulf of Mexico is our special providence on the south.

Perhaps it would be more fortunate for us if the northern shore of that gulf stretched westward to the Pacific. If our territory embraced the tropics, the sun would be our enemy. "The stars in their courses" would fight against us. Now these celestial forces are our friends, and help to make us one. Let us hope the Republic will be content to maintain this friendly alliance.

Our northern boundary is not yet wholly surveyed. Perhaps our neighbors across the lakes will some day take a hint from nature, and save themselves and us the discomfort of an artificial boundary. Restrained within our present southern limits with a population more homogeneous than that of any other great nation, and with a wonderful power to absorb and assimilate to our own type the European races that come among us, we have but little reason to fear that we shall be broken up by divided interests and internal feuds because of our great territorial extent. Finally, our great hope for the future—our great safeguard against danger, is to be found in the general and thorough education of our people and in the virtue which accompanies such education. And all these elements depend, in a large measure, upon the intellectual and moral culture of the young men who go out from our higher institutions of learning. From the standpoint of this general culture we may trustfully encounter the perils that assail us. Secure against dangers from abroad, united at home by the stronger ties of common interest and patriotic pride, holding and unifying our vast territory by the most potent forces of civilization, relying upon the intelligent strength and responsibility of each citizen, and, most of all, upon the power of truth, without undue arrogance, we may hope that in the centuries to come our Republic will continue to live and hold its high place among the nations as

"The heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time."

It is impossible even to indicate in our limited space the vast amount of his oratorical work. His

speeches in and out of Congress would fill a large volume. The versatility of his genius was especially shown in the happy speeches, which he made during the period from his nomination to the Presidency to his inauguration. He showed himself a true orator in his rare talent of adaptability. His power was displayed in many fields—on the floor of the House, before the bench of the Supreme Court, in college-halls, in many an assembly-room in the cities, towns and villages of the East and West. Though most of his speeches were necessarily on political topics, yet he found leisure, in the midst of his pressing duties, to devote himself to purely literary subjects. We quote the following passage from his scholarly address on Burns:

To appreciate the genius and achievements of Robert Burns, it is fitting to compare him with others, who have been eminent in the same field. In the highest class of lyric poetry their names stand eminent. Their field covers eighteen centuries of time, and their three names are Horace, Beranger and Burns. It is an interesting and suggestive fact, that each of these sprang from the humble walks of life. Each may be described as one,

“Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil,”

and each proved by his life and achievements that, however hard the lot of poverty, “a man’s a man for a’ that.”

A great writer has said, that it took the age forty years to catch Burns, so far was he in advance of the thoughts of

his times. But we ought not to be surprised at the power he exhibited. We are apt to be misled when we seek to find the cause of greatness in the schools and universities alone. There is no necessary conflict between nature and art. In the highest and best sense art is as natural as nature. We do not wonder at the perfect beauty of the rose, although we may not understand the mysteries, by which its delicate petals are fashioned and fed out of the grosser elements of earth. We do not wonder at the perfection of the rose, because God is the artist. When He fashioned the germ of the rose-tree, He made possible the beauties of its flower. The earth and air and sunshine conspired to unfold and adorn it—to tint and crown it with peerless beauty. When the Divine Artist would produce a poem, He plants a germ of it in a human soul; and, out of that soul, the poem springs and grows, as from the rose-tree the rose.

Burns was a child of nature. He lived close to her beating heart, and all the rich and deep sympathies of life glowed and lived in his heart. The beauties of earth, air and sky filled and transfigured him.

“He did but sing because he must,
And piped but as the linnets sing.”

With the light of his genius he glorified “the banks and braes” of his native land, and, speaking for the universal human heart, has set its sweetest thought to music,

“Whose echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.”

General Garfield was a diligent student and a great reader, as his speeches all showed. He rarely spoke without due preparation; and even on such topics as finance and tariff, he always swayed his hearers.

The following letters give some idea of his love of reading :

WASHINGTON, July 30th, 1873.

In the course of thinking over your life and mine, I was strongly impressed with the conviction, that you and I ought to study German and master it. I had considerable knowledge of it some years ago, but have neglected it and should need to begin the work almost anew. French has been more important to me, for the reason that more financial discussion appears in French than in German. But to profound theological scholarship German is indispensable. I think your mind is rather of the Teutonic type, and you would be immeasurably benefited, were you to draw from the great German storehouse of criticism. It is a large undertaking to master a foreign language; but I think you ought to undertake it at once.

WASHINGTON, October 27th, 1873.

I have read the paper of Mr. Warren, as reported in the *Methodist*, and have stopped to consider the marked passage. The statement of the author in reference to the part, played by Whitefield in laying the foundation of colonial unity, is new to me. I do not know that it is historically true; but it bears many external evidences of truth. If it is true, it is a very important element in the history of this Republic, and shows that religion played even a broader part in the formation of our nation than I had supposed. After reading the article, I read a brief sketch of Whitefield's life in Brown's *Encyclopædia*, and find some discrepancies between that and Warren. For example, Warren says, that Whitefield crossed the Atlantic nineteen times. The *Encyclopædia* mentions each of his voyages by date, and says that his seventh was his last. This would make thirteen times across the Atlantic. The *Encyclopædia* seems to have viewed Whitefield's life mainly from an English standpoint, and it may be for that

reason, that his American work does not stand out in such prominence in the Encyclopædia as in Warren's article.

If I had had time in my lecture last evening, I should have spoken of the struggle between Protestantism and Catholicism for the possession of this continent. Warren's article informs us how striking was the contrast between the unity of the ecclesiastical power of France and Spain on the one hand, and the discord of the English Protestants on the Atlantic slope on the other. If Whitefield brought about ecclesiastical union, he prepared the way for the colonial triumph of England over France in 1763, and the triumph of the colonies over England in 1783.

WASHINGTON, January 8th, 1874.

I can't see that he (John Stuart Mill) ever came to comprehend human life as a reality from the actual course of human affairs beginning with Greek life down to our own. Men and women were always, with him, more or less of the nature of abstractions; while, with his enormous mass of books, he learned a wonderful power of analysis, for which he was by nature surprisingly fitted. But his education was narrow, just where his own mind was originally deficient. He was educated solely through books; for his father was never a companion. His brothers and sisters bored him. He had no playfellows, and of his mother not a word is said in his autobiography.

WASHINGTON, November 14th, 1874.

I have commenced work again on my committee, but still I may find time to do some reading. My reading, however, is like the wanderings of a man in a pleasant forest, without much plan or purpose. I am now, however, trying to get a better view of the literature and intellectual life of Germany connected with Goethe and his times.

The *Golden Age* once said of his reading and scholarship:

When a long-winded and unimportant discussion blows up in the House, watch Garfield. He is an economist of time. Chatting and buttonholing as he goes, he quietly glides out, passes through the rotunda, and escapes into the serene realm of Mr. Spofford, where, amid all that amplitude of books, he regales himself in reading and in literary conversation. He and Mr. Spofford are close friends, and whenever a box of new books arrives from New York or Europe, a message gets to Mr. Garfield to that effect, and he has the first peep. He is a late student. He burns the midnight gas. In his position, no man can study continuously, till the benign night, which hushes the world and sends office-seekers and log-rollers to bed, gives repose to his door-bell and leaves him a few hours for himself. Here once more comes to his aid that royal health of his. Thus Mr. Congressman Garfield is able to keep his mind freshened by delightful letters, and to prosecute those more rugged investigations in law, social science, philosophy and politics, in which the coming statesmen of America must be expert.

The *Chicago Tribune* thus noticed his scholarship:

Garfield finds time to read nearly all the new books, and to keep up a regular course of readings in the old ones. He has a hungry brain and a wonderful constitution. This has been the method of his busy life. The last few weeks have warned him that he cannot "stand the racket." Garfield reads everywhere—in the cars going to the Capitol, in the cars returning from his daily work, and in his committee-room. He will fight Jim Beck about the necessity of building fortifications at distant points, and contest with a Granger from the Modoc country about the Modoc claims; yet in the interim, will find time to give ten minutes to "silly old Bozzy," or some of his charming comrades. I should say that the secret of Garfield's resources in debate, the freshness of his illus-

trations, his ready references to literature in all its branches, is due to his voracious literary appetite. "I have read," he said, "since I have been lying here struggling with this pain, eighteen volumes; and I have indexed and commonplaced them all." Pretty fair work, I take it, for six weeks of midsummer in Washington.

The two following letters are still further evidence of Garfield's scholarly tastes: the first is from Professor Demmon, formerly of Hiram College, now of the University of Michigan, to Professor Hinsdale:

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR, July 9th, 1880.

MY DEAR HINSDALE: In regard to General Garfield's scholarship, it seems to me, that a paragraph in your speech of June 19th sums up the matter admirably. I do not see how your statement of the case can be improved upon.

During my two years as Professor of the Ancient Languages at Hiram, I had the honor of frequent conversations with the General; and naturally the conversation sometimes turned on the classics. I was often surprised at his familiarity with these subjects, and particularly at his readiness in quoting from Latin authors. There was no affectation, no straining, no dragging in of classical allusions, so characteristic of the pedant, but a simplicity and spontaneity entirely in consonance with the subject and the occasion. Horace and Virgil, especially the former, seem to have been his favorites among the Latin poets. As I happened to be teaching the Odes of Horace, at his invitation I often exchanged letters with him on difficult or disputed points. These letters are interesting, not only in themselves, but doubly so in showing how, in the midst of great public cares, the statesman could turn aside to the exegesis of a Latin poem. The following will serve as specimens from his letters of this kind.

Under date of January 5th, 1872, he writes: "I do not

think '*monstra natantia*' of Book I, Ode iii, has reference to ships, but rather to marine monsters. Both the language and the context of the Ode leads me to these conclusions.

"In the third and fourth stanzas the poet is eulogizing the courage of that man, who first trusted himself to a ship and to the stormy elements. In the fifth stanza he discusses another feature of that man's courage, namely, that feature, which leads him to risk the various phases of death, that he might meet by shipwreck at sea. And these were: first, the sea monsters, of which the ancients (in addition to the natural dread that all men feel) had a superstitious dread, as being the inhabitants of the unknown deep; second, the sea dashing around the treacherous rocks and reefs. Both these relate to shipwreck. There would be no immediate fear in beholding huge ships; for, on the sea, they would be rather the hope of life than a '*gradum mortis*.' This view, I find, is confirmed by nearly all the authorities I have consulted.

"Lambin, in his notes, quotes a parallel passage from the Greek of Oppianus, where whales and sharks are monsters of the sea.

"In the Delphin edition of the classics, this is the ordo: '*Quod mortis genus formidavit qui sine lacrymis aspexit pisces monstrosos nantes?*' In his notes, the Delphin editor says: '*Monstra natantia, cete grandia et immania.* Conf. Juvenal, Sat. xiv, 283, '*Oceani monstra.*'

"In the Polyglot Edition, to which I alluded in my letter, all the translations, so far as I am able to understand them, give this idea, except one; and one translates '*natantia*' by the word, which is equivalent to 'floating,' and which might be applied to a ship.

"The German translation employs the word for swimming, which seems to me the more natural meaning of '*natantia*.'"

On January 27th, 1872, he wrote as follows: "Thanks for your kind letter of the 23d instant. I am glad to have you keep me in mind of Horace. I do not forget him, but my

very heavy work in the House keeps me from giving him as much time as I desire.

“The Ode to which you refer (B. IV, O. vii) is one of the sweetest that Horace ever wrote. It is the sad reflection of a man, who has no clear hope of life beyond the grave, who sees in the swift changes of the seasons and years only the certain approach of death, and who braces himself up against the sadness, which these reflections bring by the doctrines of the Stoic philosophy. In some of the older editions this motto is placed at the head of the Ode : ‘*Omnia mutantur tempore ; jucunde igitur vivendum est.*’

“I should translate the seventh and eighth verses thus : ‘The year admonishes, and the hour, which consumes the cherishing day admonishes you not to hope for immortality.’

“Some commentators have supposed that ‘*Hora*’ was used figuratively for ‘*Dea vicissitudinis.*’ Others have supposed that it was a synonym for time in general. Orelli and the better commentators say it means an hour, considered as a part of a day, and which, Horace says is the destroyer of a day. Lambin paraphrases the passage thus : ‘*Annus (inquit Hora), in quo magnæ existunt varietates et qui certo dierum numero aliquando clauditur ac terminatur, menses, dies, hora monent nos ne immortalia speremus.*’

“The day is called ‘*almmum,*’ says Orelli, ‘because the sun, which presides over the day, cherishes all things.’ In this connection see Virg. *Æn.*, v. 64.”

My acquaintance with the General, dates, as you may remember, from November, 1868. At your own kind invitation, I spent two days with you at his house on Hiram Hill, and well do I remember those days, and the impression they made on me, then a young man just out of college. The kindness of the man, and his mastery over literary, as well as political and social, topics, filled me with an admiration and esteem, that subsequent acquaintance has only served to intensify. He is evidently a man of great powers of acquisition and retention, coupled with rapid assimilation of knowl-

edge. He seems to have gleaned in almost every field, and to be always ready to enrich almost any subject with strikingly original suggestions. I have heard him say, that the man, who succeeds best, is the man, who, other things being equal, knows best how to utilize the scraps of time, which all men find in their daily life, and which most men waste. Perhaps the application of this principle in his own life may help to account for his marvelous versatility.

Since I left Hiram, I have had an occasional letter from him. After the exciting contest of 1874, I wrote him a note of congratulation on his triumphant re-election in the face of the bitter calumnies, with which he was at that time assailed. His graceful response closed with these words: "I am resting, and reading Goethe's biography, and letting the calm of his great life fall into my own." I count the date of my acquaintance with General Garfield an event in my life.

Very truly yours,

ISAAC N. DEMMON.

PRESIDENT B. A. HINSDALE, *Cleveland, Ohio.*

The second is from Garfield, and pleasantly verifies the first:

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 16th, 1871.

DEAR PROFESSOR: Before I am wholly overwhelmed with the very arduous and long-continued work, which this winter's session will impose upon me, I will take the time to write you a long, and I hope not an uninteresting, letter on a subject, to which I have given some attention from time to time, during the last few years.

Since I entered public life, I have constantly aimed to find a little time to keep alive the spirit of my classical studies, and to resist that constant tendency, which all public men feel, to grow rusty in literary studies, and particularly in the classical studies. I have thought it better to select some one line of classical reading, and, if possible, do a little work on

it each day. For this winter, I am determined to review such parts of the Odes of Horace, as I may be able to reach. And as preliminary to that work, I have begun by reading up the bibliography of Horace.

The Congressional Library is very rich in materials for this study, and I am amazed to find how deep and universal has been the impress left on the cultivated mind of the world by Horace's writings.

In a French volume before me, entitled "Edition Polyglotte," M. Monfalcon, Paris, 1834, in which the Latin text and translations into Spanish, Italian, French, English and German are given, I find a catalogue of the editions of Horace, published each year, from the date of the invention of printing down to 1833. This remarkable catalogue of editions fills seventy quarto columns of Monfalcon's book. Besides this Polyglot edition, there are lying on my table, for reference, two thick volumes made up wholly of comments on Horace (the body of the text being wholly omitted), by Lambin, a great French scholar, who lived two hundred years ago; also, two thick volumes by Orelli, the Swiss scholar, who died in 1850; also, three volumes of the Delphin Horace, edited by Valpy, the English scholar. These form but a small part of the stores of Horatian literature, which our library contains; but these facts refer rather to the bibliography of Horace, and are aside from the particular point I have in view in this letter.

I have observed, in looking over the works on Horace, that a line of thought has been pursued by scholars and antiquarians, quite analogous to that pursued by scientific men in forecasting—I might almost say discovering—facts by induction from general principles. Let me illustrate this. You remember the familiar illustration of it in the case of Leverrier, who found a perturbation in the movements of some of the planets of the solar system, and, after having established the character and extent of that perturbation, declared that there must be an unknown planet of a certain size in a

certain quarter of the heavens, whose presence would account for the perturbation ; and finally, by pointing the telescope to that quarter of the heavens, the predicted planet was found.

A recent fact may afford a still further instructive illustration of the same principle. Two weeks ago to-day, Professor Agassiz, on the eve of departure for South America, on a voyage of scientific discovery, addressed a letter to Professor Peirce, of the United States Coast Survey, in which he predicts, with great particularity, what classes of marine animals he expects to find in the deep sea-soundings of the southern hemisphere ; what disposition of bowlders, the character and direction of glacial groovings, he expects to find in the southern continent. The Professor has so fully committed himself, that the result of the expedition must be a great triumph or a great failure for him.

Now, quite analogous to these researches in the field of science has been the progress, by which scholars have discovered the long-lost location of the country-residence of Horace. Its site, and almost its existence, were forgotten during the centuries of darkness, which the Middle Ages brought upon Europe ; and it was only after the revival of learning, that men began to inquire for the old shrines and homes of the ancient Greeks and Romans. For a long time the site of the country-home of Horace was merely a matter of conjecture, and scores of theories were advanced in regard to it. I have now before me the work, which was, I believe, the first thorough and elaborate attempt to apply the scientific process to the discovery of the site of the villa of Horace. It is in three volumes, of about five hundred pages each, and was written at Rome in 1766-'67, by the Abbe Bertrand Capmartin de Chaupy, a French ecclesiastic, who about that time spent several years in Rome, and subsequently, at the time of the French Revolution, fled to Italy, partly for safety and partly to gratify his love of classical study.

I have run hastily over these volumes, and will give you a brief statement of the scope and character of the argument :

The first volume lays down the method, by which we should proceed in finding the location of the Horatian villa. In following out this method, he brings together all the references made to it, directly or indirectly, in the works of Horace, and many other similar references from many other contemporary authorities and authors of the next succeeding period. From these elements he sets forth, in general terms, the features, that any proposed site must possess in order to be trusted as the real place.

In his second volume he applies the results of his first volume to all the localities, that have been proposed as the site, and reaches the conclusion, that none of them will stand the test.

In the third volume he traces the history of the changes, that swept over the country in the neighborhood of Rome, the devastations and rebuildings, the decays and reconstructions, of cities and villas, and finally directs all his tests to one point, which, he affirms *a priori*, must be the very location.

This investigation leads him to the conclusion, that the country home of Horace was situated among the Sabine Mountains, a few miles above Tivoli, upon the little river Digence, between the mountains Lucretile and Ustica on one side, and the village of Mantella on the other, and not far from Varia, which was a little village on the Anio, and is now the hamlet of Vario.

Such were the conclusions drawn by the Abbe from his elaborate investigation. Subsequent explorations have, I believe, in the main confirmed the correctness of his conclusions.

In a London edition of Horace, of 1849, by the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, there is printed a letter by G. Dennis, written, as its author believes, near the very spot where Horace wrote most of his odes. The letter is a most charming one, full of enthusiasm for the poet and his works, and gives a delightful description of the country and its surroundings.

Did I not know that I lack the time and you the patience,

I should be tempted to send the whole letter ; but when you visit us in Washington, as I hope you will do some time, you must not fail to read it. I hope I may not have distressed you with the length of this letter.

My children are nearly recovered from scarlet fever. All the family are now well, and join me in kindest regards to Mrs. Demmon and yourself.

Very truly yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

PROFESSOR I. N. DEMMON.

Hiram, Portage County, Ohio.

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CHAPTER XXI.

QUESTIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with his entry into Congress, Garfield began a severe course of study of political economy, going home every evening to his modest lodgings, on Thirteenth Street, with an armful of books taken from the Congressional Library. His financial views were always sound, based on the firm foundation of honest money and unsullied national honor. His record on questions of political economy is without a flaw. No man in Congress made a more consistent and unwavering fight against the paper-money delusions, that flourished during the decade after the war, and for specie-payments and the strict fulfillment of the nation's obligations to its creditors. His speeches became the financial gospel of the Republican party.

We will quote some texts from this gospel. In the course of his strenuous fight against the repeal of the Resumption Act, General Garfield said:

The men of 1862 knew the dangers from sad experience in our history: and, like Ulysses, lashed themselves to the mast of public credit, when they embarked upon the stormy and boisterous sea of inflated paper money, that they might not be beguiled by the siren song, that would be sung to them, when they were afloat on the wild waves.

But the times have changed. New men are on deck, men who have forgotten the old pledges, and now only twelve years have passed (for as late as 1865 this House, with but six dissenting votes, resolved again to stand by the old ways and bring the country back to sound money), only twelve years have passed, and what do we find? We find a group of theorists and doctrinaires, who look upon the wisdom of the fathers as foolishness. We find some, who advocate what they call "absolute money," who declare that a piece of paper stamped a "dollar" is a dollar; that gold and silver are a part of the barbarism of the past, which ought to be forever abandoned. We hear them declaring, that resumption is a delusion and a snare. We hear them declaring, that the eras of prosperity are the eras of paper money. They point us to all times of inflation as periods of blessing to the people and prosperity to business; and they ask us no more to vex their ears with any allusion to the old standard—the money of the Constitution. Let the wild swarm of financial literature, that has sprung into life within the last twelve years, witness how widely and how far we have drifted. We have lost our old moorings, and have thrown overboard our old compass; we sail by alien stars, looking not for the haven, but are afloat on a harborless sea.

Suppose you undo the work, that Congress has attempted, to resume specie payment, what will result? You will depreciate the value of the greenback. Suppose it falls ten cents on the dollar? You will have destroyed ten per cent. of the value of every deposit in the savings banks, ten per cent. of every life insurance policy and fire insurance policy, of every pension to the soldier, and of every day's wages of every laborer in the nation. The trouble with our greenback-dollar is this: It has two distinct functions, one a purchasing power, and the other a debt-paying power. As a debt-paying power, it is equal to one hundred cents; that is, to pay an old debt. A greenback dollar will, by law, discharge our hundred cents of debt. But no law can give it purchas-

ing power in the general market of the world, unless it represents a known standard of coin value. Now, what we want is, that these two qualities of our greenback-dollar shall be made equal, its debt-paying power and its general purchasing power. When these are equal, the problems of our currency are solved, and not till then. Summing it all up in a word, the struggle now pending in this House is, on the one hand, to make the greenback better, and on the other, to make it worse. The Resumption Act is making it better every day. Repeal that act, and you make it indefinitely worse. In the name of every man who wants his own, when he has earned it, I demand, that we do not make the wages of the poor man shrivel in his hands, after he has earned them; but that his money shall be made better and better, until the plow-holder's money shall be as good as the bondholder's money; until our standard is one, and there is no longer one money for the rich and another for the poor.

Privately he wrote to Mr. Hinsdale:

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 15th, 1867.

I appreciate what you say in reference to the currency question. My convictions on some points of that subject are so clear that I have a very plain duty to do, from which I dare not flinch, were I coward enough to desire to.

* * * It may be, that before very long the only escape out of the Butler-Pendleton bond-repudiation scheme on the one hand, and the contraction and inflation fight on the other, is by the shortest road to specie-payments, when the contractionists will be willing to let the inflationists have their fill of paper money, so long as they redeem it, and when the cry, that the soldier or his widow is paid in poorer money than the bondholder, would be ended. The early return to specie-paymeut would settle more difficult and dangerous questions than any one such act has done in history, so far as I know. I am glad to have the opportunity of standing up

against a rabble of men, who hasten to make weathercocks of themselves.

Think of this: December 8th, 1865, the House passed the following resolution by ayes 144, noes 6: '*Resolved*, That this House cordially concurs in the views of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of a contraction of the currency, with a view to as early resumption of specie-payments as the business interests of the country will permit, and we hereby pledge co-operation to this end as speedily as possible.'

Ten years ago but thirty-two men were found to vote against a bill to stop contraction altogether. There are near a hundred of the same men, who voted on the two measures.

He never wavered on this issue. He voted to sustain the credit of the Government in all stages of the finance question. In 1870 he pressed a resolution upon Congress, pledging that body and the country to an honorable performance of its contracts; and in 1876, when the "fiat" rage was upon the people, and his party-friends in Ohio began to abandon him, he stood firm. To all protests and appeals he had but one answer; "It is honorable; it is just; it is right. Standing here may defeat my nomination, may defeat my election; but I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong." In his speech at Massillon, Ohio, August 24th, 1878, he said of resumption:

It is right, because the public faith demands it. It is as unpatriotic, as it is dishonest, to attempt to prevent it. The highest interests both of labor and capital demand it.

Referring in the same speech to the substitu-

tion of Greenbacks for National bank-notes, he said :

Are we prepared, under a Government which our fathers meant should be a hard-money Government, to banish gold and silver from circulation in the country for all time to come, and do the business of the country upon nothing but irredeemable paper, depending for its volume upon the will and caprice of the moment, or upon the views of members of Congress seeking re-election or aspiring to higher places?

When General Garfield entered Congress, he observed, that no one devoted himself to an examination of the appropriations in detail. To vote intelligently upon them, he submitted them to a careful analysis. This analysis, which he yearly delivered to the House, was from the first well received. It came at length to be called "Garfield's budget-speech," and was always accepted as an exposition of the nation's condition. By means of it and his committee-work, he largely reduced the expenditures of the Government, and thoroughly reformed the system of estimates and appropriations, providing for closer accountability on the part of those, who spend the public money, and for a clear knowledge on the part of those, who appropriate it. Illustrating this, he said on one occasion :

We have frequently heard it remarked, since the session began, that we should make our expenditures come within our revenues, that we should "cut our garment according to our cloth." This theory may be correct, when applied to private affairs, but it is not applicable to the wants of nations. Our

national expenditures should be measured by the real necessities and the proper needs of the Government. We should cut our garment so as to fit the person to be clothed. If he be a giant, we must provide cloth sufficient for a fitting garment.

The Committee on Appropriations are seeking earnestly to reduce the expenditures of the Government, but they reject the doctrine, that they should at all hazards reduce the expenditures to the level of the revenues, however small those revenues may be. They have attempted rather to ascertain what are the real and vital necessities of the Government ; to find what amount of money will suffice to meet all its honorable obligations, to carry on all its necessary and essential functions, and to keep alive those public enterprises, which the country desires its Government to undertake and accomplish. When the amount of expenses necessary to meet these objects is ascertained, that amount should be appropriated, and ways and means for procuring that amount should be provided.

It is both just and proper, that we should state, that the protectionists of the country, who have kept watch over tariff-legislation during the past twenty years, and who have assisted in shaping and maintaining the present tariff, are perfectly satisfied with Garfield's votes and speeches on tariff. They and all other protectionists have, indeed, abundant reason for being thankful to him for valuable assistance rendered to the cause of home-industry, when it was in serious peril from free-trade attacks. His votes and speeches have been uniformly in favor of the protective policy. In his first tariff speech in Congress, in 1866, he carefully defined his position on the question of protection, as follows :

I hold, that a properly adjusted competition between home and foreign products is the best gauge to regulate international trade. *Duties should be so high, that our manufacturers can fairly compete with the foreign product*, but not so high as to enable them to drive out the foreign article, enjoy a monopoly of the trade, and regulate the price as they please. This is my doctrine of protection.

In his next tariff-speech, delivered in 1870 in defence of General Schenck's tariff-bill, which provoked a long and bitter controversy, General Garfield advised the protectionists of the House to assent to a moderate reduction of the war-duties, because they were higher than the protection of our industries demanded, and, therefore gave occasion for unfriendly criticism of the protective policy. He said:

After studying the whole subject, as carefully as I am able, I am firmly of the opinion, that the wisest thing, that the protectionists in this House can do, is to unite in a moderate reduction of duties on imported articles. He is not a faithful representative, who merely votes for the highest rate proposed in order to show on the record, that he voted for the highest figure, and, therefore, is a sound protectionist. He is the wisest man, who sees the tides and currents of public opinion, and uses his best efforts to protect the industry of the people against sudden collapses and sudden changes. Now, if I do not misunderstand the signs of the times, unless we do this ourselves prudently and wisely, we shall before long be compelled to submit to a violent reduction, made rudely and without discrimination, which will shock if not shatter all our protected industries.

The great want of industry is a stable policy; and it is a significant comment on the character of our legislation, that

Congress has become a terror to the business men of the country. This very day the great industries of the nation are standing still, half paralyzed at the uncertainty, which hangs over our proceedings here. A distinguished citizen of my own district has lately written me this significant sentence: "If the laws of God and nature were as vacillating and uncertain, as the laws of Congress in regard to the business of its people, the universe would soon fall into chaos."

General Schenck's bill passed the House, June 6th, 1870, General Garfield voting for it in company with all the protectionists of that body. It passed the Senate during the same month, supported by such leading protectionists as Howe, Scott, Morrill of Vermont, Sherman and Wilson. The bill reduced the duties on a long list of articles (pig iron, for instance, from nine dollars to seven dollars). It was a triumph of the protective policy, and a disastrous defeat of the free-traders and revenue-reformers, who had favored still lower duties. It embodied provisions, still retained in the existing tariff, with which all protectionists are entirely satisfied.

In 1872, two years after the passage of General Schenck's bill, a bill to reduce duties on imports and internal taxes, reported to the House of Representatives, by Mr. Dawes, the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, was after discussion passed by a large majority, favored by such prominent protectionists as Dawes, Frye, Foster, Palmer, Roberts, Wheeler, and Hoar. General Garfield voted for it. Judge Kelley and

sixty other protectionists voted against it. It became a law, passing the Senate by a two-thirds vote, and supported by such well-known protectionists as Ferry, Howe, the two Morrills, Morton, Sherman and Wilson. Protectionists, as will be seen, were not united upon the merits of this bill, which, among other provisions, reduced the duty on many iron and steel products ten per cent.: but no conflict of principle was involved in their differences—only a question of expediency.

A recent writer on this subject, gives the following page from its history :

In 1875, three years after the passage of the bill just referred to, Mr. Dawes, still chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, reported a bill to further protect the sinking fund and to provide for the exigencies of the Government, which provided, among other things, for the restoration of the ten per cent., which had been taken from the duties on iron and steel by the Act of 1872. This bill passed the House by a close vote, General Garfield voting for it, as did nearly every protectionist in the House. The bill passed the Senate and became a law, the vote being very close—yeas, 30 ; nays, 29. The protectionists in the Senate were almost unanimously in favor of it. Mr. Sherman made a strong speech against it, and Mr. Scott and Mr. Frelinghuysen very ably supported it. Mr. Sherman voted against it. The passage of this bill gave great encouragement to our prostrated iron and steel industries.

The next tariff-measure, that came before Congress, was the bill of Mr. Morrison, which was presented in the House in 1876, but was so vigorously opposed, that it never reached the dignity of a square vote upon its merits. Two years afterwards Mr. Wood undertook the preparation of a tariff-bill,

which greatly reduced duties on most articles of foreign manufacture, and which he confidently hoped might become a law. This bill possessed more vitality than that of Mr. Morrison, and it was with great difficulty, that the friends of protection were able to secure its defeat. On the 4th of June General Garfield delivered an elaborate speech against it in committee of the whole, in the course of which he said :

“I would have the duty so adjusted, that every great American industry can fairly live and make fair profits. The chief charge I make against this bill is, that it seeks to cripple the protective features of the law.”

He further said, in concluding his speech :

“A bill so radical in its character, so dangerous to our business prosperity, would work infinite mischief at this time, when the country is just recovering from a long period of depression and getting again upon solid ground, just coming up out of the wild sea of panic and distress, which has tossed us so long.

“Let it be remembered that twenty-two per cent. of all the laboring people of this country are artisans engaged in manufactures. Their culture has been fostered by our tariff-laws. It is their pursuits and the skill, which they have developed, that produced the glory of our Centennial Exhibition. To them the country owes the splendor of the position it holds before the world more than to any other equal number of our citizens. If this bill becomes a law, it strikes down their occupation and throws into the keenest distress the brightest and best elements of our population.”

On the day following the delivery of General Garfield's speech, his suggestion to strike out the enacting clause was carried into effect upon motion of Mr. Conger ; and the bill was killed—yeas, 134, nays, 121. The majority against the bill was only 13.

During the recent session of Congress a vigorous effort was made to break down the tariff by piecemeal legislation.

“Divide and conquer” was the motto of the free-traders. They were defeated in every effort to reduce duties, and in every instance they encountered General Garfield’s opposition. Iron and steel manufacturers have good cause to remember his vote in the Ways and Means Committee last March on the bill of Mr. Covert to reduce the duty on steel rails. General Garfield voted with Judge Kelley and Messrs. Conger, Frye, Felton, Gibson and Phelps against any reduction; and that was the end of Mr. Covert’s bill—the vote being seven against six in favor of it. Had the bill prevailed, the entire line of duties on iron and steel and other manufactures would have been seriously endangered.

The following reference to another question of political economy is found in General Garfield’s speech on the importance of the last census:

Statistical science is indispensable to modern statesmanship. In legislation, as in physical science, it is beginning to be understood, that we can control terrestrial forces only by obeying their laws. The legislator must formulate in his statistics not only the national will, but also those great laws of social life revealed by statistics. He must study society rather than black-letter learning. He must learn the truth, that “society usually prepares the crime, and the criminal is only the instrument that completes it,” that statesmanship consists rather in removing causes than in punishing or evading results.

CHAPTER XXII.

ARRAIGNING HIS ENEMIES.

GENERAL GARFIELD constantly dealt his enemies in Congress sledge-hammer blows, not from malignity or revenge. His tongue was always moved by what he considered the necessities of the situation. The tradition of his district, if no other cause had prompted, would have allied him with the North, when the Rebellion became a question of national interest. His vigorous, clear mind needed no words of others to shape his course. Whenever the Union was concerned, he answered every call with electric readiness.

One of his early speeches in Congress gave him high oratorical rank. Alexander Long of Ohio delivered in 1864 an exceedingly ultra Peace-Democratic speech, proposing that Congress should recognize the Southern Confederacy. The speech attracted so much attention, that by common consent it was left to the young member, so fresh from the battle-field, to reply. When Long took his seat, Garfield rose. His opening sentence thrilled his listeners. In a moment he was surrounded by a crowd of members from the remoter seats. In the midst of great excitement

and wild applause from his side he poured forth an invective rarely surpassed in that body for power and elegance. We quote only the opening of this speech:

MR. CHAIRMAN: I am reminded by the occurrences of this afternoon of two characters in the War of the Revolution, as compared with two others in the war of to-day.

The first was Lord Fairfax, who dwelt near the Potomac, a few miles from us. When the great contest was opened between the mother-country and the colonies, Lord Fairfax, after a protracted struggle with his own heart decided that he must go with the mother-country. He gathered his mantle about him and went over grandly and solemnly.

There was another man, who cast in his lot with the struggling colonists and continued with them, till the war was well-nigh ended. In an hour of darkness, that just preceded the glory of morning, he hatched the treason to surrender forever all, that had been gained, to the enemies of his country. Benedict Arnold was that man.

Fairfax and Arnold find their parallel in the struggle of to-day.

When this war was begun many good men stood hesitating, and doubting what they ought to do. Robert E. Lee sat in his house across the river here doubting and delaying, and going off at last almost tearfully to join the army of his State. He reminds one in some respects of Lord Fairfax, the stately royalist of the Revolution.

But now, when tens of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag; when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us; when our armies have pushed the rebellion back over mountains and rivers, and crowded it into narrow limits, until a wall of fire girds it; now, when the up-

lifted hand of a majestic people is about to hurl the bolts of its conquering power upon the rebellion, now in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there rises a Benedict Arnold and proposes to surrender all, body and spirit, the nation and the flag, its genius and its honor, now and forever to the accursed traitors to our country. And that proposition comes—God forgive and pity my beloved State—it comes from a citizen of the time-honored and loyal commonwealth of Ohio.

I implore you, brethren of this House, to believe that not many births ever gave pangs to my Mother-state, such as she suffered, when that traitor was born! I beg you not to believe, that on the soil of that State such another growth has ever deformed the face of nature, and darkened the light of God's day!

The speech continued in the same strain, polished and powerful. Its delivery "on the spur of the moment," in immediate reply to an elaborate effort, which had taken him, as well as the rest of the House, by surprise, won him a crowning credit.

In 1876 he handled the same question, as it re-appeared in another and less objectionable form. In the course of a speech, "Can the Democratic Party be safely intrusted with the Administration of the Government?" in an answer to Mr. Larmar, the Great Republican said:

I share all that gentleman's aspirations for peace, for good government at the South—and I believe I can safely assure him, that the great majority of the nation shares the same aspirations. But he will allow me to say, that he has not fully stated the elements of the great problem to be solved by

the statesmanship of to-day. The actual field is much broader than the view he has taken. And before we can agree, that the remedy he proposes is an adequate one, we must take in the whole field, comprehend all the conditions of the problem, and then see, if his remedy is sufficient. The change he proposes is not like the ordinary change of a ministry in England, when the government is defeated on a tax-bill or some routine measure of legislation. He proposes to turn over the custody and management of the Government to a party which has persistently, and with the greatest bitterness, resisted all the great changes of the last fifteen years—changes, which were the necessary results of a vast revolution—a revolution in national policy, in social and political ideas; a revolution, whose causes were not the work of a day nor a year, but of generations and centuries.

* * * * * * *

The cause, that triumphs in the field, does not always triumph in history. And those, who carried the war for union and equal and universal freedom to a victorious issue, can never safely relax their vigilance, until the ideas, for which they fought, have become embodied in the enduring forms of individual and national life.

Has this been done? Not yet. I ask the gentleman in all plainness of speech, and yet in all kindness: Is he correct in his statement that the conquered party accept the results of the war? Even if they do, I remind the gentleman, that *accept* is not a very strong word. I go further, I ask him if the Democratic party have adopted the results of the war. Is it not asking too much of human nature to expect such unparalleled changes to be not only accepted, but in so short a time adopted, by men of strong and independent opinions. This conflict of opinion was not merely one of sentimental feeling; it involved our whole political system; it gave rise to two radically different theories of the nature of our Government: the North believing and holding, that we were a nation; the South insisting, that we were only a confedera-

tion of sovereign States, and insisting, that each State had the right, at its own discretion, to break the Union, and constantly threatening secession, when the full rights of slavery were not acknowledged. Thus the defense and aggrandizement of slavery and the hatred of abolitionism became not only the central idea of the Democratic party, but its master passion—a passion intensified and inflamed by twenty-five years of fierce political contest, which had not only driven from its ranks all those, who preferred freedom to slavery, but had absorbed all the extreme pro-slavery elements of the fallen Whig party. Over against this was arrayed the Republican party, asserting the broad doctrines of nationality and loyalty, insisting that no State had a right to secede, that secession was treason, and demanding, that the institution of slavery should be restricted to the limits of the States where it already existed. But here and there many bolder and more radical thinkers declared, with Wendell Phillips, that there never could be union and peace, freedom and prosperity, until we were willing to see John Hancock under a black skin. Now, I ask the gentleman if he is quite sure, as a matter of fact, that the Democratic party, its southern as well as its northern wing, has followed his own illustrious and worthy example in the vast progress he has made since 1859? He assures us, that the transformation has been so complete, that the nation can safely trust all the most precious fruits of the war in the hands of that party, who stood with him in 1859? If that be true, I rejoice at it with all my heart; but the gentleman must pardon me if I ask him to assist my wavering faith by some evidence, some consoling proofs. When did the great transformation take place? Certainly not within two years after the delivery of the speech I have quoted; for, two years from that time the contest had risen much higher; it had risen to the point of open, terrible and determined war. Did the change come during the war? Oh, no; for, in the four terrible years ending in 1865, every resource of courage and power, that the Southern States could muster was employed

not only to save slavery, but to destroy the Union. So the transformation had not occurred in 1865. When did it occur?

* * * * *

So the transformation had not come in the days of Ku-Klux, of 1871 and 1872. Had it come in 1873 and the beginning of 1874? Had it come in the State of Mississippi? Had it come in one-quarter of the States lately in rebellion? Here is a report from an honorable committee of the House, signed by two gentlemen, who are still members, Mr. Conger and Mr. Hurlbut—a report made as late as December, 1874, in which there is disclosed, by innumerable witnesses, the proof that the white-line organization, an avowed military organization, formed within the Democratic party, had leagued themselves together to prevent the enjoyment of suffrage and equal rights by the colored men of the South.

Mr. Chairman, after the facts I have cited, am I not warranted in raising a grave doubt whether the transformation occurred at all, except in a few patriotic and philosophic minds? Does the gentleman believe, that a northern minority of the Democracy will control the administration? Impossible! But if they did, would it better the case?

Let me put the question in another form. Suppose, gentlemen of the South, you had won the victory in the war; that you had captured Washington, and Gettysburg, and Philadelphia, and New York; and we of the North, defeated and conquered, had lain prostrate at your feet. Do you believe that by this time you would be ready and willing to intrust to us—our Garrisons, our Phillipses, and our Wades, and the great array of those, who were the leaders of our thought—the fruits of your victory, the enforcement of your doctrines of State sovereignty, and the work of extending the domain of slavery? Do you think so? And if not, will you not pardon us, when we tell you, that we are not quite ready to trust the precious results of the nation's victory in your hands? Let it be constantly borne in mind, that I am not debating a question of equal rights and privileges within the

Union, but whether those, who so lately sought to destroy it, ought to be chosen to control its destiny for the next four years.

It is now time to inquire as to the fitness of this Democratic party to take control of our great nation and its vast and important interests for the next four years. I put the question to the gentleman from Mississippi (Mr. Lamar), what has the Democratic party done to merit that great trust? He tries to show in what respects it would not be dangerous. I ask him to show in what it would be safe. I affirm, and I believe I do not misrepresent the great Democratic party, that in the last sixteen years they have not advanced one great national idea, that is not to-day exploded and as dead as Julius Cæsar. And if any Democrat here will rise and name a great national doctrine his party has advanced, within that time, that is now alive and believed in, I will yield to him. [A pause.] In default of an answer I will attempt to prove my negative.

* * * * *

I walked across that Democratic campaign-ground as in a graveyard. Under my feet resound the hollow echoes of the dead. There lies slavery, a black marble column at the head of its grave, on which I read: "Died in the flames of the civil war; loved in its life; lamented in its death; followed to its bier by its only mourner, the Democratic party; but dead!" And here is a double grave: "Sacred to the memory of squatter sovereignty." Died in the campaign of 1860. On the reverse side: "Sacred to the memory of Dred Scott and the Breckinridge doctrine." Both dead at the hands of Abraham Lincoln! And here a monument of brimstone: "Sacred to the memory of the rebellion; the war against it is a failure; *Tilden et Vallandigham fecerunt*, A. D. 1864." Dead on the field of battle; shot to death by the million guns of the Republic. The doctrine of secession; of state sovereignty, dead; expired in the flames of civil war, amid the blazing rafters of the Confederacy, except that the modern Æneas, fleeing out of the flames of that ruin,

bears on his back another Anchises of State sovereignty, and brings it here in the person of the honorable gentleman from the Appomattox district of Virginia (Mr. Tucker). All else is dead.

* * * * *

Now, gentlemen, come with me for a moment into the camp of the Republican party and review its career. Our central doctrine in 1860 was, that slavery should never extend itself over another foot of American soil. Is that doctrine dead? It is folded away like a victorious banner; its truth is alive for evermore on this continent. In 1864 we declared, that we would put down the rebellion and secession. And that doctrine lives, and will live, when the second centennial has arrived. Freedom—national, universal and perpetual—our great Constitutional Amendments, are they alive or dead? Alive, thank the God, that shields both liberty and the Union. And our national credit! saved from the assaults of Pendleton; saved from the assaults of those who struck it later, rising higher and higher at home and abroad; and only now in doubt lest its chief, its only, enemy, the Democracy, should triumph in November.

* * * * *

General Garfield was firmly opposed to the unlimited coinage of silver. His position on this question of political economy is thus stated by Mr. Kirke:

After the attempt to repeal the Resumption law came the Silver fight, with all its ferocity; and in a circle of nine States around (and including) Ohio, General Garfield was the only political leader on either side, who voted against flooding the country with depreciated silver. He was not opposed to silver; he was in favor of it; but he insisted, that silver coin should be equal in value with gold coin, so that every dollar should be at par before the law.

On the 17th of May, 1879, when the bill to authorize the unlimited coinage of silver and to give the profit thereof to the owners of bullion was before the House, General Garfield made a vigorous speech against it. We quote the following from it.

The time is ripe for some wise and prudent arrangement among the nations to save silver from a disastrous break-down. Yet we, who during the past two years have coined far more silver dollars than we ever before coined since the foundation of the Government, ten times as many as we coined during half a century of our national life, are to-day ignoring and defying the enlightened, universal opinion of bi-metallism, and saying, that the United States, single-handed and alone, can enter the field and settle the mighty issue. We are justifying the old proverb; "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." It is sheer madness, Mr. Speaker. I once saw a dog on a great stack of hay, that had been floated out into the wild, overflowed stream of a river, with its stack-pen and foundations, still holding together but ready to be wrecked. For a little while the animal appeared to be perfectly happy. His hay-stack was there, and the pen around it, and he seemed to think the world bright and his happiness secure, while the sunshine fell softly on his head and hay. But by-and-by he began to discover, that the house and the barn, and their surroundings, were not all there, as they were when he went to sleep the night before; and he began to see that he could not command all the prospect, and peacefully dominate the scene, as he had done before. So with this House. We assume to manage this mighty question, which has been launched on the wild current, that sweeps over the whole world; and we bark from our legislative hay-stacks, as though we commanded the whole world. In the name of common sense and sanity, let us take some account of the flood; let us under-

stand that a deluge means something, and try, if we can, to get our bearings, before we undertake to settle the affairs of all mankind by a vote of this House. To-day we are coining one-third of all the silver, that is being coined in the round world; China is coining another third, and all other nations are using the remaining one-third for subsidiary coin. And if we want to take rank with China, and part company with all of the civilized nations of the Western world, let us pass this bill, and then "bay the moon," as we float down the whirling channel to take our place among the silver mono-metallists of Asia.

General Garfield was no less strenuous in his opposition to the Democratic idea of "State Sovereignty." We quote the following from his speech on "The Revived Doctrine of State Rights," June 30th, 1879:

Mr. Chairman, the dogma of State Sovereignty, which has re-awakened to such vigorous life in this chamber, has borne such bitter fruits, and entailed such suffering upon our people, that it deserves more particular notice. It should be noticed that the word "Sovereignty" cannot be fitly applied to any government in this country. It is not found in our constitution. It is a feudal word, born of the despotism of the middle ages, and was unknown even in imperial Rome. A "Sovereign" is a person, a prince who has subjects, that owe him allegiance. There is no one paramount sovereign in the United States. There is no person here, who holds any title or authority whatever, except the official authority given him by law. Americans are not *subjects*, but citizens. Our only sovereign is the whole people. To talk about the "inherent sovereignty" of a corporation—an artificial person—is to talk nonsense; and we ought to reform our habit of speech on that subject.

But what do gentlemen mean when they tell us that a State

is sovereign? What does sovereignty mean, in its accepted use, but a political corporation having no superior? Is a State of this Union such a corporation? Let us test it by a few examples drawn from the Constitution. No State of this Union can make war or conclude a peace. Without the consent of Congress it cannot raise or support an army or a navy. It cannot make a treaty with a foreign power, nor enter into any agreement or compact with another State. It cannot levy imposts, nor duties on imports or exports. It cannot coin money. It cannot regulate commerce. It cannot authorize a single ship to go into commission anywhere on the high seas. If it should, that ship would be seized as a pirate, or confiscated by the laws of the United States. A State cannot emit bills of credit. It can enact no law, which makes anything but gold and silver a legal tender. It has no flag except the flag of the Union. And there are many other subjects, on which the States are forbidden by the Constitution to legislate.

How much inherent sovereignty is left in a corporation, which is thus shorn of all these great attributes of sovereignty? But this is not all. The Supreme Court of the United States may declare null and void any law, or any clause of the Constitution of a State, which happens to be in conflict with the Constitution and Laws of the United States. Again, the States appear as plaintiffs and defendants before the Supreme Court of the United States. They may sue each other; and, until the Eleventh Amendment was adopted, a citizen might sue a State. These "sovereigns" may all be summoned before their common superior to be judged. And yet they are endowed with supreme inherent sovereignty!

Again, the government of a State may be absolutely abolished by Congress, in case it is not republican in form. And finally, to cap the climax of this absurd pretension, every right possessed by one of these "sovereign" States, every inherent sovereign right, except the single right to equal representation in the Senate, may be taken away, without its con-

sent, by the vote of two-thirds of Congress and three-fourths of the States. But, in spite of all these disabilities, we hear them paraded as independent, sovereign States, the creators of the Union, and the dictators of its powers. How inherently "sovereign" must be that State west of the Mississippi, which the nation bought and paid for with the public money, and permitted to come into the Union a half century after the Constitution was adopted! And yet we are told that States are inherently sovereign and create the national government.

Half a century ago, this heresy threatened the stability of the nation. The eloquence of Webster and his compeers, and the patriotism and high courage of Andrew Jackson resisted, and for a time destroyed, its powers; but it continued to live as the evil genius, the incarnate devil, of America; and, in 1861, it was the fatal phantom that lured eleven millions of our people into rebellion against their Government.

The following bold passage occurs in his speech on "Counting the Electoral Vote:"

When you tell me, that civil war is threatened by any party or State in this Republic, you have given me a supreme reason, why an American Congress should refuse, with unutterable scorn, to listen to those who threaten, or do any act whatever under the coercion of threats by any power on earth. With all my soul, I despise your threat of civil war, come it from what quarter it may. Brave men, certainly a brave nation, will do nothing under such compulsion. We are intrusted with the work of obeying and defending the Constitution. I will not be deterred from obeying it, because somebody threatens to destroy it. I dismiss all that class of motives as unworthy of Americans.

What, then, are the grounds, on which we should consider a bill like this? It would be unbecoming in me or in any member of this Congress to oppose this bill on merely technical

or trifling grounds. It should be opposed, if at all, for reasons so broad, so weighty, as to overcome all, that has been said in its favor, and all the advantages, which, I have here admitted, may follow from its passage. I do not wish to diminish the stature of my antagonist; I do not wish to undervalue the points of strength in a measure, before I question its propriety. It is not enough, that this bill will tide us over a present danger, however great. Let us for a moment forget Hayes and Tilden, Republicans and Democrats; let us forget our own epoch and our own generation; and, entering a broader field, inquire, how this thing, which we are about to do, will affect the great future of our Republic; and, in what condition, if we pass this bill, we shall transmit our institutions to those, who shall come after us. The present good, which we shall achieve by it, may be very great; yet if the evils, that will flow from it in the future, must be greater, it would be base in us to flinch from trouble by entailing remediless evils upon our children.

President Garfield's position on the Chinese Question is not stated in any of his speeches, and is only lightly touched upon in the letter, in which he accepted the nomination to the Presidency. The *Wheeling* (West Virginia) *Intelligencer* of December 5th, 1877, printed an account of an interview with him, which more fully elaborates his views. Alluding to the idea quite strongly held by many writers, that the Chinese intend a conquest of all European countries, General Garfield said:

The Mongolian race is capable of great personal prowess. Being fatalists, they dare everything for the end they have in view. Their food is simple, easily supplied and easily transported. Their endurance of fatigue is proverbial. Once

organized and in motion, they could swarm into Russia as irresistibly, as the locusts of Egypt, and upon the Pacific coast of this continent as numerous and destructive, as the grasshopper. Once started, where would they stop? Civilization would retire before them, as from a plague. Look at the plague-spots in San Francisco to-day. Nobody lives in them but Chinese. Nobody else can live in them. I have seen in a space no greater than the length and height of this sleeping-car berth, in a Chinese tenement-quarter in San Francisco, the home of twelve Chinaman. In that space they actually lived—yes, actually lived—most of their time. There they crouched, all doubled up, and there they cooked, ate, slept, and, in a word, lived. They cooked with a little lamp a mess of stuff, that they import from China, which, like their rice food, is very cheap; and a mere pittance, in the way of earnings on the street, will supply them food and clothes for an indefinite time. A few cents per day is more to them than a dollar to the commonest American laborer. Hence the lowest grade of poor-paid labor retires before them, as it would before a pestilence.

This is not all. They have no assimilation whatever to Caucasian civilization. The negro assimilates with the Caucasian. He wants all that we want. He adopts our civilization—professes our religion, works for our wages, and is a customer for everything, that civilization produces. Hence, using a figure of physiology, we can take him up in the circulation of the body politic and assimilate him—make a man and a brother of him, as the phrase goes; but not so in the least degree with the Chinaman.

And this brings me to say, that one of the great questions, that now press upon Congress and the country for immediate attention and solution, is, what shall we do with reference to Chinese immigration? We have always refused to citizenize them. Shall we continue the treaty, under which they are immigrating to our shores? And if continued, shall it not be subjected to essential modifications?

It will doubtless interest the reader to peruse a few of the letters, which General Garfield wrote during the long period of his Congressional service.

(To Colonel A. F. Rockwell, U. S. A.)

HIRAM, OHIO, August 30th, 1869.

It seems as though each year added more to the work, that falls to my share. This season I have the main weight of the Census Bill and the reports to carry, and the share of the Ohio campaign that falls to me, and, in addition to all this, I am running in debt and building a house in Washington. On looking over I found I had paid out over \$5,000, since I first went to Congress, for rent alone; and all this is a dead loss; so finding an old staff-officer (Major D. G. Swaim), I negotiated enough to enable me to get a lot on the corner of Thirteenth and I Streets, north, opposite to Franklin Square, and I have got a house three-quarters done. It may be a losing business, but I hope I shall be able to sell it, when I am done with it, so as to save myself and the rent.

(To Colonel Rockwell.)

HIRAM, OHIO, August 6th, 1870.

I have at last reached home in the green fields and pure air of the country, and for the first time in many months have a few days of comparative rest now before the opening of the fall campaign.

My work during the last Congressional year has been harder than ever before. I gave eighty days' hard work last Summer and Fall to the census, and though I carried my bill successfully through the House, it failed in the Senate. Then I spent forty days on the Gold Panic Investigation and Report, nearly all the work of which I did. Then I gave three or four weeks' hard work to the Tariff Bill, and more than

that amount to the Currency Bill, which I had charge of, and which created a long and strong combat. Add to this all the usual outside work and two cases in the Supreme Court, one of which I argued and won, and you will see that it filled my days and many of my nights with about as close grubbing as I was capable of performing. On the whole I have done as much as I had any reason to hope I should.

I was very much obliged for your discussion of the Indian Affairs. You can see how nearly impossible it is for a member of Congress, nearly a thousand miles away from the scene of Indian events, and knowing nothing but what he learns from vague and contradictory reports, to understand the real situation, and to provide wise and efficient means for managing a subject so difficult and so impossible to handle by general laws or regulations. I have from the first been in favor of the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department; but the Piegan massacre and the personal quarrel, of which you speak, prevented the transfer, I twice got the bill through the House. I shall take the liberty to write to Secretary Cox and quote some passages from your letter.

(*To Prof. B. A. Hinsdale.*)

WASHINGTON, May 20th, 1879.

I have read your letter carefully. It is all interesting, and some of your reflections and suggestions are very valuable. I will notice your points in the order you state them.

FIRST.—You think my position in the first speech was greatly modified, if not abandoned, in the second, because, first, from the speech of March 29th, the ordinary reader would get the idea, that revolution comes in on the rider, and not in insisting upon the rider, when it could not command a two-thirds' vote; second, that the latter point is not mentioned at all in my first speech, and no intimation is made, that the rider is ever legitimate. It is no doubt true, that the reader of my first speech, who had not paid special attention to the transactions of Con-

gress during the preceding month, might fail to understand what was plain to my hearers, who had listened to the debate, in which the Democrats had repeatedly stated, that their reason for putting their independent legislation upon the appropriation bill as a rider, was, because they were certain it would be vetoed, if passed as an independent measure, and their only hope of success was to pass no appropriation bills without the riders.

Several of these declarations are quoted in the President's veto of the Army Appropriation Bill. But I don't think that the ordinary reader can find anything in my first speech, which implies that it is revolutionary to put a rider on an appropriation bill.

It is singular, that no member of Congress, who replied to me, attempted to show, by any quotation from my speech, that I had said so.

On the contrary, I think the ordinary reader will understand, that I was discussing the refusal to vote supplies, if the ridered bill should be vetoed.

Let me call your attention to the fact, that, after developing, on pages 6, 7 and 8 of the first speech, the doctrine of the voluntary powers of the government, and that the free consent of the House, the Senate, and the President, or two-thirds of the House and Senate against the President's consent is the basis of all our laws, I say at the close of page 8: "The programme announced two weeks ago was, that, if the Senate refused to consent to the demands of the House, the government should stop. And the proposition was then, and the programme is now, that, although there is not a Senate to be coerced, there is still a third independent branch in the legislative power of the government, whose consent is to be coerced at the peril of the destruction of this government. That is, if the President, in the discharge of his duty, shall exercise his plain constitutional right to refuse his consent to this proposed legislation, Congress will so use its voluntary powers as to destroy the government."

This is the proposition which we confront, and we denounce as revolutionary. That is, the Democratic party in Congress, knowing it had not a two-thirds' majority, declared that, if the President refused his signature to their independent legislation, they would not vote supplies, and would let the government perish of inanition. My replies to the questions of Mr. Stevens, page 11, and Mr. Davis, page 14, are to the same effect, from the beginning to the end of the speech. I was discussing their proposition, that if they could not pass their measures of independent legislation in spite of the President's veto—and they knew they could not—they would refuse to vote supplies. As Mr. Beck said: "Whether that course is right or wrong, it will be adhered to, no matter what happens to the appropriation bill."

My theme was the proposed coercion of the President and the threat of stopping the government.

I think it appears from the foregoing, that I did not call riders revolutionary. I said nothing about the legitimacy of riders, because that was not my theme.

SECOND.—You think, *first*, that I used the word revolution in a loose stump-speech sense, and not in the more serious sense, in which statesmen should employ it; and *second*, you see nothing in the state of the public mind outside of Congress to indicate any general concurrence in my opinion, that revolution was threatened. I know the word is sometimes loosely used in reference to changes of a quiet sort. We say, for example, there has been a revolution in the common-school system. I do not think I am open to the charge of using it either in the stump-speech or in the milder sense just referred to. Certainly we had a revolution in 1861; but before we came to blows, the revolution was prepared by the attempt of the South to put in force the doctrine, that a State was sovereign, and had a right to secede from the Union. To put that doctrine in practice was to destroy the government; and dissolution was revolution.

Now, the Democratic programme, as announced by Thur-

man, Beck, and the rest, is, that whatever may be the consequence, they will not vote supplies, unless certain laws are repealed; and, not having the constitutional power to repeal those laws, they have thus far refused to vote supplies. Continued persistence in that refusal destroys the government. I denounce their policy and purpose as threatened revolution. If that, which inevitably destroys the government be not revolution, in the largest and most dangerous sense of that word, I am wholly mistaken.

You say you do not see signs of revolution in the country; nor do I. I saw it only in Congress. The title of my speech was "Revolution in Congress;" and I resisted it there, in order that it might not spread and become revolution throughout the whole Union. I do not now believe it will ripen into completed revolution, because, the purposes of the Democracy having been disclosed, public opinion will break them down. I think my speech has done something toward breaking them down by disclosing their purposes. The responses of the country, before I made my second speech, greatly relieved my apprehensions, and I felt less for the result April 4th than I did March 29th, though the Democracy had not abandoned their scheme, nor have they done so yet.

THIRD.—Your analysis of the elements, that make up the spirit of the Republican party, is certainly just in the main. It would not be possible for any party to be the chief actor in the events of the past twenty-five years without being influenced by the spirit of the events themselves. Our recent history has developed a war-horse type of Republican, which I agree with you in despising as a permanent element; but I do not agree with you, that the present agitation is an outcome on the part of Republicans to get up a new cry; we do not bring this new issue. My analysis of the situation is this: Two Democratic leaders, Tilden and Thurman, are engaged in a desperate struggle for the next Presidency. Tilden hopes to be elected on the reminiscences of 1876. The Potter committee was appointed to infuse the belief, that Tilden had

been counted out by fraud. Tilden had been gaining ground as a candidate; and, if Thurman merely joined in this cry of fraud, he carried coals to Tilden's cellar, and did not help himself. He therefore raised a new issue to rally the party around him. His cry was: "No military interference with elections!" "Down with the bayonet at the polls!" "Down with national interference with elections!" The only way, that he and his associates could elevate this issue into prominence, was by threatening to stop the government, if his aggravations are not redressed. Not to have resisted this scheme would have been criminal on our part. It is true, that in resisting it the war-horse type of Republican has found new employment; and many of the undesirable elements of our party are delighted that this issue has been raised. This could not be otherwise; but it is not just to say, that Republicans have raised the issue to feed their taste for gore.

I note, with great interest, what you say about the recent history of my mind and the effect of stump-speaking upon my modes of thinking. I have no doubt, that it induces a looseness and superficiality of thought and an extravagance of expression; but, on the other hand, it has some compensations. A man, addressing a great and mixed audience composed of friends and enemies, is certainly impelled to be more careful in his statement of facts, than one who has his audience all to himself. He is much less liable to become epigrammatical and self-confident in his own views, than those, who have a friendly audience, where nobody opposes or puts questions. I should be grieved indeed, if I felt that political speaking was weakening my love for study and reflection in other directions. I thank you for the suggestions, and shall keep watch of myself all the more in consequence of them. But it occurs to me I have made more speeches of the kind you approve within the last six months, than of the kind you disapprove. For example, the Henry speech, the speech on the Relation of the Government to Science, the Sugar Tariff

speech, the speech on Mr. Schleicher, the Chicago speech, and the two articles in the *North American Review*.

(*To Prof. Hinsdale.*)

WASHINGTON, July 7th, 1879.

The session has been a most uncomfortable one; but, on the whole, it has been valuable in the new class of topics it has brought into discussion. The Democrats completely abandoned the main ground, which they at first took; and the most sensible among them do not hesitate to admit privately, that it was wholly untenable. Instead of withholding \$45,000,000 of appropriations to compel the redress of grievances, they withheld only \$600,000, and they did not carry as many points of legislation, as were tendered them at the close of the last Congress. The course of justice can only be kept by the marshals advancing the necessary money, and running the risk of Congress paying them hereafter; but their powers and official authority are not impaired.
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Partywise, the extra session has united the Republicans more than anything since 1868, and it bids fair to give us 1880.

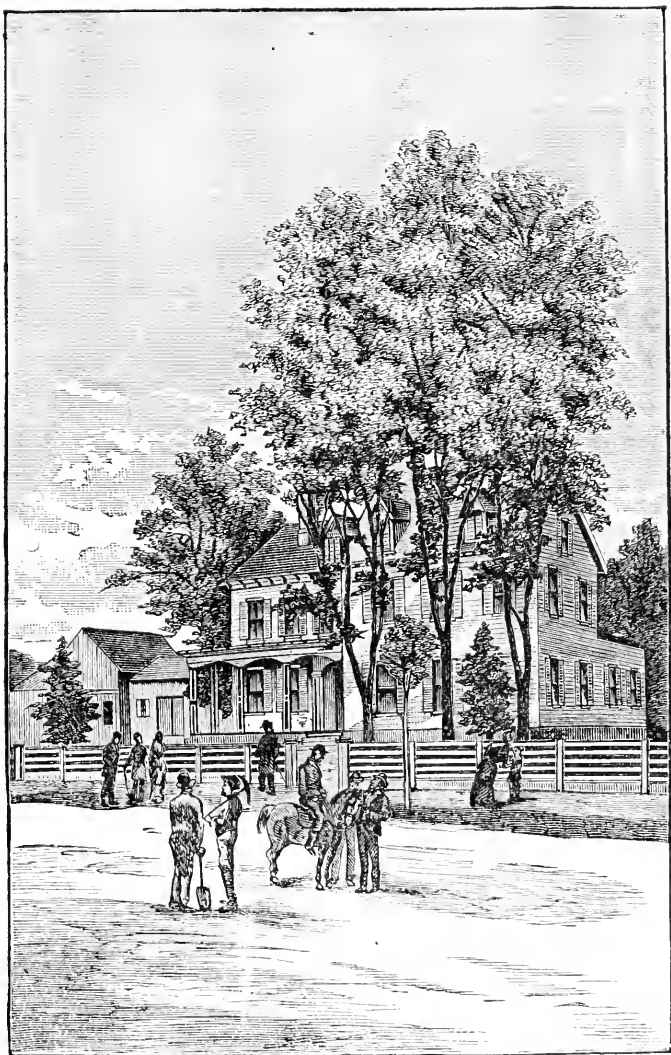
CHAPTER XXIII.

A VISIT TO LAWNFIELD.

IT is essential, that the reader should take a glance at General Garfield's home, and obtain knowledge of him *as a private citizen*. The *domestic* side of his life especially showed the nobility of his character. The author speaks from personal experience, having had the good fortune to make a visit at Lawnfield during the Summer of 1880.

The station at which I stopped, was Mentor, twenty-six miles from Cleveland, on the Lake Shore Railroad. The General's house is about half-way between Mentor and Willoughby, two miles from the station. The drive to the house was over a flat country, which evidently had once been a part of the bottom of the lake. About a mile and a half west of the house is Joe Smith's first Mormon temple—a plain, but queer-looking, structure, which served its purpose for a while, but which is now useless. It was but a speck in the landscape of a country, that was attractive enough to enable me to realize, why the General desired to reside away from a bustling city.

Mentor is not a regular town, but a thickly settled neighborhood. There were houses at about



GEN. GARFIELD'S HOME, MENTOR, OHIO.



every hundred rods, with little farms, orchards and gardens around them. "The General," as Garfield was called, was the big man of the place, and owned one hundred and sixty acres of land. While driving along the Mentor road one day in 1877, and observing the quiet country-beauty of the place, he thought, that he would like to live there. He bought one hundred and twenty acres, and afterwards added forty. There was a cottage on the ground, which made a very comfortable home for the family; but when the general went to Washington, he ordered it to be enlarged and remodeled.

The house at best is but a slight affair, when compared with a palatial residence on Fifth Avenue. But it was all-sufficient for the needs of the first Republican of his time. He always hastened to it, when Congress adjourned, obtaining there the rest so necessary for preparing himself for his duties in Washington.

On arriving at Lawnfield, I went to a little office just behind the house, though in view, and inquired for the general.

"He is on the farm," replied one of the two secretaries, who were diligently writing; "I will go and find him."

While the secretary was absent, I examined the house and its surroundings. It was two and a half stories high, in an unfinished state. The walls were painted white, and relieved by a roof of

Turkish red. The lawn was liberally dotted with fruit trees, in the spreading branches of one of which a boy was busily picking cherries, and sharing them with several girls, who were under the tree. A double row of noble elms was in front of the house. Not far off I noticed gooseberry and currant bushes, and just back of the house, beyond the office, a commodious barn.

The cottage, that stood upon the place when the general purchased it, proved altogether too small and barren of conveniences. A Cleveland architect was employed to remodel it. He decided, that the walls could be raised, and the building enlarged without pulling it down. It was then rebuilt in accordance with suggestions made by General and Mrs. Garfield. The architect drew the plans, which Mrs. Garfield changed in several particulars. When the ideas of Mrs. Garfield had been put upon paper, the general indorsed them in the following direction to the builders:

These plans must stand as above, unless otherwise ordered hereafter. If any part of them is impracticable, inform me soon and suggest change.

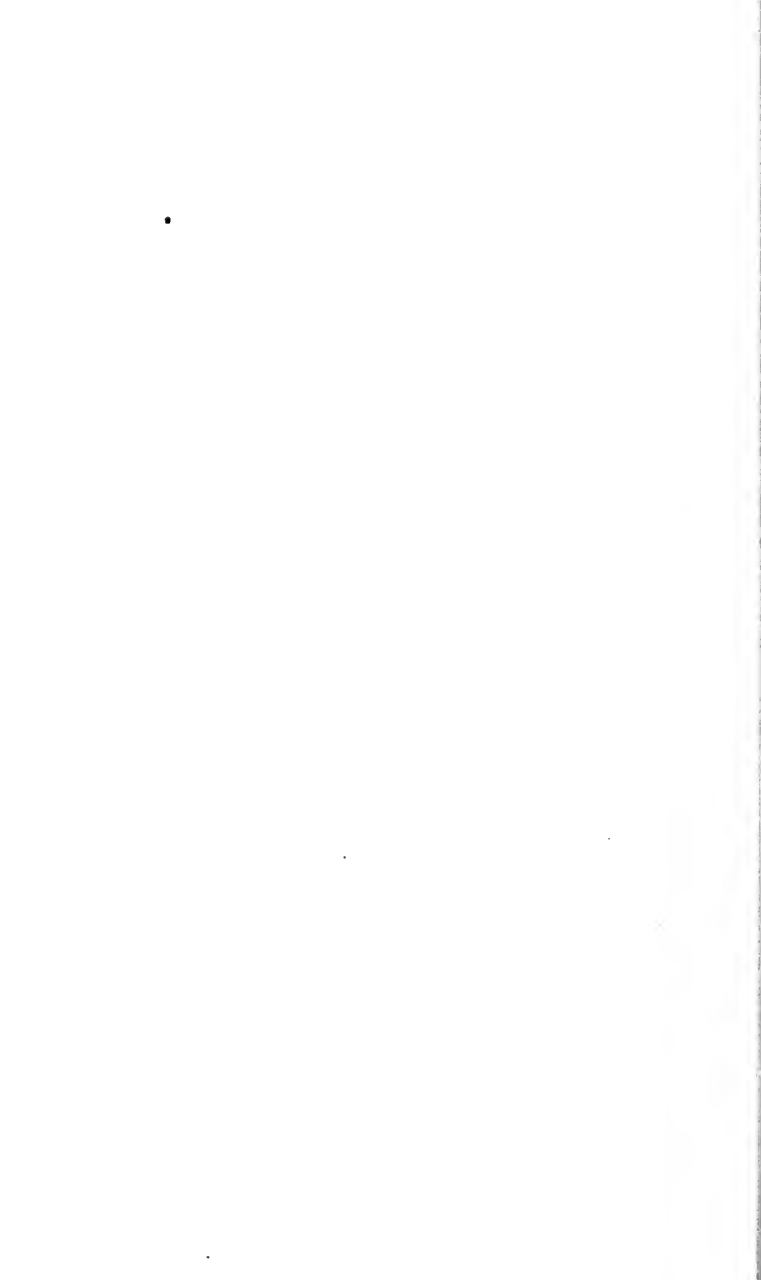
J. A. GARFIELD.

Washington, March 6th, 1880.

The house stands upon a crest or ridge, and makes a very pleasant, comfortable-looking country-home. The architecture is composite, the Gothic type prevailing. There are two dormer-



PARLOR—GENERAL GARFIELD'S HOME.

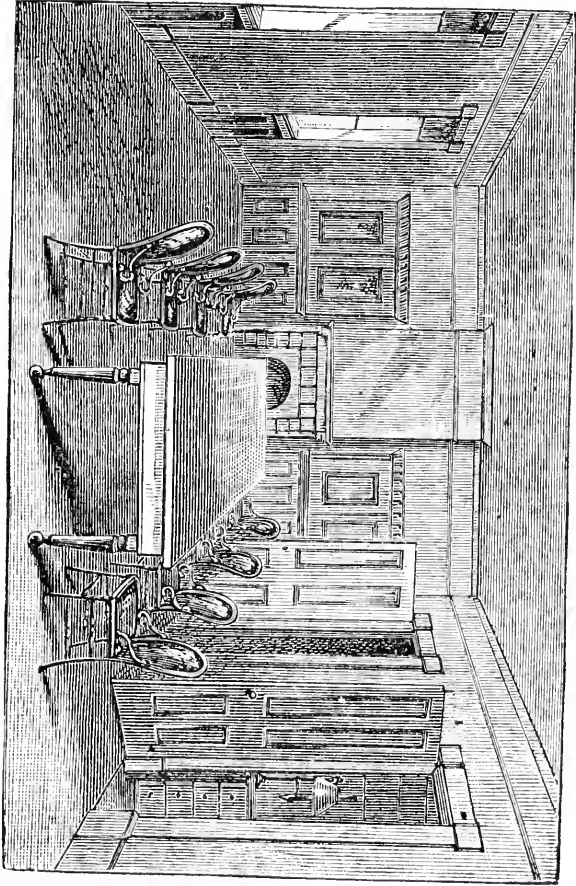


windows—one in front, and one in the rear. A broad veranda extends across the front and a part of one side of the house. Lattice-work is arranged for trailing vines. The dimensions are sixty feet front by fifty deep. The apartments are all capacious for a country-house; and the hallway is so wide that it attracts one's attention on entering. The first floor contains a hall with a large writing-table, a sitting-room, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, wash-room and pantry. The last bears on the plan the generous indorsement, "plenty of shelves and drawers." Up-stairs in the rear of the second floor is a room, that on the plan is entitled "snuggery for general." It is rather small, measuring only thirteen and a half by fourteen feet. It is filled with book-shelves, although it is not intended to usurp the place of the library, which is a separate building outside, and to the north-east of the house. Two of the best apartments in the eastern and front part of this floor are especially reserved for the general's mother. The front room has a large old-fashioned fire-place; and the greatest pains have evidently been taken to make this room thoroughly comfortable. The rooms are finished in hard woods; and everything about the place, though plain and unpretentious, gives it an appearance of quiet comfort. Very few of the timbers of the old house are visible; and none will be in sight, when the carpets are laid. The cost of the structure when finished

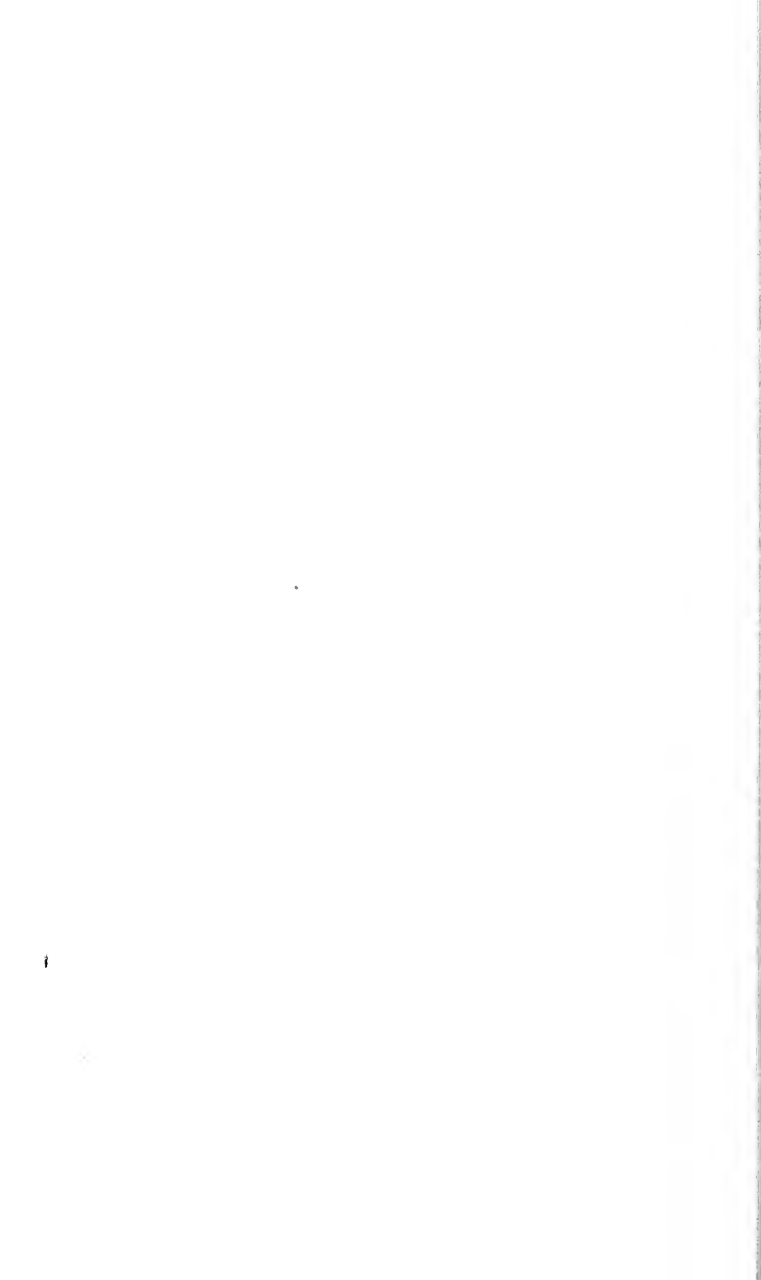
will be between 3,500 and 4,000 dollars. The barn, at the rear, furnishes accommodations for the two carriage-horses, the single carriage-horse and the heavy working-team. Of the one hundred and sixty acres comprising the farm, the yard, garden and orchard take up about twelve. Some seventy acres are under tillage; and the rest are in pasture and woodland.

About ten minutes slipped away, before the tall, broad-shouldered, full-chested, strongly-knitted form of Garfield came from between the buildings. Two telegraph-men were with him, arranging to put a private wire into his office. With that charming, unpretentious politeness, for which he is distinguished, he asked me to sit on the broad veranda, where, he said, I would find it much cooler and pleasanter than within doors. While we sat on the porch, I had a good opportunity of studying him. His head, as well as his frame, was massive, and his brain gigantic. He had light-brown hair, reddish-brown beard, large blue eyes and a full, round, fair face. His weight was, perhaps, two hundred and forty pounds. He dressed plainly, and preferred to wear a soft, slouch hat with a broad brim.

Visitors, who came unannounced, often found him working in the hay-field with his boys, with his genial face sheltered from the sun under a big chip hat, and his trousers tucked into a pair of cow-hide boots. He was a thorough country-



DINING-ROOM—GENERAL GARFIELD'S HOME.



man, by instinct. The smell of the good, brown earth, the lowing of the cattle, the perfume of the new-cut hay, and all the sights and sounds of farm-life were dear to him from early associations.

He excused himself for a moment, as the telegraph-men needed some advice. As I sat there, I recalled some of the many things concerning the man, that had been recently told me.

Seated on his veranda, I could easily appreciate what I had heard about his fondness for the country. Essentially domestic in his tastes, perhaps he never appreciated the possession of a home quite as much as during the days of rest, after the bustle and excitement of the Chicago Convention.

His habits, I was told, were methodical. Rising early, he frequently mounted his horse and went over the farm, directing the workmen and studying needed improvements. Quite as often, instead of mounting his horse, he walked about the place, and, if the inclination seized him, threw off his coat and held the plow in the furrow or raked the hay. It reminded him of old times, and was invigorating exercise. He had a great taste for improvements, and had made a study of farming ever since his early experience as a practical yeoman. He farmed therefore, scientifically. He interested himself in the affairs of the village, and attended the Disciples' Church, where he sometimes spoke. The liberal people of Mentor on

one occasion invited him to speak about the formation of a Murphy Temperance Society. They were much pleased when in his earnest, impressive way he told them, that he was not a believer in total abstinence, while cautioning the young against the evil of immoderate drinking, and earnestly urging them to check and control their appetite.

Garfield was fond of showing visitors over his farm, and especially of taking them down the lane back of the house to the top of the ridge, and explaining, that the flat space below was once a portion of Lake Erie, before the blue waters receded and left the sand and wave-washed pebbles on the top of the ridge.

He was a hard worker, and punctual in the performance of promises and duty. One infallible rule of his public life was, that every civil letter, on whatever subject and from whatever source, demanded an answer. His correspondence was, always, therefore, large and exacting. The very morning of my arrival, ninety letters and over two hundred papers were brought to the house, and before night there were as many more. He handled them, however, with ease, for he was possessed of what William Wirt entitled "the genius of labor." There are few men living, or who ever lived, who could endure more mental work than he. As a collegian, he often passed twenty hours without sleep; and there was not one of

the twenty, but had its stated task of work or recreation. His work on the Fitz John Porter case involved immense labor; and the references and documents of that case in his library at Washington are appalling to a mind of ordinary grasp. One large closet was required for the letters received and answers sent about this case, which, with the multitude of documents, were personally examined by him.

Most of the letters, received on the morning of my visit, were letters of congratulation; but there were also requests for offices in the event of his election, from the delicately-hinted desire for a seat in the new cabinet to an openly demanded place as a country-postmaster. Others were recommendations of some of those, who made requests; and still others were full of political advice and suggestions.

His work on the Fitz John Porter case recalled to my mind his giant-like capacity for mental labor. But few of his congressional speeches, in comparison with the number delivered, obtained a wide circulation in print. And yet, consider the title of those, that were circulated: "Free Commerce between the States;" "National Bureau of Education;" "The Public Debt and Specie Payments;" "Taxation of United States Bonds;" "Ninth Census;" "Public Expenditures and Civil Service;" "The Tariff;" "Currency and the Banks;" "The Currency Bill;" "On the McGarrahan

Claim ;" "The Right to Originate Revenue Bills ;" "Public Expenditures ;" "National Aid to Education ;" "The Currency ;" "Revenues and Expenditures ;" "Currency and the Public Faith ;" "Appropriations ;" "Counting the Electoral Vote ;" "Repeal of the Resumption Law ;" "The New Scheme of American Finance ;" "The Tariff ;" "Suspension and Resumption of Specie Payments ;" "Relation of the National Government to Science ;" "Sugar Tariff." What American statesman can show a better list of titles ? Does it not read like the table of contents of the speeches of Daniel Webster ? His words were the result of his deliberate and accurate foresight. For he saw, that, when reconstruction was a fact, American politics was entering upon a new era. No man could then serve the nation by rehearsing the old anti-slavery debates, by fighting over the battles of the war on the floor of Congress, by unduly prolonging controversies, that were forever settled. He saw, that, what the country needed, was wise discussion and legislation on civil service, revenue, currency, banking, resumption, and the hundred other questions, that are dry, statistical, unpoetic and distasteful to any speaker, who has the God-given gift of eloquence. In a noble speech on the currency, delivered in 1868, Garfield said :

I am aware that financial subjects are dull and uninviting in comparison with those heroic themes, which have absorbed

the attention of Congress for the past five years. To turn from the consideration of armies and navies, victories and defeats, to the array of figures, which exhibit the debt, expenditure, taxation and industry of the nation, requires no little courage and self-denial; but to these questions we must come; and to their solution Congress, political parties and all thoughtful citizens must give their best efforts for many years to come.

One would not suppose that, in the midst of the busy life incidental to such public duties, and later, to the political leadership of the House, General Garfield could have found much time to devote to society and literature. Yet he was for a long period an active and honored member of the Washington Literary Society—an organization embracing the most prominent men and women in music, art and literature. His love of literature, early manifested, received a great impulse at Williams College, and grew steadily, while he was professor of languages and president of Hiram College. His most congenial recreation was the study of ancient classical literature; and it is related, that during a busy session he was found behind a big barricade of books, which proved to be different editions of Horace, and works relating to the poet. "I find I'm overworked, and need recreation," he said. "Now, my theory is, that the best way to rest the mind is not to let it lie idle, but to put it at something quite outside the ordinary line of employment. So, I am resting by learning all, that the Congressional Library can

show about Horace, and the various editions and translations of his poems." An application of this theory to his every-day life ripened a scholarship rare among public men. The record of the Congressional Library shows that he used more books than any other member of Congress. The number of volumes, taken from the library in 1879-80 and read and examined by him, has never been exceeded by any man, who ever used the library, except Charles Sumner. He read everything—histories, novels, newspapers, etc., and a wide range of miscellaneous matter." Outside of the ancient classics, Shakespeare was his favorite poet; and Tennyson was oftener in his hand than any other song-writer of modern times. His novel reading was a peculiarly happy illustration of his character, having been confined to Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, Kingsley, Jane Austen and Honoré de Balzac. His books all bear his library motto: "Inter folia fructus." (Fruit amid the leaves.) At Mentor, he read and worked much the same as at Washington. What a reader these letters from his correspondence with Prof. Hinsdale showed him to be!

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 14th, 1875.

I don't remember, whether I have ever called your attention to a book, which has given me a great deal of pleasure, and which I think is an admirable help to young people in laying the foundation of a knowledge of Shakespeare. You may be familiar with it; but I never saw it until this Winter.

It is Shakespeare, written in a condensed and attractive form by Charles and Mary Lamb, and published in Bohn's Library. It gives but eighteen pages to each play, and puts the story in so plain a way, that a very young child can understand it. The volume contains sketches of about half of the plays. About twice a week I read one of these stories to the children, and even Mollie gets a pretty fair understanding of the story. Not only this, but they give older and much clearer notions of the plot of the play, than the reading of the whole play ordinarily gives.

So far as individual work is concerned, I have done something to keep alive my tastes and habits. For example, since I left you, I have made a somewhat thorough study of Goethe and his epoch, and have sought to build up in my mind a picture of the state of literature and art in Europe at the period, when Goethe began to work, and the state when he died. I have grouped the various facts into order, have written them out, so as to preserve a memoir of the impression made upon my mind by the whole. The sketch covers nearly sixty pages of manuscript. I think some work of this kind, outside the track of one's every-day work, is necessary to keep up real growth.

WASHINGTON, July 8th, 1875.

I am taking advantage of this enforced leisure to do a good deal of reading. Since I was taken sick, I have read the following: Sherman's two volumes; Leland's "English Gipsies;" George Borrow's "Gipsies of Spain;" Borrow's "Romany Rye;" Tennyson's "Mary;" seven volumes of Froude's England; several plays of Shakespeare; and have made some progress in a new book, which I think you will be glad to see, "The History of the English People," by Prof. Green, of Oxford, in one volume.

WASHINGTON, October, 22d, 1877.

Since receiving your postal card I have read Goldwin Smith's essay on the Decline of Party Government. To me

it is altogether a disappointing paper. Many of his facts and suggestions are interesting; but his suggestions of substitution for party government are too vague to be of any value, while there are grave differences of opinion among men on questions of vital importance, whether in Church or State, in social life or in science. There will be parties based upon those conditions; and the thing most desired is not how to avoid the existence of parties, but how to keep them within proper bounds.

MENTOR, OHIO, November 16th, 1878.

I have read with great interest and satisfaction your little volume on the Christian Jewish Church. I know of no work, which contains within such small compass so complete and thorough a discussion of the subject. Your analysis of the early struggle between the Jewish and Greek Christians, and the peculiar influences of the Jewish and Greek mind upon the historical development of Christianity throws a strong and clear light upon many portions of the New Testament, and affords valuable assistance to the study of church history. The whole book is pervaded with the spirit of thorough and reverent scholarship, and you deserve, and doubtless will receive, the gratitude of a wide circle of readers.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

MY reflections were here interrupted by the general, who came to say, that he would soon be at my service. Just then an old friend of his arrived, and wished to talk with him. About an hour after he returned and entered into conversation with me. I asked him about his sermons or religious lectures, of which I knew nothing authentic. "I have no copies," he replied. "I did not write my discourses in full, but merely made headings or memoranda, trusting to memory and the inspiration of the occasion to fill them out properly. I have over a thousand of these briefs, but it would be quite as difficult to fill out one as to write a new discourse." He then brought a number of scrap-books, in which he had preserved all his public speeches in the order of their delivery. He also had a most elaborate index to everything, which he had ever read. Let me illustrate his method of keeping an index. You read the following brilliant paragraph on coercion, which seems to be well worth remembering:

You levy taxes—coercion secures their collection. It follows the shadow of the thief, and brings him to justice. It lays its iron hand on the murderer, tries him and hangs him.

It accompanies your diplomacy to foreign courts, and backs the declaration of the nation's rights by a pledge of the nation's strength. But when the life of the nation is imperiled, we are told, that it has no coercive power against the parricide in its own bosom !

You enter it in your index thus : " Coercion—under the Constitution. Opinion of James A. Garfield—Speech on Treason in House of Representatives, April 8th, 1864. Vol.—, page—."

This plan the general pursued with all the books, which he had, and the reader can imagine what an amount of information on any subject he could collect at a moment's notice. He ascribed to this system much of his success in extempore speaking, the like of which, for wealth of information and illustration, is not heard in either branch of Congress to-day, and has not been for many years. There was a common saying in the reporters' gallery, that, when Garfield chose to "cram" on any subject, there was not a man in Washington who could stand before the deluge of facts, with which he overwhelmed all opposition.

In these books were many hundreds of pages, filled with scraps, annotations, incidents and witticisms, gathered from authors and newspapers that represented the best thought in literature, ancient and modern, of almost the entire world. Besides these there were innumerable thoughts of his own about what he had read in the course of his prolonged studies, which he had expressed " in

black and white," while the "idea divine" was still living in his brain. "It is perfectly astounding," said the general, "how much we are indebted to other people for our opinions. * * *

I noticed this early in life, but never saw the evil of it, until I went to Congress. Committees, appointed to investigate particular subjects, would meet together; and no one would say much at first. After a while some one would get up and state his opinion positively, give his reasons for thinking so, and in nine cases out of ten that man's opinion would be adopted as the opinion of the committee. The other members either had not cared or did not care, to investigate the matter, and rather than take the trouble to look up the facts, would accept this member's opinion as their own." This made Garfield a close student, and caused him to read extensively about matters, that affected Congressional legislation. He held, that everybody should think for himself. His scrap-books offered abundant evidence, that he himself had followed this sound advice. They were arranged in the nicest order; and through them all I could follow the great debater's readings from their beginning. Thus, in the book dated 1859, I found the first of his annotations on financial subjects. These were at first mixed with more or less quotations from the classic poets. Afterwards they became more frequent, until finally they outnumbered all other topics. There were abundant

citations from "Tooke's History of Prices," and "Sir Archibald Allison," that were so useful, when Garfield, in 1879-80, followed Kelley into the history of France and England, to the discomfiture of him and his soft-money friends. Reinforcing his scrap-books, he had a large case of pigeon-holes, with about fifty boxes, labeled "The Press," "French Spoiliation," "Tariff," "Geneva Award," "General Politics," "State Politics," "Public Men," "Parliamentary Decisions," "Anecdotes," "Electoral Laws and Commission," etc. etc., and containing a constantly increasing number of the choicest references to the various special topics, drawn from every available source.

One of the children interrupted us at this point. The general took the child, answered all its questions, and tenderly sent it away with "There my darling, go now and play." Just then Mrs. Garfield came to the head of the stairs, and the general called her in. After introducing her, putting his arm about her, he went to consult with her, as she requested, about some household affairs.

Mrs. Garfield is tall and fine-looking, with a good, kind face, and the gentlest of manners. She has a slight, but well-knit form, and small features with a somewhat prominent forehead. Her black hair, crimped in front and done up in a modest coil, is slightly tinged with gray. Her black eyes, and her mouth, about which plays a sweet smile, are the most attractive features of

her thoroughly expressive face. She is a quick observer, and an intelligent listener, but very undemonstrative. When the general was at Chickamauga, and everybody at Hiram was painfully anxious for the latest news from the field of battle, she sat quietly and patiently in what is now Professor Hinsdale's library, controlling the inmost emotions of her heart. She impressed me as one who especially loves her home, her children, and her husband. Mary Clemmer Ames, in the presidential campaign, paid her the following tribute :

She has "the philosophic mind" that Wordsworth sings of, and she has a self-poise, a strength of unswerving absolute rectitude. * * * Much of the time, that other women give to distributing visiting cards in the frantic effort to make themselves "leaders of society," Mrs. Garfield spends in the alcoves of the Congressional Library, searching out books to carry home to study, while she nurses the children. You may be sure of one thing—the woman, who reads and studies while she rocks her babies, will not be left far behind by her husband in the march of actual growth. * * * I have followed with a tender heart this woman, the wife of a famous man—a woman whom nobody called a "leader." * * * She has moved on in the tranquil tenor of her unobtrusive way, in a life of absolute devotion to her duty, never forgetting the demands of her position, or neglecting her friends, yet making it her first charge to bless her home, to teach her children, to fit her boys for college, to be the equal friend, as well as the honored wife, of her husband. Gentle, patient, unobtrusive almost to timidity, keenly intelligent, liberally educated, conscientiously devoted to everything good—this is the woman who will perpetuate the

loving, consecrated life, that to-day abides in the White House, if as its mistress she enters it.

She has borne the general six children. The first, a daughter, died in infancy. Two boys, Harry and James, aged eighteen and sixteen re-



HARRY GARFIELD.

spectively, were for a time students at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., under the charge of Rev. Dr. Coit. They entered in September, 1879, and quickly showed themselves manly and studious. At the close of the year, June 24th, 1880, Harry won the prize for declamation, inheriting talent from his father—the Webster of the West. The

boys, with Don. Rockwell, the son of Col. Rockwell and their classmates at St. Paul's, entered Williams College very honorably in September, 1881, after seven months of faithful and untiring work under the tutorship of Dr. William H.



JAMES GARFIELD.

Hawkes. The third child, Mary, a rosy-cheeked, laughing-eyed girl of thirteen, is called "Mollie" by everybody. The next, nine years old, is Irvin McDowell, named in protest against the unwarranted abuse, that General McDowell, Garfield's intimate friend, received during and after the war. The youngest aged six, is named Abram after his

grandfather. He is the boy, whom I noticed in the cherry-tree on my arrival.

On his return the general said of his wife with a voice full of tenderness :

I have been wonderfully blessed in the discretion of my wife. She is one of the coolest and best-balanced women I



MOLLIE GARFIELD.

ever saw. She is unstampedable. There has not been one solitary instance of my public career, where I suffered in the smallest degree for any remark she ever made. It would have been perfectly natural for a woman often to say something that could be misinterpreted; but without any design, and with the intelligence and coolness of her character, she has never made the slightest mistake, that I ever heard of. With





the competition, that has been against me many times, such discretion has been a real blessing.

“Have you met mother?” asked my host

“No,” I replied.

“Oh, I want to introduce you then. You must know mother.” He spoke of her so often and so tenderly, that I saw, that she was constantly in his thoughts.

On being introduced I found her rather reticent. She seemed to be especially concerned about the children and the house-work. She is very small, almost diminutive beside her stalwart son. Although eighty years of age, she is quick in her movements, and in full possession of her mental faculties. She is thin, white-haired, rosy-cheeked, and has a prominent nose—like many another, who has adorned the pages of history. She is evidently a matter-of-fact, common-sense old lady. I could not but admire her, remembering her sacrifices for her children, and that she laid the foundation of her youngest son's eminence, when she counseled him: “Remember your God and study books.” She called him “my son,” and talked briefly about the weather and their new place, and inquired about my family. I could not induce her to talk about politics. She did not seem much pleased with her son's nomination for the Presidency. Of course she was proud of him, and desired his success; but he was already a senator. I think that the old lady would have preferred to

have him go no higher. She knew that he would be away from their rural home most of the time, pressed by public care and duty. No one can wonder at her feelings; for Garfield made his home so much of a home.

While I was talking with "Grandma" Garfield, the general's wife, clad in a plain calico-dress, came in with a work-basket, and sat down to darn the children's stockings. It soon began to rain, when to my surprise, the old lady went out bare-headed, and brought in a chair from the lawn. I remonstrated, desiring to assist her; but she laughed and said: "Never mind! it won't hurt me." At the dinner-hour one of the general's secretaries said to me: "It is the general's orders, that everybody shall come. He would not like it, if any one went away hungry." I sat next to Mrs. Garfield, and found her a ready and charming conversationalist, easy, modest, gentle, and attentive in her manner. The children had a separate table near her, and constantly interrupted her conversation. She tried to quiet them; but they were so full of life and spirits, that they could not be still. Turning to me, she said:

"What would you do with such a lot?"

"Let them alone, and bless God for them."

"Ah, you have children," she continued; and, when I answered in the affirmative, she made many inquiries about them.

After dinner I went with the general to his

office, where, producing a handful of cigars and lighting one, he talked freely of many things. I asked him about his early life; and he spoke modestly and earnestly of his struggles with poverty. The sea he mentioned enthusiastically, as the memory of his first fancies came over him. "But even now, at times, the old feeling (the longing for the sea) comes back;" and walking across the room, he turned and said, with a flashing eye: "I tell you, I would rather now command a fleet in a great naval battle than do anything else on this earth. The sight of a ship often fills me with a strong fascination; and when upon the water and my fellow-landsmen are in the agonies of seasickness, I am as tranquil as when walking the land in the serenest weather."

Soon afterwards he said musingly:

"Tell me, now, do you think we can raise men for high positions? There are my boys. I am educating them carefully, but I can't tell, if they will ever be heard of. No doubt you will do the same with your boys—but will they rise in the world? Won't it happen, that some poor and obscure little fellow, who has to scratch for every inch, will run ahead of them and come to the front, while they will pass away unknown to fame?"

"That is nearly always the case."

"So it is; and it makes me wonder if tender rearing of boys, and giving them an elaborate education, is so much of a benefit to them, after all."

One of his boys came in at the moment, and said, that the workmen, who were building a fence about the yard, wished to see him. He put on his hat, and, giving me his scrap-books and asking me to amuse myself by looking them over until his return, left the room. He stayed so long, that I went down into the hall to smoke. Going to the door, I saw the general himself helping the workmen with the palings and posts. When he saw me, he remembered, that he had left me waiting, and at once came up to excuse himself: "You see we have a new place here, and I am trying to get it fixed up. I came here, expecting to spend a quiet vacation; but, when the nomination at Chicago dropped on me, it found us all upside down. So many people are coming constantly, I want to get it in order, and am pushing it all I can by superintending the work personally." He expressed great willingness to attend to me. I told him, however, that I had already taken quite enough of his time. He decided to go up-stairs and write; and I went with him to get my hat. He pointed to a sheet of paper lying on his desk, which, I saw from the different headings and divisions, was the outline of his letter of acceptance.

"A tough job," I ventured.

"Yes, rather a tough job," he replied, laughing, as he took leave of me at the door.

CHAPTER XXV.

TWO PEN PORTRAITS.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND drew this picture of General Garfield in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*:

The writer has known General Garfield pretty well for thirteen years. He is a large, well-fed, hale, ruddy, brown-bearded man, weighing about two hundred and twenty pounds, with Ohio German colors, blue eyes, military face, erect figure and shoulders, large back and thighs, and broad chest, and evidently bred in the country on a farm. His large mouth is full of strong teeth; his nose, chin and brows are strongly pronounced. A large brain, with room for play of thought and long application, rises high above his clear, discerning, enjoying eye. He sometimes suggests a country Samson—strong beyond his knowledge, but unguarded as a school-boy. He pays little attention to the affectation by which some men manage public opinion, and has one kind of behavior for all callers, which is the most natural behavior at hand.

* * * * *

There is an entire absence of nonchalance or worldliness in his nature. He is never indifferent, never vindictive. A base action of ingratitude or cruelty may make him sad, but does not provoke retaliation, or alter that faith in men or providence, which is a part of his sound stomach and athletic head. Garfield is as simple as a child; to the serpent's wisdom he is a stranger. Having no use or aptitude with the weapons of courser natures, he often avoids mere disputes;

does not go to the public resorts, where men are familiar or vulgar; and the walk from his home in Washington to the Capitol, and an occasional dinner out, comprise his life. The word public servant especially applies to him. He has been the drudge of his State constituents, the public, the public societies and the moral societies of his party and country, since 1863. Aptitude for public debate and public affairs are associated with a military nature in him. He is on a broad scale a school-master of the range of Gladstone, of Agassiz, of Gallatin.

With as honest a heart as ever beat, above the competitors of sordid ambition, General Garfield has yet so little of the worldly wise in him, that he is poor and yet has been accused of dishonesty. The people of his district, who are quick to punish public venality or defection, heard him in his defense in 1873, and kept him in Congress and held up his hand; and hence he is, by their unwavering support for twenty-five years, candidate for president and a national character. The average American, pursuing money all day long, is now presented to a man, who has invariably put the business of others above his own, and worked for that alleged nondescript—the public gratitude—all his life. But he has not labored without reward. The great nomination came to-day to as pure and loving a man, as ever wished well of anybody and put his shoulder to his neighbor's wheel. Garfield's big, boyish heart is pained to-night with the weight of his obligation, affection and responsibility. To-day, as hundreds of telegrams come from everywhere, saying kind, strong things to him—such messages as only Americans, in their rapid, good impulses, pour upon a lucky friend—he was with two volunteer clerks in a room, opening and reading, when suddenly his two boys sent him one—little fellows at school; and, as he read it, he broke down, and tried to talk; but his voice choked, and he could not see for tears. The clerks began to cry too, and people, to whom they afterward told it. This sense of real

great-heart will be new to the country, and will grow if he gets the presidency.

He is the ablest public speaker in the country, and the most serious and instructive man on the stump; his instincts, liberal and right; his courtesy, noticeable in our politics; his aims, ingenuous; and his piety comes by nature. He leads a farmer's life, all the recess of Congress, working like a field-hand, and restoring his mind by resting it. If elected he will give a tone of culture and intelligence to the executive office it has never yet had, while he has no pedantry in his composition, and no conceit whatever.

A more elaborate picture of him was made by President Hinsdale of Hiram College:

His power of logical analysis and classification is very great; of rhetorical exposition hardly surpassed. He excels in the patient accumulation of facts, and in striking generalizations. As a student, he loves to roam in every field of activity. He delights in poetry and other works of the imagination; loves the abstruse things of philosophy; takes keen interest in scientific research; gathers into his store-house the facts of history and politics, and throws over it all the life and warmth of his own originality.

His moral character is the fit crown to his physical and intellectual nature. No man has a kinder heart or a purer mind. His generosity of nature is unstinted; all his life, public and private, is marked by great unselfishness. For the most part, he has neglected material acquisition; but his means, as well as his time and talents, are at the call of those, who need them. I fearlessly say, that the nearer men have come to General Garfield, the greater has been their confidence. I may say, that he has inspired unusual respect and faith in all large-minded and generous men without regard to politics.

I am far from indorsing all of General Garfield's public acts. Those, who know me, will hardly charge me with being a fulsome eulogist. He has said and done some things, that I have been sorry to have him say and do. He has failed to say and do some others, that I have had much at heart. But this I see: He has served the public with conspicuous ability and a single eye. He has moved all the time in the right direction. He has striven to make the public service clean and honorable; to make the government one of statesmen and patriots, not of demagogues and place-men; and in every way to dignify and ennoble the republic.

A newspaper man from a distant city asked me the other day: "How do you explain the common lack of confidence in Mr. Garfield's courage?" I said: "Who doubts his courage?" He answered, that he had heard in Washington and in other places, that he lacked backbone. A few questions revealed, that those, who held this opinion, thought that he did not denounce "the Solid South" with sufficient severity, and was not properly active in stirring up the brigadiers. If I may parody Madame Roland, "O courage, what folly is committed in thy name!" I have known a minister of the Gospel to be called a coward, because he could recognize the worth of those, who did not worship in his conventicle. Similarly, eager partisans charge with cowardice the man, who, loyal to his own convictions of truth and duty, dares to think and act for himself. In both cases what is called cowardice is the genuine moral courage. To go with the stream—to bless with your sect or to hurrah with your party—is slight proof of courage; but to stand out by yourself in moral isolation, to bear the jibes of those, whom you call your brethren, is a very high proof of character. Such a man is General Garfield. He has uttered many noble words; but none nobler than these, spoken in the Ohio Senate Chamber just after his late election:

"During the twenty years that I have been in public (almost eighteen of it in the Congress of the United States), I

have tried to do one thing. Whether I was mistaken or otherwise, it has been the plan of my life to follow my convictions at whatever personal cost to myself. I have represented for many years a district in Congress, whose approbation I greatly desired : but, though it may seem perhaps a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name was Garfield. He is the only man, that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with ; and, if I could not have his approbation, I should have had bad companionship."

CHAPTER XXVI.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

THE National Convention of the Republican Party, that nominated James A. Garfield for the Presidency, was one of the most important political conventions ever held in this country. The unit rule, the third-term issue, district representation, and the still more vital issue of party managers opposing the will of those, who placed them in power—questions, which were never before so bitterly contested—make up a total of interest, never equaled in the history of the Party. A brief account of this Convention is, therefore, valuable, aside from the fact, that it most happily illustrates the peculiar fortune of General Garfield, whose long succession of honors sought him openly.

The Convention assembled in the Exposition Building, at Chicago, June 2d, 1880. The great men of the party were all there. The three great leaders of a most formidable political alliance were Senators Conkling, Logan, and Cameron. Senator Cameron was the undisputed master of the Republican organization of Pennsylvania; Senator Conkling had almost as firm a hold upon that of New York; and Senator Logan, though not so

absolute a monarch of Illinois, held far more power, than any one imagined. Working together for a common end, to serve their ambition for political power, they seemed sure of victory.

Ulysses S. Grant, who had already twice been President, the intimate friend of these three, was their choice for the Presidency; and they recognized no other law. The higher law of the nation's will did not control them. With delegates of their choice they went to Chicago to force Grant's candidacy. Arrayed against them were the friends of James G. Blaine, John Sherman, Elihu B. Washburne, Senator Windom, Senator Edmunds, and a number of other gentlemen, who were considered suitable for the Presidency.

By Monday preceding the Wednesday, when the Convention assembled, the battle had opened in earnest. Those, who had witnessed every Convention of the Republican party, say, that they never had seen such a seething mass of political wranglers, as gathered in and around the hotels of Chicago. The whole battle seemed to be one of mean ambition, or meaner cupidity; and candidates were favored or opposed, as a rule, by those, who hoped to profit by their efforts.

The first effort of the anti-Grant men was to break down the unit rule. A secret meeting of the National Committee was called. W. E. Chandler (N. H.) immediately offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this committee approves and ratifies the call for the approaching Republican National Convention, which was issued by its chairman and secretary, and which invites two delegates from each Congressional District, four delegates-at-large from each State, two from each Territory and two from the District of Columbia, to compose the convention.

Resolved, That this committee recognizes the right of each delegate in a Republican National Convention freely to cast, and to have counted, his individual vote therein, according to his own sentiments, and, if he so decides, against any unit-rule or other instructions, passed by a State Convention, which right was conceded without dissent, and was exercised in the conventions of 1860 and 1868, and was, after full debate, affirmed by the convention of 1876, and has thus become a part of the law of Republican Conventions, and until reversed by a convention itself, must remain a governing principle.

The first resolution was adopted unanimously. Cameron ruled the second out of order, and refused to entertain an appeal from his decision. Unfortunately for him, the majority of the committee was opposed to him. A committee of six was appointed to nominate a temporary chairman; and the Committee adjourned for a recess. When the Committee re-assembled, they had determined to deprive Cameron of his power, or exact from him a promise. This plan was, however, abandoned; and Cameron refused to give any promise, that he would not enforce the rule. Having chosen George F. Hoar (Mass.) temporary chairman, the Committee adjourned at midnight. The excite-

ment over these proceedings was intense; and all night long heated partisans discussed Cameron's extraordinary ruling, as chairman of the National Committee. Twenty-two of the New York delegates made haste to write and sign the following paper:

The undersigned, delegates to the Republican National Convention, representing our several Congressional districts in the State of New York, desiring above all, the success of the Republican party at the approaching election, and realizing the hazard attending an injudicious nomination, declare our purpose to resist the nomination of General U. S. Grant by all honorable means. We are sincere in the conviction, that, in New York at least, his nomination would ensure defeat. We have a great battle to fight, and victory is within our reach; but we earnestly protest against entering the contest with a nomination, which we regard as unwise and perilous.

The early morning was signalized by an open revolt in the Pennsylvania delegation, the certainty of which had been asserted by the anti-Grant men, and denied by their opponents. Their protest was similar to that of the New York delegation.

Conkling, Cameron, Logan and their adherents had now reached a deadlock with the opposition. An attempt at relief was made by General Chester A. Arthur and Gorham (Cal.), who, in behalf of the Grant men, submitted the following proposition, which was accepted late in the afternoon:

"That Senator Hoar should be accepted as temporary chairman of the convention, and that

no attempt should be made to enforce the unit-rule, or have a test vote in the convention, until the committee on credentials had reported, when the unit-rule question should be decided by the Convention in its own way."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BATTLE BEGUN.

ON Wednesday, June 2d, the Convention met; and the hours before noon were devoted to a grand struggle for tickets. Just before noon there were not a thousand people in Exposition Hall; but the crowds soon poured into the building, and scattered to their places. An hour later more than ten thousand were within the building, massed in every inch of room. One who was there, thus describes the assembling of the Convention:

“The Alabama delegation was first to file in as a body; and its two rows of President-makers nestled down in front of the stage, displaying every shade of complexion, from the pure white to the genuine African. Arkansas filed in close behind Alabama, with the familiar face of ex-Senator Dorsey at the head. Meantime the places allotted to the various States were being rapidly filled up. * * * The dignitaries, who had been assigned to the seats for distinguished guests, began to swarm in; and Frye of Maine, and Chandler of New Hampshire, ‘buzzed’ them as they gathered in little knots to discuss the situation. General Beaver, chairman of the Penn-

sylvania delegation, swung himself along the side aisle on his crutches, and sat down at the post of honor for his State, with Quay close by his side; and Cessna flitted hither and thither, as if uncertain that anything would be well done, unless he gave it a helping hand. McManes dropped in late, a little paled by illness, but with all his Scotch-Irish doggedness written in his face. Jewell and Creswell, both of the Grant Cabinet, came in about the same time. The tall, sturdy form of 'Long John' Wentworth towered over all as he joined his delegation.

"Just when the building was pretty nearly filled up, there was a simultaneous huzza throughout the hall; and it speedily broke out in a hearty applause. The tall and now silvered plume of Conkling was visible in the aisle; and he strode down to his place at the head of his delegation with the majesty of an emperor. He recognized the compliment by a modest bow, without lifting his eyes to the audience, and took his seat as serenely as if on a picnic and holiday. He has aged rapidly during the last year; and his once golden locks are thinned and whitened, while hard lines dispel the brightness of his finely-chiseled face. The Grant men seemed to be more comfortable, when they found him by their side, and evidently ready for the conflict. Logan's swarthy features, flowing mustache and Indian hair were next visible on the eastern aisle; but he stepped

to the head of his delegation so quietly, that he escaped a special welcome, and seated himself in silence.

“Cameron had just stepped upon the platform with the elasticity of a boy; and his youthful but strongly-marked face was recognized at once. There was no applause. They all knew that he never plays for the galleries, and that cheers are wasted upon him. He quietly sat down for ten minutes, although the time for calling the convention to order had passed by an hour; and he looked out upon the body, so big with destiny for himself and his Grant associates. As he passed by, he was asked: ‘What of the battle?’ To which he answered: ‘We have three hundred to start with, and we will stick, until we win.’

“Generals Sewell and Kilpatrick took their posts at the head of the New Jersey men; and just behind them the rosy faces of Garfield and Foster, and the tall, spare form of Denison were holding a hasty last council of the Sherman wing of the opposition. The youthful, olive-shaded features of Bruce of Mississippi were visible in the centre of his delegation.

“At five minutes after one, Cameron quickly rose from his chair, advanced to the front, and brought his gavel down gently on the speaker’s table. Cameron stood for half a minute after silence had been obtained, apparently free from all embarrassment, and finally said in a clear voice:

“ ‘The Convention will come to order, and will be opened with prayer.’

“After the last words of an appropriate invocation had fallen from the lips of the clergyman, Cameron rose and said:

“GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: Before the Convention enters upon the important duties, that have called it together, I ask your attention for a single moment. During the canvass just ended, there has been manifested in many sections of the country considerable bitterness, which I trust, will entirely disappear before entering upon the grave duties devolving upon us. Let there be but one motive governing our actions; and let that be a determination to place in nomination the strongest possible candidates—men, strong in themselves, strong in the confidence and affections of the people, and men, who will command the respect of the civilized world. Do not for a moment doubt the strength of our institutions. They have been tried in blood, and come from the contest better, stronger and purer, than the most ardent patriot dared to hope. No combination of circumstances, no coterie of individuals, no personal ambition can ever prevail against the intelligence and inborn love of liberty, which are implanted in the hearts of Americans. When the nominations are made, and the Convention has completed its work, let there be but one sentiment animating all earnest, sincere and unselfish Republicans; and let that

be, that each shall vie with the other in carrying our grand old party through the coming contest to victory.'

"He then presented the name of Hoar as temporary chairman. Applause greeted the announcement, which was a distinct defeat of the senator, who announced it. No objection was raised, and Hoar came upon the platform, escorted by Davis of Texas, Frye of Maine, and Raum of Illinois.

"The chairman immediately delivered the customary speech, in which he arraigned the Democratic party for its sins of omission and commission, and closed with these words :

"'The Republican party has no such miserable history. It speaks of rebellion subdued, slaves freed, of great public works constructed, of debt diminished, of sound currency restored, of a flag floating long and everywhere honored and respected. The key-note of every Republican platform, the principle of every Republican union is found in respect for the dignity of the individual man. Until that becomes the pervading principle of the Republic, from Canada to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Republican mission is not ended. The Republican party lives by faith, that every man within the borders of the Republic may dwell secure in a happy home, may cast his equal vote and have it counted, and may send his children at the public charge to a free school.

Until these things come to pass, the mission of the Republican party is not ended, nor its conflict with its ancient adversary ended.'

"Messrs. J. H. Roberts of Illinois, and Christopher Magee of Pennsylvania, were elected secretaries.

"Hale of Maine then moved for a call of the States and the naming of the several members of the committees on permanent organization, resolutions, rules and credentials. Frye of Maine, from the platform, moved, that Utah should be represented upon the credentials committee, as it had been omitted by mistake. After a brief discussion between Frye and Conkling, Utah secured its representation.

"The roll of States was called for notices of contests, of which there were a great many; and an adjournment until Thursday morning at eleven was carried on motion of Conkling. The adjournment was necessary to give the various committees an opportunity to complete their reports."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SECOND DAY'S CONTEST.

IN the preceding chapter the doings of the first day of the Convention are briefly related. Owing to lack of space, a *full* account of the struggles in the Convention necessarily cannot be presented here; nor is this essential, for all that the reader requires, is as much of the story, as will enable him to understand the events, which led up to the nomination of General Garfield. The following summary, the details of which will be given briefly in this and following chapters, will be a useful introduction to the business of the Convention after the first day:

Second Day.—Thursday, June 3d.—Contest over the order of business;

Third Day.—Friday, June 4th.—Report of the Committee on Credentials, the discussion of which was concluded on the following day;

Fourth Day.—Saturday, June 5th.—Adoption of the Rules and Platform, and presentation of the names of the candidates for the Presidency;

Fifth Day.—Monday, June 7th.—Ineffectual Balloting;

Sixth Day.—Election of General Garfield as the nominee of the Convention.

The doings of the second day are given in this chapter. Their most interesting results were the disregarding of the "unit-rule" in advance of the adoption of the Rules of the Convention, and the practical decision of the "third-term" question, which was, however, kept before the Convention, almost to its very last moment, in consequence of the pertinacity of its supporters.

Exposition Hall presented much the same appearance on Thursday morning, as on the preceding day. The attendance was, however, much larger. The delegates, as the hour of eleven approached, straggled in slowly. Many of them came, fatigued from committee work and other matters, incidental to a gathering of the kind. At the hour for assembling, every seat in the galleries was occupied; and the floor was unusually animated. A few minutes before noon, Hoar brought down his gavel upon the bouquet-embellished desk. A momentary confusion was caused by the removal of outsiders, who had crowded into every possible place. All knew, that the Committee on Credentials, which had the important preliminary work of the Convention, would not be ready to report for several hours. Consequently, as soon as the prayer was concluded, Senator Conkling moved, that a recess be taken until six o'clock. This motion, which was warmly opposed by Hale (Maine), was lost. For a short time it was doubtful what the next step would be.

But Joy (Michigan) offered a resolution to the effect, that the case of the contestants from Illinois should be presented to the Convention by such counsel, as they should select. After a short contest, the resolution was withdrawn at the suggestion of Hale (Maine). Later, Sewell (New Jersey) moved that the Committee on Permanent Organization be instructed to bring in its report. This was adopted. The report continued Hoar as permanent president, and provided a vice-president and secretary from each State. After the report was read and corrected, Hoar said :

“GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: You have manifested, in the choice you have made for permanent presiding officer, a disposition to a wise economy in the matter of opening speeches. One good reason occurs to me for the selection, which you have made, and that is, that having heard one speech from me, you have, for reasons entirely satisfactory to each delegate, no inclination to hear another opening speech.”

The men from Maine were still anxious to go on with business; and Frye made a motion, that the Committee on Rules be requested to report. Sharpe, the New York member of the committee, said, that he had been instructed to prepare a minority report, but that he had had no opportunity, because the committee had been in session, until the assembling of the Convention. Frye then called upon Garfield, the chairman of this

Committee. When he arose, he was greeted with more enthusiastic applause, than had yet been heard in the Convention. He said, that the statement of the gentleman from New York was true. Frye then withdrew his motion and proposed a recess until five P.M. This was the occasion of a *passage-at-arms* between Conkling and Frye; but the motion was adopted without a dissenting vote. As soon as the Convention re-assembled, Henderson (Iowa) announced, that the Committee on Credentials would not be ready to report at that session, and moved that the Committee on Rules be requested to report, so that the Convention could proceed to business. This again precipitated a clash between the opposing factions. Logan said, that the Committee had agreed to defer their report until after the action on contested seats, and that the rules ought not to be adopted, before they knew, who were entitled to seats in the body, especially as one of the rules to be reported would limit each speaker to five minutes. Henderson replied, that the chairman of the Committee on Rules indicated there that morning, that there was no compact made in said committee, such as Logan had asserted. Henderson said, that the Convention, by general concurrence, took a recess to give a minority of the committee time to report. But now the Convention was organized and ready for work; and he must insist on his motion to proceed to busi-

ness. In conclusion he stated, on authority of a Kentucky member of the committee, who signed the minority report, that it was in fact ready to be reported. The Kentucky member arose; and announced as a misrepresentation Henderson's statement, that the minority report was ready that morning.

Another committeeman, rising, shouted excitedly, that Henderson's statement was accurate and true.

Boutwell (Mass.) said, that he should vote against the pending motion, if the five-minute rule was to be applied to arguments on the question of contested seats.

Henderson said, that the arguments, presented against the five-minute rule, would be proper for consideration after the report was made. He and his associates had no desire to take unfair advantage of any one; but he wanted the business to proceed. Sharpe (New York) said, that the minority report was now ready, signed by representatives of nine States, whose vote was necessary to the success of the Republican party. The committee had agreed to postpone the enforcement of the five-minute rule, until the composition of the Convention was decided. He moved to amend Henderson's motion by ordering the Committee on Credentials to make its report. Garfield (Ohio), who was received with a storm of applause, said, that there was no ground for any

charge of bad faith by anybody in the Committee on Rules; and that, whenever the Convention chose to order the report from his committee, the latter would obey. He said, that the proposed rules were so drawn as to leave to the Convention the power to extend any speaker's time beyond five minutes, even though the general limitation would be fixed at five minutes.

Conkling said, that the reason for the recess was, that, when the Convention reassembled, the Committee on Credentials should make its report. He had been told by members of that committee that they were ready to report, not on one or two or three cases, but on nearly every case.

Henderson replied, that the amendment should not prevail, because, while the Committee on Rules was ready to report, the Committee on Credentials would probably not complete its work before the following morning.

The chair stated, that the question was first upon Sharpe's amendment. Sharpe asked, that the question be taken by yeas and nays; and the chair, in the absence of any adopted rules, so ordered. The calling of the roll began, Alabama leading off with 19 yeas. When this vote was announced, a delegate from that State, rising, desired to vote in the negative. Hoar replied: "If the gentleman wishes to vote 'no,' his vote will be received and recorded." At this announcement, which was an out-spoken, manly declaration

against the "unit-rule," the Convention sent up a great shout, led by the galleries. The vote of Alabama was therefore recorded: "Yeas 18, Noes 1." As the names of the remaining States were called, the votes of each delegation were recorded in accordance with Hoar's ruling. The chair announced, that the amendment was rejected by a vote of 406 nays and 316 yeas. This result was unquestionably a defeat of those, who supported the "third-term" movement.

The question recurring upon the original motion, Brandagee (Conn.) rising, said, that he had voted against the amendment just rejected, but that he thought, that there was an understanding in the Committee on Rules, that their report should not be made until after that of the Committee on Credentials. He moved to table the pending motion, with a view to adjourning. This was agreed to; and the Convention adjourned until the next day (June 4th).

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONTINUATION OF THE STRUGGLE.

AT midnight of Thursday the Committee on Credentials had been in continuous session for six hours. It had settled the Illinois District contestants at the expense of eighteen votes for Grant, agreed to the admission of a divided delegation from Louisiana, and reached the Pennsylvania cases. Other cases occupied the committee all night.

The Convention, having assembled, was ready for the business of the third day. At 10.45 o'clock, A. M., Conkling offered the following:

Resolved, As the sense of this Convention, that every member of it is bound in honor to support its nominee, whoever that nominee may be, and that no man shall hold his seat here, who is not ready so to agree.

This furnished the key-note of a debate, that illustrated the direction, toward which the leaders were tending. Hale, mounting his chair, said, that the delegates all had their preferences, but that, when the deliverance was had from all the labor of the convention, he had no doubt, that they would all be found hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, marching on to the election of the candidates.

Brandagee called for a vote by states. The chair first put the question *viva voce*; and there were apparently half a dozen nays. Conkling asked for a call of the states, saying it was desirable to know, who in a Republican convention voted "no" on such a resolution. The chair asked the Convention, whether there should be a call of states; and it was ordered by an overwhelming vote. The clerk proceeded to call the roll. West Virginia cast 5 yeas and 3 nays. The total vote was: Yeas, 716; nays, 3; and the resolution was adopted. Conkling then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the delegates, who have voted that they will not abide the action of the Convention, do not deserve to have seats, and have forfeited their votes in the Convention.

Campbell (West Virginia), who had cast the vote of that State, defended his position. Hale (West Virginia), who voted aye, defended the right of his colleague to utter his own sentiments as an individual delegate. Brandagee said, that the question was not one of free speech. It was only the question, what each would do for the support of Republican principles. McCormick (West Virginia) avowed himself one of the three dissenters, not because he did not expect to support the nominee of the Convention, whoever he should be. He opposed the resolution, only be-

cause it declared, that men are not fit to sit in the Convention, if they differ from other members.

Garfield expressed the fear, that the Convention was about to commit a grave error. He would state the case. Every delegate save three had voted for a resolution; and the three had risen in their places and stated, that they intended to support the nominee of the Convention. Was every delegate to have his Republicanism inquired into, before he was allowed to vote? Delegates were responsible for their votes, not to the Convention, but to their constituents. He himself would never, in any convention, vote against his judgment. If this Convention expelled these men, it would have to purge itself at the end of every vote, and inquire, how many delegates who had voted "no," should go out. He trusted, that the gentleman from New York would withdraw his resolution, and let the Convention proceed with its business. Conkling inquired of the chair, whether the three gentlemen from West Virginia said, that they would vote for the nominee of the Convention. The chair said, that it was not his province to answer the question. Conkling said, that he would not press his resolution, if his question was answered in the affirmative; and finally withdrew it.

Sewell (New Jersey) moved, that the Committee on Rules be ordered to report with the understanding that no action should be taken, until after

the report of the Committee on Credentials had been presented. The rules were then read by the secretary. The following (Rule 8), which opposed the employment of any "unit-rule," was received with great applause:

In the record of a vote by States, the vote of each State, Territory, and the District of Columbia shall be announced by the chairman; and in announcing the vote of any State, Territory, and the District of Columbia, the chairman shall announce the number of votes cast for any candidate, or for or against any proposition; but, if exception is taken by any delegate to the correctness of such announcement by the chairman of a delegation, the president of the Convention shall direct the roll of such delegation to be called; and the result shall be recorded in accordance with the vote individually given.

Sharpe presented the minority report, recommending the adoption of the following (Rule 6 of the Convention of 1876) in place of Rule 8:

In the record of votes by States, the vote of each State, Territory, and the District of Columbia shall be announced by the chairman, and in case the vote of any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia shall be divided, the chairman shall announce the number of votes cast for any candidate, or for or against any proposition.

The long-delayed report of the Committee on Credentials was at length presented by Conger (Michigan). In Louisiana the committee recommended the admission of the Warmouth delegation; in Alabama the admission of Rapier, Smith

and Warner ; in Illinois the admission of the contestants for the seats of the sitting members from nine Congressional Districts. They reported against the contestant in the Second Illinois District, and did not sustain the objections to the delegates-at-large from that State. They reported in favor of the sitting members from the Ninth and the Nineteenth Districts of Pennsylvania, and the Third District of West Virginia ; and in favor of the contestants from the Second and the Third Districts of Kansas. They recommended, that the delegates from Utah should keep their seats. The committee suggested, that the final decision of many of these contests depended upon the adoption by the Convention of the principle of District-representation. The report did not believe, that this principle should be assailed for the first time by a National Convention.

This report was received with applause, Clayton (Arkansas) then presented the minority report. The recommendation of the majority, if adopted, would, the minority considered, reverse the long-established usage of the party in many States. They urged, that there was a vacancy in the district claimed by Rapier, and that the sitting members were entitled to the seats, which the majority report awarded to Smith and Warner. They reported, that there seemed to have been no District conventions in Alabama, at which the contestants had been chosen. Their authority there

could rest only on the action of the State Convention. The minority claimed, that, if the principle of District representation was a sound one, more than half of the delegates, sitting in the Convention, were there without right. In the case of Illinois, they made an elaborate statement of facts, and denied the charge, that the State Convention had entered into a gigantic conspiracy to defraud the electors. The report took the ground, that local quarrels, as in Cook County, should be left to the State Convention, and not transferred to the National Convention. It ended with the recommendation, that the sitting delegates should be allowed to keep their seats.

Conger presented the corrected list of delegates, as reported by his committee, and moved, that the Convention proceed to consider the Louisiana case. Cessna (Pennsylvania) moved to adopt all of the report, on which the committee had agreed, and then proceed to the separate consideration of the disputed issues involving the contests in Alabama, Illinois, West Virginia and Utah. Conkling called for the consideration of the questions, which fell within the list of undisputed cases. Conger said, that this list embraced the cases of Louisiana, the Second District of Illinois, the Illinois delegates-at-large, the Second and the Fourth Districts of Kansas, and the Ninth and the Nineteenth Districts of Pennsylvania. Logan inquired, how it happened, that there was any report about the four

delegates-at-large from Illinois. Conger replied, that petitions against the right of the four delegates-at-large had been presented to the Convention and referred to the committee, and that it was therefore necessary for the committee to notice the subject. A Kansas delegate objected to including his state in the list of undisputed questions. Cessna amended his motion by allowing separate action on the Kansas case. Sharpe (New York) moved to amend Cessna's original motion by striking from the majority report so much of it, as related to the Illinois delegates-at-large. Conger, referring to Logan, said, that he made no apology to that gentleman, or to the State of Illinois, or to this great body of people, for the moral courage of this committee, which enabled it to say to the world, that the gentleman was entitled to his seat. Cessna's amendment was then adopted without dissent. The question was then on Sharpe's amendment. Haywood (California) pointed out, that, if it should prevail, the seats of the Illinois delegates would be contested, while the committee proposed to put their title beyond question or dispute in history. It was modified, so as to strike from the majority report as much of it, as implied that there was any contest regarding the Illinois delegation-at-large, and adopted. Cessna's original motion was then adopted; and the Convention adjourned until seven P. M.

The Convention after re-assembling continued in session for several hours, during which the debates were confined exclusively to the contested cases, as reported by the majority of the Committee on Credentials. The applause was remarkable in its singular spontaneity and prolongation, when Blaine and Grant were mentioned by the speakers. The brilliancy of the scene during this session was remarkable. The unusual presence of ladies in bright colors, the thousands of gas-jets, the flowers, flags, and banners, and the portraits, surrounded by the National bunting, made a picture never to be forgotten by those, who witnessed it. In the contested cases, that of Alabama was first taken up. The question was on the substitution of the minority report for the majority. Boutwell (Massachusetts) offered the following:

Resolved, That all the cases of contested seats be decided by adopting the usage of each State, and that in every State, where the uniform usage has been to elect delegates to the National Republican Convention by the State Convention, that usage shall be deemed binding, and the same shall be true in respect of delegates, sent by Districts Conventions, where that has been the usage.

Conger rose to the point of order, that the resolution was not germane to the pending question; and the chair sustained the point. The question was put and decided *viva voce* in the negative. A division was demanded, and the re-

sult was, yeas 306, nays 449. This announcement, which settled the question of the power of a State Convention to compel a delegate to vote as it directs, was received with loud applause. The report of the majority was then adopted.

The case of Illinois was then taken up. Logan said, that he was informed, that the California delegates were not awarded their credentials, until they had pledged themselves to support the candidate, for whom the State Convention instructed them to vote. Haymond (California) replied: "California selected her delegates to this convention by the vote of each district represented here. Their appointment was confirmed by the State Convention; and that there should be no mistake about it, the State Convention had then, with perfect unanimity, instructed the delegates to vote first, last and all the time, for the distinguished Senator from Maine." His allusion to the "Senator from Maine," caused such a scene of excitement, as has rarely been witnessed in a political convention within the United States. Three-fourths of the immense throng in the galleries and on the floor outside of the space allotted to delegates, and fully one-half of the delegates themselves, sprang to their feet, cheering, shouting, waving hats, handkerchiefs and umbrellas for several minutes, before any attempt at restoring order could be made. Subsequently, Conger continued the debate in favor of the majority report,

which, he said, established in that Convention the rule, that had prevailed in Illinois from the birth of the Republican party down to the present time, the rule of District representation. Raum (Illinois) replied for the sitting delegates. Elliott Anthony spoke for the opposition, and was succeeded by Storrs (Illinois), the principal effect of whose speech was to cause wild bursts of applause for Blaine and Grant. The sentence, "Nominate James G. Blaine if you will," was the signal for another grand outburst of applause, which was renewed and intensified, when he finished the sentence thus: "And then those, who now shout in the galleries, shall by-and-by be reposing under the influence of the summer sun; but the followers of the grand old silent soldier will still be found, wide awake and watching by their camp-fires, and carrying the banners of the sluggards."

The scene, which followed, was one of wild enthusiasm; the uproar dying away, then breaking out again, many times. For half an hour this continued, before the chair made any effort to control the members. The Illinois cases were then settled in accordance with the majority report; and, worn out with excitement, the Convention adjourned to the following morning.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE THUNDERS OF ORATORY.

THE weather changed its mood on the morning of the fourth day of the great battle; and those, who went to Exposition Hall had to face inclemency. Within the Hall, however, there was but little change. A distinguished editor thus described the closing scenes of the struggle over contested seats:

“President Hoar did not call the Convention to order until a quarter before twelve. The Kansas contest was the first business, and it was an embarrassing issue to both sides. The Blaine-Sherman men were compelled to vote out four of their men and to give their seats to Grant men, to justify their action in the Illinois case; and the Grant men had to vote against the admission of their own friends to maintain their consistency. The Blaine-Sherman men preserved their intention and voted out their own men; but some of the fiercest Grant men stood obstinately to their guns, and voted against the addition of four to their number. Logan rose, and in dramatic style cast the votes of his Illinois followers against his friends. The overwhelming vote of 476 to 184 showed, however, that separate District represen-

tation is henceforth to be the accepted law of the party. The next question brought about a sudden change of partners in the national waltz. Two Sherman men contested the seats of the Blaine delegates from West Virginia; and the Sherman men were thrown into an alliance with the Grant men, as if by magic. The cut came from Massachusetts; and the Blaine leaders saw, that an unexpected and serious danger threatened them. They threw out their flanks to stay the union between the Sherman and Grant forces; but it was Grouchy after Blucher over again. The Sherman men piled in with the Grant army; and Blaine was compelled for the first time to face the field alone—as Grant had to meet it in several previous conflicts. An active rally was made along the Blaine lines; but the vote of every divided delegation proved, that many, who were bitterly against Grant, were as bitterly against Blaine; and the ballot footed up 417 for the new Grant-Sherman combination, and 312 against it.”

After this the Utah contesting delegates were seated by a vote of 426 to 312; and the contests were finished.

Garfield then inquired of Sharpe, who made the minority report of the Committee on Rules and Order of Business, how much time he desired for the discussion of the report. Sharpe could not tell exactly. When the minority and

majority reports had been read, Garfield moved the adoption of the majority report. Sharpe criticized the proposed amendment to Rule 8, reminding the chairman of the Committee on Rules, that the Convention had been in session three and a half days, and had had no trouble from the absence of that rule. He was not there to seek further delay. He therefore offered the following resolution :

Resolved, That this convention will proceed immediately to ballot for a candidate for President of the United States, and that one speech of fifteen minutes shall be allowed for the presentation of each candidate, and one speech of ten minutes to second each nomination, and that, after such nominations are made, a ballot shall be taken by a call of the roll of the States.

Garfield raised the point of order, that under the order of the Convention the report of the Committee on Rules was before the body, and that Sharpe's motion to proceed to entirely different business, was not in order. The chair ruled Sharpe's motion in order; and a vote was ordered by call of states. Garfield pointed out, that, if Sharpe's motion should be adopted, the Convention would be without rules for its government, and especially without any rule prescribing whether or not the "unit rule" shall prevail in the balloting. Let the rule be settled and he would be bound by it. Let it be the unit rule, or the individual rule, and he would feel bound by it, the latter particu-

larly, because he considered it eternally right. After considerable discussion, the chair stated, that the question was on the substitution of Sharpe's resolution for the report of the Committee on Rules. Upon a *viva voce* vote the negatives had it. A call of states was demanded, and resulted: Yeas, 287; nays, 479. The result was hailed with great applause. Garfield said, that the convention had wasted on this vote time enough to have adopted the rules and gone to work. He asked, that the question now be taken without further debate. Sharpe moved to substitute the minority report for the majority. This motion was rejected. Boutwell moved to amend the majority report by adding the following: "And said committee (the National Republican Committee) shall, within twelve months, prescribe a method or methods for the election of delegates to the National Convention to be held in 1884, and announce the same to the country, and issue a call for that Convention in conformity therewith."

Butterworth (Ohio) moved an amendment by adding the following: "Provided, that nothing in such rules or method shall be so construed as to prevent the several Congressional Districts in the United States from selecting their own delegates to the National Convention." [Applause.]

Boutwell accepted the amendment; and his motion as amended was adopted. Then the Rules were adopted as a whole. On motion of Garfield

the Committee on resolutions was ordered to report. The reading of the Platform, which the Committee presented, was frequently interrupted by applause and cheers. After the adoption of the Platform, the Convention took a recess until 7 o'clock in the evening.

The evening session was particularly crowded, as nothing now remained but to nominate and ballot. The spectators were full of enthusiasm; and the crowd without listened for every echo, that came from the Convention-hall. As soon as the delegates were ready, the chairman read a communication from Mr. James P. Root, calling attention to the historical associations of the gavel used by the presiding officer of the Convention. Its head was made of a piece of wood, grown at the home of Abraham Lincoln, and the handle from a cane, grown at the home of Washington.

The most interesting work of the Convention was now close at hand. Hale moved a call of the states for the purpose of placing the various candidates in nomination. Ten minutes were allowed to the one nominating; five to the one seconding. When Michigan was reached, James F. Joy took the platform, and said:

“MR. CHAIRMAN; It was in 1860, I think, that a young man, born in the old Keystone State, but resident in the State of Maine, entered the House of Representatives. That was a time, when the horizon was darkened with clouds, indicating a

coming tempest. It was just before the war; the clouds burst over the country; and the war ensued and raged for four long years. Finally the strength of one of the contending parties gave way; and peace at last settled down on the country. Then ensued the contest for reconstruction, and that occupied four years more. During all that period of time, that young man, always true, always brave, always eloquent, applied his talents in every way necessary either to carry on the war or to bring about reconstruction on a proper basis. His reputation grew and towered all that time until at last, when reconstruction had been practically secured, he stood high before the country, and his name became a household word, familiar in every corner of the land and looked up to from all quarters. That name was the name of James G. Blaine. When the nomination of General Grant was made, all eyes in the northern section of the country were turned on James G. Blaine, and he canvassed the country from the Mississippi and beyond for that candidate, so that the people of the North and of the great West became familiar with him. He had about him that wonderful power of attracting men which another great man—Henry Clay, of Kentucky—possessed in an equally eminent degree.

“On the second nomination of General Grant, Mr. Blaine was again called upon, and he again traversed the country, exercising his eloquence

and powers. He had become so well-known to the people, that when the last Republican Convention was held at Cincinnati, four years ago, he had become the leading candidate of the Northern people for the Presidency. He was the favorite candidate of the State which I represented in that convention. The delegates from Michigan went there with the view of urging and securing, if possible, his nomination; and he came within a very few votes of getting it. But while he may have been disappointed, still when the canvass came on, and when it was doubtful whether the Republicans would succeed in electing their candidate, he, although he had been repudiated in that Convention, buckled on his harness, entered the tracks and again traversed the country, fighting manfully, gloriously, vigorously, until the battle was won."

The chairman announced that the speaker's time had expired, but, on motion of Garfield, his time was extended.

Joy resumed: "The result was that he endeared himself to the Republicans of the Northwest even more than before, and when this Convention was called, the people of Michigan, who so earnestly advocated him before, again turned their gaze toward him. With these remarks, I have the honor to present to this Convention, as a candidate for the Presidency, the name of James G. Blaine."

This was the signal for a wild scene of excitement, the larger half of the audience and all the Blaine delegates rising and cheering vociferously, and waving flags, hats, fans, umbrellas, anything obtainable, in the most frantic manner. After order was somewhat restored, Pixley (California) seconded the nomination in a speech of considerable length. Its close was the signal for another outburst of cheers. Frye followed in an electric speech of ten minutes, which made the galleries wild again.

Minnesota being called, E. F. Drake presented the name of Senator Windom. There was no seconder.

When New York was called, Conkling arose, took a position on a reporter's table, and, with his usual impressive manner, nominated General Grant. He briefly reviewed the "third-term" objections, and urged, that it was no objection to any man, that he had been weighed in the balance and not found wanting, or that he had obtained experience, which rendered him better fitted for the duties confided to his care. He continued: "When asked whence comes our candidate, we say from Appomattox. Obeying instructions I should never dare to disregard, expressing also my own firm conviction, I rise in behalf of the State of New York, to propose a nomination with which the country and the Republican party can grandly win.

“The need of the hour is a candidate who can carry doubtful States North and South, and believing that he more surely than any other can carry New York against any opponent, and can carry not only the North, but several States of the South, New York is for Ulysses S. Grant. He alone of living Republicans has carried New York as a Presidential candidate. Once he carried it even according to a Democratic count, and twice he carried it by the people’s votes, and he is stronger now—the Republican party, with its standard in his hand, is stronger now—than in 1868 or 1872. Never defeated in war or in peace, his name is the most illustrious borne by any living man. His services attest his greatness; and the country knows them by heart. Standing on the highest eminence of human destination, and having filled all lands with his renown, modest, simple and self-poised, he has seen not only the titled, but the poor and the lowly, in the uttermost ends of the earth, rise and uncover before him. He has studied the needs and defects of many systems of government, and he comes back a better American than ever, with a wealth of knowledge and experience added to the hard common sense, which so conspicuously distinguished him in all the fierce light, that beat upon him throughout the most eventful, trying and perilous sixteen years of the nation’s history. Never having had ‘a policy’ to enforce against the will of the people,

he never betrayed a cause or a friend, and the people will never betray or desert him. Vilified and reviled, truthlessly aspersed by numberless persons, not in other lands, but in his own, the assaults upon him have strengthened and seasoned his hold on the public heart. Never elated by success, never depressed by adversity, he has ever in peace, as in war, shown the very genius of common sense. The terms he prescribed for Lee's surrender foreshadowed the wisest principles and prophecies of true reconstruction."

Towards the conclusion, Mr. Conkling said, that the Convention was master of a supreme opportunity. It could make the next President, and also make sure of his peaceful inauguration. It could break that power, which mildews the South. It could make the Republican army march to certain victory with its greatest marshal at its head.

It was fully twenty minutes, before order could be restored. The Grant men in the Convention and the galleries had a "regular jubilee." The Grant delegations, collecting the flags, which marked their seats, marched along the aisles cheering and shouting. Finally Bradley (Kentucky), allowed to speak, seconded Grant's nomination.

When Ohio was called, Garfield rose, and, amid tremendous cheering, advanced to the place, which Conkling had just vacated. When order was restored, he delivered the following speech (which should rather be called *a finished oration*):

“MR. PRESIDENT: I have witnessed the extraordinary scenes of this Convention with deep solicitude. No emotion touches my heart more quickly than a sentiment in honor of a great and noble character. But as I sat on these seats and witnessed these demonstrations, it seemed to me you were a human ocean in a tempest. I have seen the sea lashed into a fury and tossed into a spray; and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man. But I remember, that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. Gentlemen of the Convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people. When our enthusiasm has passed, when the emotions of this hour have subsided, we shall find the calm level of public opinion, below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined. Not here, in this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are assembled, is the destiny of the Republic to be decreed; not here, where I see the enthusiastic faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates waiting to cast their votes into the urn and determine the choice of their party; but by four million Republican firesides, where the thoughtful fathers, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by love of home and love of country, with the history of the past, the hopes of

the future, and the knowledge of the great men, who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by—*there* God prepares the verdict, that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago in the heat of June, but in the sober quiet, that comes between now and November, in the silence of deliberate judgment, will this great question be settled. Let us aid them to-night.

“But now, gentlemen of the convention, what do we want? [A voice, “Garfield.”] Bear with me a moment. Hear me for this cause, and, for a moment, be silent, that you may hear. Twenty-five years ago this republic was wearing a triple chain of bondage. Long familiarity with traffic in the bodies and souls of men had paralyzed the consciences of a majority of our people. The baleful doctrine of State sovereignty had shocked and weakened the noblest and most beneficent powers of the National Government; and the grasping power of slavery was seizing the virgin territories of the West and dragging them into the den of eternal bondage. At that crisis the Republican party was born. It entered the arena, when the beleaguered and assailed territories were struggling for freedom, and drew around them the sacred circle of liberty, which the demon of slavery has never dared to cross. Strengthened by its victory on the frontier, the young party, under the leadership of that great man, who on this spot

twenty years ago was made its leader, entered the national capitol and assumed the high duties of the government. The, light, which shone from its banner, dispelled the darkness, in which slavery had enshrouded the capitol, and melted the shackles of every slave, and consumed, in the fire of liberty, every slave-pen within the shadow of the capitol. Our national industries, by an impoverishing policy, were themselves prostrated, and the streams of revenue flowed in such feeble currents, that the treasury itself was well-nigh empty. The money of the people was the wretched notes of two thousand uncontrolled and irresponsible State banking corporations, which were filling the country with a circulation, that poisoned rather than sustained the life of business. The Republican party changed all this. It abolished the babel of confusion, and gave the country a currency, as national as its flag, based upon the sacred faith of the people. It threw its protecting arm around our great industries; and they stood erect as with new life. It filled with the spirit of true nationality all the great functions of the government. It confronted a rebellion of unexampled magnitude, with slavery behind it, and, under God, fought the final battle of liberty, until victory was won. Then, after the storms of battle, were heard the sweet, calm words of peace, uttered by the conquering nation, and saying to the conquered foe, that lay prostrate at its feet: 'This is our only

revenge, that you join us in lifting to the serene firmament of the Constitution, to shine like stars for ever and ever, the immortal principles of truth and justice, that all men; white or black, shall be free and stand equal before the law.'

"Then came the questions of reconstruction, the public debt, and the public faith. In the settlement of these questions the Republican party has completed its twenty-five years of glorious existence; and it has sent us here to prepare it for another lustrum of duty and of victory. How shall we do this great work? We cannot do it, my friends, by assailing our Republican brethren. God forbid that I should say one word to cast a shadow upon any name on the roll of our heroes. This coming fight is our Thermopylæ. Let us hold our ground this one year, for the stars in their courses fight for us in the future. The census taken this year will bring re-inforcements and continued power. But in order to win this victory now, we want the vote of every Republican, of every Grant Republican and every anti-Grant Republican in American, of every Blaine man and every anti-Blaine man. The vote of every follower of every candidate is needed to make our success certain. Therefore, I say, gentlemen and brethren, we are here to take calm counsel together, and inquire what we shall do. [A voice "Nominate Garfield." Great applause.] We want a man, who standing on a mountain

height, sees all the achievements of our past history, and carries in his heart the memory of all its glorious deeds, and who, looking forward, prepares to meet the labor and the dangers to come. We want one, who will act in no spirit of unkindness toward those we lately met in battle. The Republican party offers to our brethren of the South the olive branch of peace, and wishes them to return to brotherhood, on this supreme condition, that it shall be admitted forever and forevermore, that, in the war for the Union, we were right and they were wrong.

“Now, gentlemen, not to weary you, I am about to present a name for your consideration—the name of a man, who was the comrade and associate and friend of nearly all those noble dead, whose faces look down upon us from these walls to-night; a man, who began his career of public service twenty-five years ago, whose first duty was courageously done in the days of peril on the plains of Kansas, when the first red drops of that bloody shower began to fall, which finally swelled into the deluge of war. You ask for his monument? I point you to twenty-five years of national statutes. Not one great beneficent statute has been placed in our statute-books without his intelligent and powerful aid. He aided these men to formulate the laws, that raised our great armies and carried us through the war. His hand was seen in the workmanship of those statutes, that

restored, and brought back, the unity and married calm of the States. His hand was in all that great legislation, that created the war-currency, and in a still greater work, that redeemed the promises of the Government, and made the currency equal to gold. And when at last called from the halls of legislation into a high executive office, he displayed that experience, intelligence, firmness and poise of character, which has carried us through a stormy period of three years. With one-half the public press crying: 'crucify him,' and a hostile Congress seeking to prevent success—in all this he remained unmoved, until victory crowned him. He has shown himself able to meet with calmness the great emergencies of the Government for twenty-five years. He has trodden the perilous heights of public duty, and against all the shafts of malice has borne his breast unharmed. He has stood in the blaze of 'that fierce light that beats against the throne;' but its fiercest ray has found no flaw in his armor, no stain on his shield. I do not present him as a better Republican or as a better man than thousands of others we honor, but I present him for your deliberate consideration. I nominate John Sherman of Ohio."

Referring to this masterly effort, the Chicago *Inter-Occan*, a strong "third-term" paper, said the following morning: "The verdict of the ladies in the gallery, many times during the convention, is that Conkling is 'so handsome,' and

Garfield 'so plain.' But the Ohio school-teacher, minister, legislator and statesman is not plain-looking. To the beauty of great strength is added the grace, with which an illustrious and radiant renown will clothe any man. Large of form, with a huge head, the figure fixed like a rock on that table, while the building trembles with applause, is imposing, peerless and grand. To all of this, Garfield's nature adds a charm possessed by few men—the beauty of a generous and affectionate nature. A big heart, a sympathetic nature, and a mind keenly sensitive to everything, that is beautiful in sentiment, are the artists, that shade down the gnarled outlines, and touch with soft coloring the plain features of a massive face. The conception of a grand thought always paints a glow upon Garfield's face, which no one forgets, who has seen him while speaking. His eyes are a cold gray, but they are often—yes, all the time in this speech—lit brilliantly by the warm light of worthy sentiments, and the strong flame of a great man's conviction. In speaking, he is not so restless as Conkling. His speech is an appeal for thought and calm deliberation; and he stands still, like the rock of judgment, while he delivers it. There is no invective or bitterness in his effort; but there is throughout an earnestness of conviction and an unquestionable air of sincerity, to which every gesture and intonation of voice are especially adapted."

Whitelaw Reid telegraphed the following to the *New York Tribune*: "It seems to be the verdict of the majority that General Garfield won the laurels of the night, as indeed he has of the convention thus far. Mr. Frye's speech, though eloquent, was delivered without any preparation whatever. General Garfield's speech was admirably adapted to make votes for his candidate, if speeches ever made votes. It was courteous, conciliatory and prudent. General Garfield honestly did his best for Secretary Sherman, and yet the general is so popular here, that the chief effect of his speech has been to increase the talk and speculation as to the possibility of his being made the nominee, if the situation were different."

The *Chicago Journal* said editorially: "The supreme orator of the evening was General Garfield. He is a man of superb power and noble character. The name of John Sherman could not have been better presented. His claims upon the good opinion of the American people—and they are very great—were urged in a way worthy the occasion. He indulged in no fling at others. It was a model speech in temper and tone. The impression made was powerful and altogether wholesome. Many felt, that, if Ohio had offered Garfield instead of Sherman, she would have been more likely to win."

Sherman's nomination was seconded by Winkler (Wisconsin), and Elliott (South Carolina).

Vermont being called, Billings rose to put in nomination Senator Edmunds, and said that no State could have a better right to name a Republican candidate and none could name a better man. Republicanism runs in Vermont's blood. The man, whom she named for the Presidency, was no longer hers; he was the property and pride of the nation. Vermont looked forward through the years and saw the ignominy and crime of giving up the Government to a revolutionary Democracy; and she implored this Convention to let nothing put the Republican victory in peril, but to make that victory secure by putting on the platform a candidate far better even than the Platform—a candidate weak nowhere, but strong everywhere—the incarnation of the principles of that Platform. Any other course foreboded disaster and courted defeat. Such a candidate, as was needed, was that brave, keen, vigilant man, on whom rested no shadow of evil report, the leader of the Senate, George F. Edmunds. Vermont nominated him for the Presidency, and asked the Convention to accept him. The nomination was seconded by Sanford (Massachusetts).

Cassidy (Wisconsin) then offered the name of Elihu B. Washburn, who was seconded by Brandagee (Connecticut). All the candidates had now been presented. As it was within a few minutes of Sunday morning, the Convention adjourned until Monday morning.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A DAY OF DOUBT.

SUNDAY at Chicago was passed in feverish and impatient hoping and waiting. Every nerve was strained to strengthen wavering delegates, to capture new ones, and to repair every spot in the chain of defenses. No one could predict, what would happen, with the reasonable certainty of Friday night. The following letter of one of the most intelligent correspondents at the Convention describes the opening scene of the fifth day:

“The sun rose in a cloudless sky this morning; and a gentle, cool breeze from the lake promised a charming day for the great conflict. The crowd had been considerably thinned out since Saturday night. Many of the most boisterous elements, who were too expensive, as strikers, to be continued on duty indefinitely, had dropped out of the battle; but the effective soldiery of all sides remained; and the rank and file seemed more impatient than the leaders for the struggle. There was not that effervescence of wild expectation, that was displayed, when the same people first crowded into Exposition Hall on Wednesday morning. Their faces were freshened by rest;

but they had been sobered by the realities of the contest and the gravity of its hue. When the doors were opened hurried streams of humanity poured in at every entrance ; and, when the hour arrived for President Hoar to swing his gavel, all the portions of the hall within possible hearing of the proceedings were jammed to the uttermost. Even the reserved platform of the correspondents was invaded by the crowd, until communication with the hundred batteries, which maintained their ceaseless clicking hard by, was almost entirely interrupted. Hoar came in ahead of time, and looked serene as a summer morning, that welcomed him to his task ; and his face was fresh as the roses, which shed their exquisite tints and fragrance on the table. He had borne himself so well, so impartially, and so intelligently, that all felt assured of a faithful umpire in the desperation of the last charge of the contending hosts. Alabama, as usual, was first to present a full delegation ; and Arkansas, just behind her, speedily followed. Conkling knew, that he would meet his grandest welcome, as he passed before his allies to lead them in the hand-to-hand struggle. As soon as his tall form and silvered crown were visible, the shout went up, that all understood ; and it was heartier and longer than ever before. Garfield is the member of the Convention, who divides with Conkling, the popular welcome of every opening. He received a royal welcome,

when he entered, and his strong, rugged features lightened like the rippled lake with its dancing sunshine. Cameron was active, silent and determined as ever. He flitted hurriedly among the distinguished guests, before the signal-gun was fired, and then retired to his immediate command. Hale and Frye were among the first to take their position; and hope and fear were plainly wrestling with each other on their faces. Both seemed well poised and reasonably self-reliant; but the contrast between their nervous apprehensions and the calm defiance of Conkling was a study for the intelligent observers of men. Chandler was restless, and his little face seemed to have shrunk away behind his eye-glasses. Logan was as calm as the dark cloud, that is waiting to hurl its thunder-bolt. He seemed conscious, that his leader was beaten; but he was evidently resolved, that there should be a costly retreat for the pursuing hosts. Garfield, Foster, Dennison, Bateman, Butterworth, and other Ohio leaders were to be seen in little knots of their delegation, as if they feared defection at an early stage of the contest; and there was evident unrest among the Indiana men. General Harrison's short form and sharply cut features were shaded with anxiety. General Sewell sat in front of Conkling; and his youthful face exhibited the coolness and determination, which characterize him in the heat of battle. As far as faces could be distinguished in

the great arena, all seemed to be soberly anxious for the order to advance. When President Hoar called the Convention to order, there was a speedy hush; and the vast multitude was seated with wonderful alacrity. All seemed anxious for the fight to begin. The minister, who opened with prayer, shared the general appreciation of the value of the fleeting moments; and his petition had the merit of brevity."

The chair announced at the conclusion of the prayer, that during the balloting he would not allow any delay, debate, or tricks by changing votes, after they were once cast. Hale opened the business of the day by moving, that the Convention proceed to ballot. Conkling seconded the motion; and the roll-call was begun amid a silence, that showed the intense anxiety. The result was announced by the secretaries as follows: Grant, 304; Blaine, 284; Sherman, 93; Edmunds, 34; Washburne, 30; Windom, 10.

The incidents of this ballot were few and not very remarkable. There was faint applause, when Arkansas voted solid for Grant; but all sides joined in hissing it down. When Pixley announced California's vote for Blaine in a dramatic fashion, and with a sentence thrown in for the galleries, the President notified the chairmen of delegations, that no comment of any kind would be allowed. Conkling announced the vote of New York: "Two votes are reported for Sherman,

seventeen for Blaine, and fifty-one are for Grant." Ohio threw a wet blanket on the Sherman men by casting nine votes for Blaine. General Beaver thundered out: "Pennsylvania votes thirty-two for Grant, twenty-three for Blaine, and three for Sherman." After this there was but little interest; and the ballot closed in the most orderly manner. As soon as the vote was announced, the chair ordered another, holding that nothing was in order but voting. The second ballot, and the third, and the fourth were uneventful. The changes in these and the succeeding ones of the afternoon were very slight, except the nomination of Garfield by a vote from Grier (Pennsylvania), made without any particular idea of permanency. A recess was several times proposed, but voted down. The last ballot of the morning-session was the eighteenth. Immediately after the announcement of it, a recess was ordered until seven o'clock.

The evening-session opened rather noisily; and there was some slight trouble in keeping order. The announcement of the first ballot of this session was greeted by the Sherman men with cheers, who saw that their candidate was gaining on Blaine. The Grant men held their own, and showed a determination to stand by their candidate to the last. After the twenty-seventh ballot, Morse (Massachusetts) proposed an adjournment till the next morning. It was nearly half-past

nine; and the hall was excessively hot. Not less than twelve thousand people were watching the progress of the balloting. At the conclusion of each call, while the secretaries were footing up the totals, this immense audience would with one accord rise to obtain rest by change of position. This movement was suggestive of the distant roar of a coming storm. Morse's motion to adjourn was withdrawn; and another ballot was ordered. Then a motion to adjourn was carried by 446 to 303; and the Convention at ten P. M., adjourned till the next morning.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE.

THE Convention had now been in session five days ; and the result had not been reached. All Chicago rose on June 8th with a settled wish, that that day might end the contest ; and the delegates believed that it would. General Garfield came forth from the Grand Pacific, arm-in-arm with his friend, Governor Foster of Ohio. The suspicion, that he would before night-fall be the nominee of the Party, never entered his mind.

"I think, Charlie," said Garfield, "we shall get through with this business of president-making, to-day."

"Yes," returned Foster, "the delegates are all getting tired and want to go home."

"I am quite sure they will select a candidate before another adjournment," continued Garfield.

"I hope it will be our man," answered Foster.

"Honest John Sherman will be nominated ; and again Ohio will be made proud by the work of the Convention."

“Amen,” said Foster. “Let us all take heart and work.”

“Yes, that is the word,” cried Garfield. “Work! work! work!”

As Garfield turned a corner, one of the hundreds of people, who were thrusting advertisements, into the hands of passers-by, pressed a little piece of paper upon him, which he accepted mechanically. His eye caught “Acts iv, 11, 12.” Reluctant to throw away a Bible-leaf, he folded it up, put it in his pocket, and continued his walk. Had he read it, the spirit of its prophecy would doubtless have struck him: “This is the stone which is set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.”

It was only the result of the Convention, that gave this curious coincidence any value.

When the Convention was opened, the reverend gentleman, who asked the blessing of the Almighty, prayed, that the delegates might soon be restored to their friends. The call of the States was then ordered for the twenty-ninth ballot. The result of it is given in this chapter in the tabular statement of all the ballots of the convention. There were some indications, as the thirtieth ballot progressed, that the lesser candidates were giving way. Great amusement was created toward its close by the announcement of

one vote from Wyoming for General Sheridan, who was on the stage near the chair. He rose, and said, that he was very much obliged, but that he couldn't take the nomination, unless he was permitted to turn it over to his best friend. The galleries understood this reference, because Sheridan's best friend is Grant; and all the Grant delegates made the best of the opportunity by an outburst of enthusiasm. The chair also understood it, and said, that, while the distinguished soldier had been given permission to interrupt the order of the Convention, it would be granted to no one else. The next ballot demonstrated, that the Convention was on the edge of a break. The close of the thirty-fourth ballot was marked with excitement, when Wisconsin cast fourteen votes for Garfield. When the result was declared, Garfield rose and addressed the chair. The chairman inquired for what purpose the gentleman rose.

"To a question of order," said Garfield.

"The gentleman will state it," said the chair.

"I challenge," said Mr. Garfield, "the correctness of the announcement, that contains votes for me. No man has a right, without the consent of the person voted for, to have his name announced and voted for in this Convention. Such consent I have not given."

This was overruled by the chair. The thirty-

fifth ballot proved more interesting than any previous one. The call was quickly made; and the people began to be in better spirits. The Blaine movement had apparently broken up. The ballot resulted as follows: Grant, 313; Blaine, 257; Sherman, 99; Garfield, 50; Washburne, 23; Edmunds, 11; Windom, 3.

The call for the thirty-sixth ballot began amidst considerable excitement. A delegate thus described it: "Connecticut led off on this ballot with eleven votes for Garfield. The most of the Washburne vote of Illinois followed this; and, when Indiana was called, General Harrison cast twenty-nine of her thirty votes for Garfield. The storm at this point broke, * * * * The confusion had not fairly subsided when Iowa followed with twenty-two votes for Garfield, and the outburst was renewed and gained in force with every fresh start. A little further down Maine, cast her fourteen votes for the Ohio man, and the cheering was greater than ever. The confusion was so great that it was almost impossible to go on with the call. The delegations of Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota and Mississippi each insisted on an individual roll-call; and the Blaine and Sherman votes nearly all turned up for Garfield. * * * * Ohio was finally called. The delegation had been thrown into confusion, and it was some time in getting around, but it finally

turned up with forty-three for Garfield, the missing delegate being Garfield himself. The Convention relapsed into cheers again, but recovered in a moment to hear General Beaver announce the Pennsylvania vote as thirty-seven for Grant, twenty-one for Garfield. * * * * As the call went on, as well as it could in the confusion, the Blaine delegates wheeled into Line for Garfield. Vermont was wildly cheered when the ten Edmunds votes swung around; and Wisconsin's eighteen following shortly after, gave the man from Ohio a majority of the whole number.

"The thousands had kept tally and knew this. There was a momentary hush, as if the seven or eight thousand people were taking breath; and then the storm burst; and, while the cheering went on, the banners of the several States were borne to the place, where Ohio's delegation sat, Garfield in the midst of them; and there was a scene almost equal to that of midnight on Friday. The band was playing "The Battle-Cry of Freedom" at the lower end of the hall; and, when the cheering subsided for a moment, the air was taken up and sung in chorus by thousands of voices. This went on for a quarter of an hour, during which time Conkling sat in his place at the head of his delegation without show of emotion of any sort. Efforts were made to get Garfield out; but he remained hidden in the midst of his Ohio friends."

This was the thirty-sixth and last ballot, which completed a remarkable series of votes. They are here given in details :

BALLOT.	Grant.	Blaine.	Sherman.	Washburne.	Edmund	Windom.	Garfield.	Hayes.	Harrison.	McCrary.	Davis, of Texas.	Hartranft, of Pa.
1.....	304	284	93	30	34	10
2.....	305	282	94	31	32	10	1
3.....	305	282	93	31	32	10	1	...	1
4.....	305	281	95	31	32	10	1
5.....	305	281	95	31	32	10	1
6.....	305	280	95	31	32	10	2
7.....	305	281	94	31	32	10	2
8.....	306	284	91	32	31	10	1
9.....	308	282	90	32	31	10	2
10.....	305	282	92	33	31	10	1	1
11.....	305	281	93	32	31	10	2	1
12.....	304	283	92	33	31	10	1	1
13.....	305	285	89	33	31	10	1	1
14.....	305	285	89	35	31	10
15.....	309	281	88	36	31	10
16.....	306	283	88	36	31	10
17.....	303	284	90	36	31	10	1	...
18.....	305	283	91	35	31	10
19.....	305	279	96	32	31	10	1	1
20.....	308	276	93	35	31	10	1	1
21.....	305	276	96	35	31	10	1	1
22.....	305	275	97	35	31	10	1	1
23.....	304	275	97	36	31	10	2
24.....	305	279	93	35	31	10	2
25.....	302	281	94	35	31	10	2
26.....	303	280	93	36	31	10	2
27.....	306	277	93	36	31	10	2
28.....	307	279	91	35	31	10	2
29.....	305	278	116	35	12	7	2
30.....	306	279	120	33	11	4	2
31.....	308	276	118	37	11	3	1
32.....	309	270	117	44	11	3	1
33.....	309	276	110	44	11	4	1
34.....	312	275	107	30	11	4	17
35.....	313	257	99	23	11	3	50
36.....	306	42	3	5	399

At the announcement of Garfield's nomination, the people again stood on the benches to hurrah

and shout. During the confusion Logan rose, and sought to catch the eye of the President. Conkling was standing in the aisle for the same purpose. As soon as order was restored, the latter was recognized, and in a husky voice said:

“MR. CHAIRMAN: James A. Garfield of Ohio, having received a majority of all the votes cast, I rise to move, that he be unanimously presented as the nominee of the Convention. The chair, under the rules, anticipated me; but, being on my feet, I avail myself of the opportunity to congratulate the Republican party of the nation on the good-natured and well-tempered disposition, which has distinguished this animated Convention. *

* * I trust that the zeal, the fervor, and now the unanimity of the scenes of the Convention will be transplanted to the field of the country, and that all of us, who have borne a part against each other, will be found, with equal zeal bearing the banners and carrying the lances of the Republican party into the ranks of the enemy.”
[Applause.]

As he sat down, John A. Logan arose and spoke:

“GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: We are to be congratulated at having arrived at a conclusion in respect to presenting the name of a candidate to be the standard-bearer of the Republican party for President of the United States in union and harmony with each other. * * * I, with

the friends of one of the grandest men on the face of the earth, stood here to fight a friendly battle for his nomination; but this Convention has chosen another leader, and the men who stood by Grant will be seen in the front of the contest for Mr. Garfield. We will go forward in the contest, not with tied hands, not with sealed lips, not with bridled tongues, but to speak the truth in favor of the grandest party that has ever been organized in this country, to maintain its principles, to uphold its power, to preserve its ascendancy; and my judgment is, that with the leader, whom you have chosen, victory will perch on our banners. As one of the Republicans from Illinois, I second the nomination of James A. Garfield, and hope it will be made unanimous."

Two of the senatorial triumvirate had now spoken. Pennsylvania was wanted to complete it. General Beaver a minute later rose, and addressed the vast gathering:

"The State of Pennsylvania having had the honor of first nominating in this Convention the gentleman, who has been chosen as the standard-bearer of the Republican party in the approaching national contest, I rise to second the motion, which has been made, to make the nomination unanimous, and to assure this Convention and the people of the country that Pennsylvania is heartily in accord with the nomination, that she gives her full concurrence to it, and that this country may ex-

pect from her the greatest majority that has been given for a Presidential candidate in many years."

Then Hale, the leader of the Blaine forces, spoke for his friends :

"Standing here to return our heartfelt thanks to the many men in this Convention, who have aided us in the fight, that we made for the senator from Maine, and speaking for them here, as I know that I do, I say this most heartily. * * * The nominee of this Convention is no new or untried man; and in that respect he is no 'dark-horse.' When he came here representing his State in the front of his delegation, and was seen here, every man knew him, because of his record; and because of that, and because of our faith in him, and because we were, in the emergency, glad to help make him the candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States; because I say, of these things, I stand here to pledge the Maine forces in this Convention to earnest efforts, from now until the ides of November, to help carry him to the Presidential chair."

The nomination was then made unanimous, amid the wildest excitement; and at half-past two a recess was taken until five P. M. The evening session was short, resulting in the nomination of Chester A. Arthur, of New York, for the Vice Presidency; and the Convention adjourned *sine die* after one of the most gigantic political struggles ever recorded.

Mr. George W. Rose, who was a private stenographer of General Garfield, and who was temporarily occupying the general's house in Washington, relates the following curious incident:

‘On the day of the general's nomination for President, at about the very moment of ‘absolute time’ (as the Signal Service Bureau would say) that the nomination was made (allowing for the difference in longitude between here and Chicago) a magnificent bald eagle, after circling round the Park, swooped down and rested on the general's house. One of my children was playing out of doors at the time, and ran in to call the attention of the family to this striking spectacle. Several of the family and myself went out, and saw the source of the child's wonder. Before the eagle rose from its strange perch, a dozen people noticed and commented upon it. An old Roman would have seen in this an augury of the most inspiring character. But we Americans are free from superstitions, and so it was a mere ‘coincidence.’”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HOW IT HAPPENED, AND WHAT WAS SAID OF IT.

THE nomination of General Garfield was an entirely spontaneous movement. He was not put in nomination with any thunders of eloquence; he had no long list of politicians to urge and manage his candidacy. When his name was first mentioned in connection with the office, he caused the following to be published in the *Cleveland Herald*:

“We are authorized to say that all statements made either in the press or by private persons, that General Garfield has changed his views in regard to the canvass of Secretary Sherman for the Presidency, are absolutely without foundation. General Garfield is not, and will not be, a candidate for President, and stands squarely and flatly upon his letter, recommending the Republicans of Ohio to give their united vote in favor of John Sherman for President. He believes that Mr. Sherman is the choice of a large majority of the party in the State, and that the highest political wisdom and best interests of the Republicans will be advanced by sending a unanimous delegation from Ohio in his favor. We do not make this statement, because we needed any assurance, that

General Garfield was the firm and devoted friend of Mr. Sherman, or that he had changed his views of the propriety and fitness of Mr. Sherman's nomination; but as so many statements have been made and telegraph specials printed, calculated to mislead the public, we desire to put the whole question at rest by an authoritative statement."

During the voting in the Convention little mention was made of Garfield's name until the thirty-fourth balloting, when Wisconsin headed the move, which resulted in his nomination.

A day or two after the great event an intimate friend of the nominee related how it happened:

"It was manifest from the start that Garfield was a favorite with a large majority of them. It was also noticed that leading visitors at the Convention were talking in that direction. Four days previous to the great upheaval, Judge Hoar, one of the best informed men in the country, and who had a large personal acquaintance among the delegates, remarked: 'If the delegates were walled up separately and allowed no communication with each other, following out the custom at the Vatican in electing a pope, voting a secret ballot, General Garfield would receive two-thirds of the votes of the delegates present.' The friends of the several candidates, of whom there properly were three, seemed to lead out each with the firm conviction, that by a long trial there would occur

a break among the others. It became apparent, that the contest would be one simply of endurance.

* * * Blaine, Washburne and other anti-Grant men came to Garfield's friends hourly and said: 'Why don't you Ohio men take up Garfield? We will vote for him.' In every instance they were met with the reply: 'We have come to urge the claims of John Sherman for the nomination. We believe him a strong candidate.' The Blaine men said: 'Why ask us to turn to Sherman? We are more than three times your number. You, who believe with us, that it would be unwise to nominate General Grant, should unite with us and nominate Mr. Blaine.' The Sherman men counseled among themselves, and concluded to hold out still longer. Finally, on the day preceding the final break, the Wisconsin delegates came to the Ohio men in a state of excitement and determination, and said: 'If you Ohio delegates will not bring out General Garfield, we shall!' Some of the Ohio people were anxious to do this, but under the circumstances simply replied: 'Garfield is a great favorite in Ohio; and nothing would please us more than to vote for him; but, as we came here to urge the nomination of Mr. Sherman, we shall use all honorable means to secure that end.' At one or two ballots on the following morning it became plain, that something was about to occur, and the Convention had reached the beginning of the end. * * *

Wisconsin's response, 'Fourteen votes for James A. Garfield,' caused a ripple of surprise and joy to sweep over the faces of the delegates; and the cheers from the gallery demonstrated Garfield's popularity in that vast audience. * * * As the Convention took a recess previous to nominating the Vice-President, a great crowd gathered at the outer door; and it was with the utmost difficulty, that General Garfield gained a carriage. An incident occurring there is worthy of publication. As Garfield entered the carriage in company with Governor Foster the crowd surged around in a state of intense enthusiasm, and shouted: 'Take off the horses; we will pull the carriage.' The driver, who at the time was not aware whom he was carrying, whipped up to get away from the men, who had already commenced to unfasten the harness. He cleared the space several feet, but was overhauled again; and the dazed driver, now thoroughly frightened, applied his whip with renewed energy, and clearing the crowd, pushed for the Palmer House."

During the first minutes after the result, and while yet the general was busy shaking hands with the hundreds around him, he turned to a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, and said: "I wish you would say, that this is no act of mine. I wish you would say, that I have done everything, and omitted nothing, to secure Secretary Sherman's nomination. I want it plainly understood,

that I have not sought this nomination, and have protested against the use of my name. If Senator Hoar had permitted, I would have forbidden anybody to vote for me. But he took me off my feet, before I had said what I intended. I am very sorry it has occurred; but, if my position is fully explained, a nomination, coming unsought and unexpected like this, will be the crowning gratification of my life."

The news, telegraphed from Chicago, sent a thrill of pleasure through the land. About forty telegrams reached the nominee, before he left the Convention-hall; and, before he slept that night, more than a thousand more had winged their way to him. The President, every member of his Cabinet, Senator Blaine, and hosts of other distinguished characters in the councils of the nation telegraphed most candid congratulations.

The National House of Representatives, on the last day of the Convention, was occupied with a discussion on the erection of a public building; and a motion to adjourn was made. During the calling of the roll a great deal of excitement was manifested by the members over the Convention-news. When Garfield's name was called, it was greeted with applause on both the Republican and the Democratic side. The announcement, which came in soon afterward, that Garfield had been nominated, was received with such loud cheers and applause from the members, who had

assembled in the lobby back of the Speaker's desk, that the roll-call was interrupted. Members gathered in groups and discussed the nomination of Garfield, which appeared to meet with almost universal approval, from the Republicans, and which was conceded by the Democrats to be a strong one. The second call of Garfield's name was the signal for a burst of applause from the Republicans. The motion was finally carried; and the House at half-past two adjourned, amid great excitement.

Cheers for Garfield were then given; and cries of "Speech from Hawley," and "Hawley for Vice President" were heard, to which that gentleman did not respond. Robeson's motion, that Hawley should take the chair, was unanimously carried amid cheers. When Hawley took the chair, the House presented a curious sight. Every chair on the floor was occupied, the seats of the absent members being filled by spectators, who, upon the adjournment, had crowded into the Hall; and in the rear of the seats were groups of excited men.

Speeches from Hawley, Robeson and Kelley followed, and at last, amid tumultuous applause, it was unanimously voted to appoint a committee to telegraph the congratulations of the House to the nominee.

The chair appointed Kelley, Robeson, Browne, Martin, Page, Richardson and Henderson as the

committee to send this congratulatory telegram to General Garfield.

The happiness of the people was everywhere echoed by the press. The *New York Tribune* said :

“With its best judgment the *Tribune* approves, with its heartiest enthusiasm the *Tribune* applauds, the work of the Chicago Convention. With whatever power it possesses, it will commend that work to the people, and labor unceasingly for a triumphant ratification at the polls.”

The *Boston Advertiser*, representing the best element of the Republican party in New England, thus spoke for its constituents :

“The Republican party has a candidate for President, of whom it may be proud—a man of ability, experience and conscience. The nomination of General Garfield cannot be too heartily welcomed by all, who have the good of the party and of the country at heart, not merely as the most satisfactory solution of the situation, that was much to be regretted, but of one thoroughly good in itself.”

The *New York Times* which had supported Grant, took this position :

“The Chicago Convention has followed sundry familiar precedents in failing to select the strongest of the candidates presented to it. But from the second rank of available Republicans it has made a very excellent choice, and one, which has

the great merit of uniting all sections of the party for a harmonious, aggressive and probably successful campaign. James A. Garfield has been too long in public life to have escaped injurious allegations against his personal character and bitter attacks upon his political course; but he is strong in his freedom from intrigue to gain the nomination, and in being able to accept it absolutely free from disreputable alliances or embarrassing pledges."

The *Cincinnati Gazette* voiced Ohio:

"It was the nomination of a man of national reputation, whose ability has earned him the recognized place of leader of the House of Representatives—of a man, than whom no one could better harmonize all the contending factions in the Conventions—a man, who is the peer of any; who is himself a part of all that is good and glorious in the history of the Republican party; who deserves all the honor, that belongs to the patriotic and successful soldier; who was a statesman, thoroughly identified with all civil institutions, before he left a successful political career to serve his country in war; and who has in his character and public services as much of those qualities, which draw the intelligent enthusiasm of the people for the man they have chosen for a leader, as any man, whom either of the several parties in the Convention could have named. Therefore do we hail the nomination, as a great deliverance, and

as a regenerating triumph for the Republican party."

The *Chicago Times* expressed this opinion :

"In the language of the politicians, the nomination of Mr. Garfield is a strong one, an uncommonly strong one. It is one, that brings together and unites all the lately hostile factions of the party, and removes all the bitterness, engendered by the fierce contest among rival aspirants, that must have had effect on the result, had the nomination fallen to any one of them."

The *Chicago Tribune*, which had strongly advocated Blaine, answered for the country in this way : "From one end of the nation to the other, from distant Oregon to Texas, from Maine to Arizona, lightning has informed the country of the nomination yesterday of General James A. Garfield, as the Republican candidate for the Presidency. Never was a nomination made, which has been received by friend and foe with such evidence of hearty respect, admiration and confidence. The applause is universal. Even the Democratic House of Representatives suspended its business, that it might congratulate the country upon the nomination of the distinguished leader of the Republicans. James Abram Garfield is, in the popular mind, one of the foremost statesmen of the nation."

In the other centres of political and social life of the land, the same flattering reception was ac-

corded the ticket. Many distinguished men spoke of it heartily, commending the statesman at its head. We have not, unfortunately, space to print what was said. The nominee's old commander, General Rosecrans, remarked on hearing the news: "I consider General Garfield head and shoulders above any of the men named before the Convention, and far superior to any of the political managers upon the floor. He is a man with broad views, has always been a consistent Republican, and has a clean record. I cannot believe, that James A. Garfield was ever guilty of a dishonest act. As the campaign progresses, it will be found, if it is not now acknowledged, that Garfield is a hard man to beat."

W. D. Howells, the former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, wrote to a friend; "Among all the classes, whom his nomination has gratified, I think the literary class is first. We feel, that all the good things, which the Hayes administration has done for humanity and civilization, will find their continuance and furtherance in his, and that he will perpetuate the order of perfect honesty, intelligence, and decency, which Mr. Hayes has established in public life. I may tell you, that Mr. Longfellow has repeatedly expressed his pleasure in Garfield's nomination. I had once the fortune to bring them together; and Mr. Longfellow was strongly impressed with the fine and

generous qualities, mental and moral, which every one recognizes in the candidate of our party."

At Williams College the students were wild over the nomination. Within twenty-four hours after the result was announced, the first Garfield club in the Union was organized with a membership of three hundred. A ratification meeting was held in the evening; and the students sang, as a chorus to "Marching through Georgia," the following:

"Hurrah! hurrah! we'll shout for General G.!
Hurrah! hurrah! a Williams man was he,
And so we'll sing the chorus from old Williams to the sea,
And we'll cast a vote for General Garfield."

It will further interest the reader to examine the following analysis of General Garfield's mental characteristics, taken from the *New York Journal of Phrenology*:

James A. Garfield is a man of very strong physical constitution, with broad shoulders, deep chest and a good nutritive system, which serve to sustain with ample vigor his uncommonly large brain: standing fully six feet high, and weighing 220 pounds. The head, which is twenty-four inches in circumference, seems to be very long from front to rear; and then the length seems extreme from the centre of the ear to the root of the nose. It is also long from the opening of the ear backwards. The whole back-head is large, and the social group amply indicated; but the reader will observe the extreme length anterior to the opening of the ears, especially across the lower part of the forehead, in which are located the organs of perceptive intellect—those which gather and re-

tain knowledge, and bring a man into quick sympathy with the external world, and also with the world of facts, as developed in science and literature.

Perhaps there are not two men in a hundred thousand, who are intelligent and educated, who will see as much and take into account so many of the principles involved in what he sees, as the subject before us. Nothing escapes his attention; he remembers things in their elements, their qualities and peculiarities, such as form, size and color. He would make an excellent judge of the size of articles, and also of their weight, by simple observation. He has a talent for natural science, especially chemistry and natural philosophy. His memory, indicated by the fullness in the middle of the forehead, is enormously developed, aiding him in retaining vividly all the impressions, that are worth recalling.

The superior portion of the forehead is developed more prominently in the analogical than in the logical. His chief intellectual force is in the power to elucidate and make subjects clear. Hence he is able to teach to others, whatever he knows himself.

He has the talent for reading character. Hence he addresses himself to each individual according to his peculiar characteristics, and reaches results in the readiest and best way. His language is rather largely indicated. He would be known more for specific compactness than for an ornate and elaborate style, because he goes as directly as possible from the premises to the conclusion, and never seems to forget the point at issue.

The side-head is well developed in the region of Order, Constructiveness, Sense of the beautiful and the grand. It is also strongly marked in the region of Combativeness and Destructiveness, which give force and zealous earnestness in the prosecution of that, which he attempts to do. He is able to compel himself to be thorough, and to hold his mind and his efforts in the direction required, until he has made himself master of the subject. Industry is one of his strong traits.

He is firm, positive, determined; and the middle of the top-head indicates strong religious tendency. We seldom see so large Veneration. He is devout, respectful toward whatever he thinks sacred, whether it relates to religion or to subordinate topics; he would reverence ancient places made memorable in story and song: he is respectful to the aged, polite to his equals, and especially generous and friendly to those, who are his inferiors in age or culture. Thus young men and even children have ready access to him by invitation and permission. His strong social affection makes his face and his voice a standing invitation toward confidence, and he has great familiarity in his treatment of the young.

His method of studying subjects is instinctive. He considers all the facts, every condition, that will be brought into question; and combining these by means of his logical force, his conclusions seem clear, are vigorously stated, and influential. He has a strong physiognomy. That broad and high cheek bone indicates vital power; that strong nose indicates determination, courage and positiveness; the fullness of the lips shows warmth of affection and of sympathy.

There are few men, who are as well adapted to comprehend the length and depth and details of business, and hold their knowledge, where it will be ready for use, when it is required. Hence, as a lawyer or statesman, he should be able to impart to people his knowledge effectively and exhaustively, whenever required. He is naturally qualified to be master of turbulent men, and to meet force by force, and to stand his ground in the midst of hardships, difficulties and opposition.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A TOUR OF TRIUMPH.

FROM the hall of the Convention the tide of congratulation followed General Garfield to his hotel. It had been announced, that he would leave Chicago for home at five o'clock P. M.; and Major Butterworth was assigned the duty of arranging a procession to escort him to the station. Wisconsin, the first State to break for him, volunteered cheerfully; and the thousands of Ohioans in town were no less ready. Everything had been arranged, when it was ascertained, that he had decided to stay until morning. To avoid the press of congratulations, he engaged parlors on another corridor, the knowledge of which was confined to a few. The Wisconsin delegates, however, became apprised of it; and soon a throng, hundreds strong, was marching through the rooms for the purpose of shaking hands with the distinguished man, who was the centre of all interest. One of the Ohio men among the throng came, wearing the red badge, which had already been struck off bearing the words: "For President, James A. Garfield." The wearer called the general's attention to it. "That reminds me of a saying of Holmes," he

said. "He wrote, that three things require age—wine, meerschaum pipes and poetry. That badge might be added to the list. It's too new yet. I can't realize it." When asked, if he would respond to the demands for a speech, he said; "There is not power enough in Chicago to draw a speech out of me to-day."

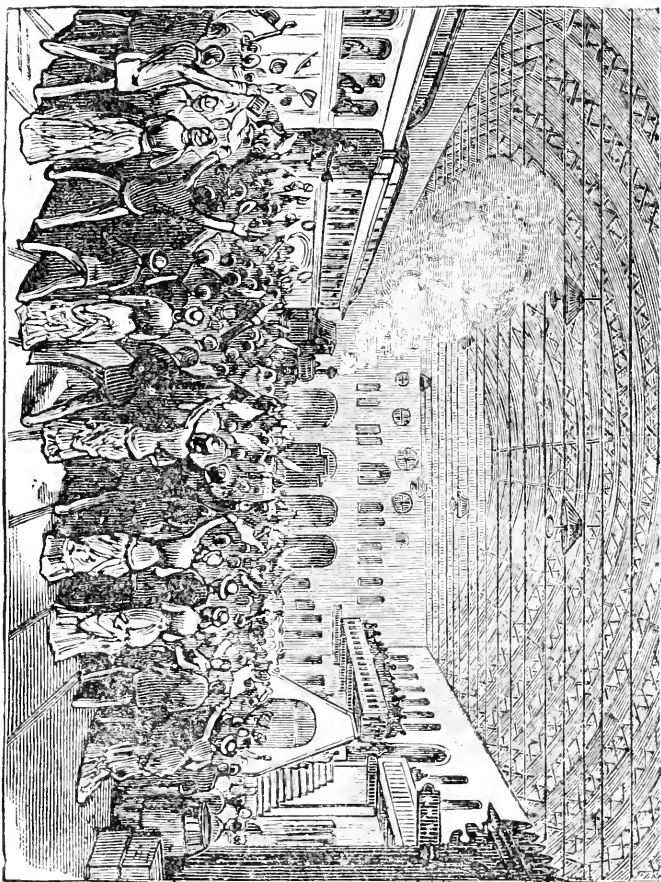
In the evening, after the second place on the ticket had been filled, in deference to the wishes of many delegates, he held a reception. A magnificent array of flowers was upon the table, beside which he stood for an hour. The flow of congratulations was unceasing, many ladies in elaborate evening-toilet adding brilliancy to the event, and vying with the men in the fervor of their declarations of satisfaction. In accepting the congratulations, the general bore himself with quiet dignity, seldom extending his replies beyond the hope, that the nomination would prove acceptable to the Republican Party and the country. Later a serenade was tendered him, for which he merely bowed his thanks.

Near midnight, Senator Hoar, at the head of the committee appointed to notify General Garfield, appeared at the Grand Pacific. After officially informing him of his nomination, they received the following reply:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN: I assure you, that the information you have officially given to me brings the sense of very grave responsibility,

and especially so in view of the fact, that I was a member of your body, a fact that could not have existed with propriety, had I had the slightest expectation, that my name would be connected with the nomination for the office. I have felt with you great solicitude concerning the situation of our party during the struggle; but believing that you are correct in assuring me, that substantial unity has been reached in the conclusion, it gives me a gratification far greater than any personal pleasure your announcement can bring. I accept the trust committed to my hands. As to the work of our party, and as to the character of the campaign to be entered upon, I will take an early occasion to reply more fully, than I can properly do to-night. I thank you for the assurances of confidence and esteem you have presented to me, and hope we shall see our future as promising as are the indications to-night."

The next morning he started for home. From the hotel to the station he had an incessant ovation. He went to Cleveland in a special car, accompanied by a number of intimate personal friends. At Laporte (Indiana), the first stopping-place of any consequence, many hundreds of people, with a brass band, had collected to salute him, as he passed. When Governor Foster introduced him, he was received with deafening cheers. At South Bend, at Elkhart, at Goshen, at Kendalville, at Waterloo and at Butler, these



scenes were repeated; and at every station in Ohio he received the same reception. An immense demonstration awaited his arrival at Cleveland. The whole city was wild with a glad enthusiasm. Among his first callers was Hon. H. W. Payne, a prominent candidate of the National Democratic Convention of 1880 at Cincinnati.

Just before he left for Chicago, he had promised to deliver an address at the Commencement-exercises of Hiram College. The morning after his arrival in Cleveland he journeyed quietly to the little village of Hiram, where he had been bell-ringer, student, professor, and president. There he met his wife, for the first time since the acquirement of his latest and greatest honor—at the very house, where their acquaintance began. It was a touching meeting with his wife, his children, the students, and his old friends. Baring his head, the great statesman said:

“FELLOW-CITIZENS, OLD NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS OF MANY YEARS: It has always given me pleasure to come back here and look upon these faces. It has always given me new courage and new friends; for it has brought back a large share of that richness, which belongs to those things, out of which come the joys of life.

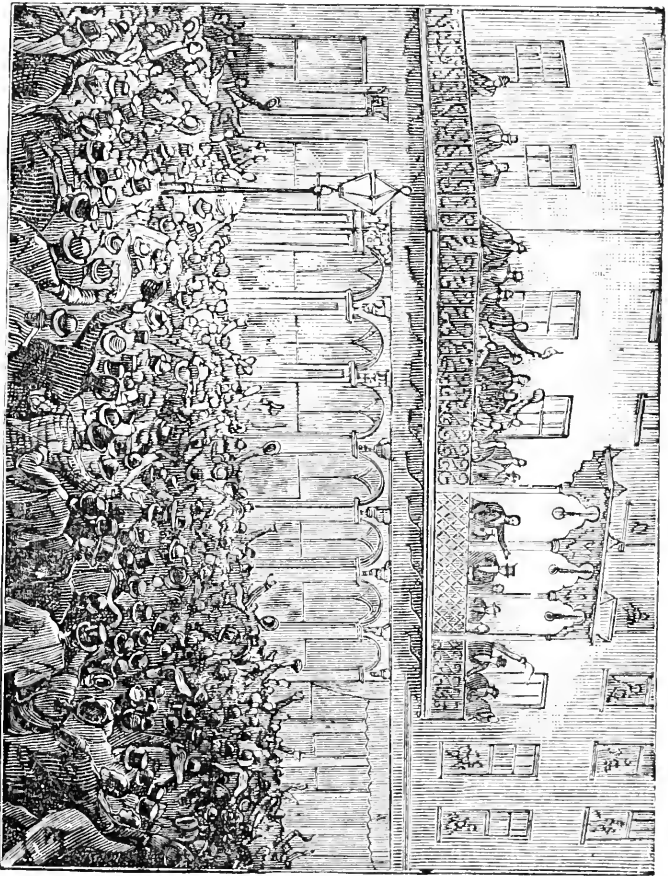
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“If the Superior Being of the universe would look down upon the world to find the most interesting object, it would be the unfinished, unformed

character of the young man or young woman. Those behind me have probably, in the main, settled this question. Those, who have passed into middle manhood and middle womanhood, are about what they always will be, and there is but little left of interest, as their characters are developed. But to your young and your yet unformed natures, no man knows the possibilities, that lie before you in your hearts and intellects; and, while you are working out the possibilities with that splendid leisure that you need, you are to be most envied. I congratulate you on your leisure. I commend you to treat it as your gold, as your wealth, as your treasure, out of which you can draw all possible treasures, that can be laid down, when you have your natures unfolded and developed in the possibilities of the future.

“This place is too full of memories for me to trust myself to speak upon them; and I will not. But I draw again to-day, as I have for a quarter of a century, life, evidence of strength, confidence and affection from the people, who gather in this place. I thank you for the permission to see you, and meet you, and greet you, as I have done to-day.”

After a few days of rest at his winter-home, he journeyed to Washington, and everywhere along the route was received with enthusiasm. The night after he arrived, he was serenaded at his hotel. In response to the cheers, which his presence evoked from the crowd, he said:



GENERAL GARFIELD ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE.

“FELLOW-CITIZENS: While I have looked upon this great array, I believe I have gotten a new idea of the majesty of the American people. When I reflect, that, wherever you find sovereign power, every reverent heart on this earth bows before it; and when I remember, that here, for a hundred years, we have denied the sovereignty of any man, and in place of it have asserted the sovereignty of all in place of one, I see before me so vast a concourse, that it is easy for me to imagine, that the rest of the American people are gathered here to-night; and if they were all here, every man would stand uncovered, all in unsandaled feet, in presence of the majesty of the only sovereign power in this Government under Almighty God. And, therefore, to this great audience I pay the respectful homage, that in part belongs to the sovereignty of the people. I thank you for this great and glorious demonstration. I am not, for one moment, misled into believing, that it refers to so poor a thing as one of our number. I know it means your reverence for your Government, your reverence for its laws, your reverence for its institutions, and your compliment to one, who is placed for a moment in relations to you of peculiar importance. For all these reasons I thank you. * * * I wish to say, that a large portion of this assemblage to-night are my comrades, late of the war for the Union. For them I can speak with entire propriety, and can say, that these very streets heard

the measured tread of your disciplined feet, years ago, when the imperiled Republic needed your hands and your hearts to save it; and you came back with your numbers decimated; but those you left behind were immortal and glorified heroes forever; and those you brought back came, carrying under tattered banners and in bronzed hands the ark of the covenant of your Republic in safety out of the bloody baptism of the war; and you brought it in safety to be saved forever by your valor and the wisdom of your brethren, who were at home; and by this you were again added to the great civil army of the Republic. I greet you, comrades and fellow-soldiers, and the great body of distinguished citizens, who are gathered here to-night, who are the strong stay and support of the business, of the prosperity, of the peace, of the civic ardor and glory of the Republic; and I thank you for your welcome to-night. It was said in a welcome to one, who came to England to be a part of her glory (and all the nation spoke when it was said):

‘ Normans and Saxons and Danes are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee.’

And we say to-night, of all nations, of all the people, soldiers and civilians, there is one name, that welds us into one. It is the name of American citizen, under the Union, and under the glory of the flag, that led us to victory and to peace. For this magnificent welcome I thank you with all there is in my heart.”

On the night following he was tendered a grand banquet. The day after he returned to Mentor to rest for a short time. On July 3d, at the dedication of the soldiers' monument at Painesville, he delivered the following magnificent address:

“FELLOW CITIZENS: I cannot fail to respond on such an occasion, in sight of such a monument, to such a cause sustained by such men. While I have listened to what my friend has said, two questions have been sweeping through my heart. One was, ‘What does the monument mean?’ and the other, ‘What will the monument teach?’ Let me try, and ask you for a moment to help me answer, ‘What does the monument mean?’ Oh! the monument means a world of memories, a world of deeds, a world of tears, and a world of glories. You know, thousands know, what it is to offer up your life to the country; and that is no small thing, as every soldier knows. Let me put the question to you. For a moment suppose your country, in the awfully embodied form of majestic law, should stand above you and say: ‘I want your life. Come up here on the platform, and offer it.’ How many would walk up before that majestic presence, and say: ‘Here I am, take this life and use it for your great needs?’ And yet almost two millions of men made that answer; and a monument stands yonder to commemorate their answer. That is one of its meanings. But, my friends, let me try you a little further. To

give up life is much ; for it is to give up wife, and home, and child, and ambition. But let me test you this way further. Suppose this awfully majestic form should call out to you, and say : ‘I ask you to give up health, and drag yourself, not dead, but half alive, through a miserable existence for long years, until you perish and die in your crippled and hopeless condition. I ask you to volunteer to do that.’ It calls for a higher reach of patriotism and self-sacrifice ; but hundreds of thousands of you soldiers did that. That is what the monument means also. But let me ask you to go one step further. Suppose your country should say : ‘Come up here on this platform, and in my name, and for my sake, consent to be idiots. Consent, that your very brain and intellect shall be broken down into hopeless idiocy for my sake.’ How many could be found to make that venture ? And yet there are thousands—and that with their eyes wide open to the horrible consequences—obeyed that call.

“And let me tell, how one hundred thousand of our soldiers were prisoners of war ; and to many of them, when death was stalking near, when famine was climbing up into their hearts, and idiocy was threatening all that was left of their intellects, the gates of their prison stood open every day, if they would quit, desert their flag, and enlist under the flag of the enemy ; and out of one hundred and eighty thousand not two

per cent. ever received the liberation from death, starvation and all, that might come to them; but they took all these horrors and all these sufferings in preference to going back upon the flag of their country and the glory of its truth. Great God! was ever such measure of patriotism reached by any men on this earth before? That is what your monument means. By the subtle chemistry, that no man knows, all the blood that was shed by our brethren, all the lives that were devoted, all the grief that was felt, at last crystalized itself into granite—rendered immortal the great truth, for which they died; and it stands there to-day. That is what your monument means.

“Now, what does it teach? What will it teach? Why, I remember the story of one of the old conquerors of Greece, who when he had traveled in his boyhood over the battle-fields, where Miltiades had won victories and set up trophies, returning, said: ‘These trophies of Miltiades will never let me sleep.’ Why, something had taught him from the chiseled stone a lesson, that he could never forget; and, fellow-citizens, that silent sentinel, that crowned granite column, will look down upon the boys, that will walk these streets for generations to come, and will not let them sleep when their country calls them. More than a bugler on the field,—from its dead lips will go out a call that the children of Lake County will hear, after the grave has covered all us and our immediate

children. That is the teaching of your monument. That is its lesson; and it is the lesson of endurance for what we believe, the lesson of sacrifices for what we think, the lesson of heroism for what we mean to sustain; and that lesson cannot be lost to a people like this. It is not a lesson of revenge; it is not a lesson of wrath; it is the grand, sweet, broad lesson of the immortality of the truth, that we hope will soon cover, as with the grand Shekinah of light and glory, all parts of this Republic from the lakes to the gulf.

I once entered a house in Massachusetts, where over its door were two crossed swords. One had been carried by the grandfather of its owner on the field of Bunker Hill; and the other was the sword, carried by the English grandsire of the wife, on the same field and on the other side of the conflict. Under those crossed swords, in the restored harmony of domestic peace, lived a happy and contented, and free family under the light of our republican liberties. I trust the time is not far distant, when, under the crossed swords and the locked shields of Americans North and South, our people shall sleep in peace, and rise in liberty, love and harmony, under the union of our flag of the Stars and Stripes."

On the 10th of July he wrote to Senator Hoar, a formal letter, accepting the nomination. It is an earnest statement of the main principles, which he had eloquently defended throughout his public

career. We quote the following passage, which occurs just after his assertion, that he cordially endorses the platform of the nominating Convention :

I venture, however, to make special mention of some of the principal topics, which are likely to become subjects of discussion, without reviewing the controversies, which have been settled during the last twenty years, and with no purpose or wish to revive the passions of the late war. It should be said, that, while Republicans fully recognize, and will strenuously defend, all the rights retained by the people and all the rights reserved to the States, they reject the pernicious doctrine of State supremacy, which so long crippled the functions of the National Government and at one time brought the Union very near to destruction. They insist that the United States is a nation with ample power of self-preservation ; that its Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof are the supreme law of the land ; that the right of the nation to determine the method, by which its own legislature shall be created, cannot be surrendered without abdicating one of the fundamental powers of the Government ; that the national laws, relating to the election of representatives in Congress, shall neither be violated nor evaded ; that every elector shall be permitted freely and without intimidation to cast his lawful ballot at such election, and have it honestly counted ; and that the potency of his vote shall not be destroyed by the fraudulent vote of any other person. The best thoughts and energies of our people should be directed to those great questions of national well-being, in which we all have a common interest. Such efforts will soonest restore perfect peace to those, who were lately in arms against each other, for justice and good-will will outlast passion ; but it is certain, that the wounds cannot be completely healed, and the spirit of brotherhood cannot fully pervade the whole country, until every one of our

citizens, rich or poor, white or black, is secure in the free and equal enjoyment of every civil and political right guaranteed by the Constitution and the laws. Wherever the enjoyment of this right is not assured, discontent will prevail, immigration will cease, and the social and industrial forces will continue to be disturbed by the migration of laborers and the consequent diminution of prosperity. The National Government should exercise all its constitutional authority to put an end to these evils, for all the people and all the States are members of one body ; and no member can suffer without injury to all.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE MARCH TO VICTORY.

GENERAL GARFIELD had no sooner been nominated, than the plans for the campaign, that were to result in his election, were formed, not by any concerted effort of the whole party, not by any council of the leaders of each section, but by those, who had determined, that Garfield should win. Conkling, Cameron and Logan, the great "triumvirate," at first showed very little interest in the campaign. Cameron, who, in the preceding February, had been elected Chairman of the Republican National Committee, remained away from its meetings, and refused to manage its affairs. Marshall Jewell was chosen in his stead. The Republican National Congressional Committee was organized with Jay Hubbell as Chairman, and Edward McPherson as Secretary. State-committees were formed everywhere; and the Campaign was formally opened by Carl Schurz, who delivered a speech at Indianapolis on the 20th of July, in which he confined all his efforts to supporting the questions of political economy, which had been raised and upheld by the Republican party. The speeches of others, greater and humbler, followed fast. Both Blaine and Sherman

entered earnestly into the work; but Conkling still held aloof. Garfield's friends urged the propriety and necessity of his endeavoring personally to enlist Conkling's services; but he felt, that it would show a lack of dignity and a loss of prestige to make the first advances. Comprehending the situation, he boldly determined to capture the State by going among its voters and addressing them. The wisdom of this determination was almost immediately apparent. A great Republican Conference was called to meet in New York. Starting from Mentor August 3rd, he journeyed to New York by the way of Erie, Buffalo, Utica and Albany, returning by way of Paterson, Port Jervis, Binghamton, Chautauqua and Cleveland. The entire trip was a magnificent ovation of the people. Receptions were accorded him at every station; and thousands flocked to see him, manifesting their joy by fire-works and cannon, and bands, and banners. He reached New York on the evening of the 4th, and drove at once to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where rooms had been prepared for him.

The Conference, which he came to attend, was one of the most notable political gatherings ever held in the country. Men of high repute in politics and journalism assembled from all quarters. Never before had so many gentlemen, distinguished in the annals of the country, been brought together on a notice so informal. Their presence

proved beyond question the earnestness of the Republican party; and they showed a determination to do everything possible to secure a victory in November. The Conference met on the 5th. Remarks were made, and counsel and advice freely given, by many prominent men. Blaine, Logan and Cameron each spoke effectively. The day closed appropriately with an imposing demonstration by the "Boys in Blue." Never in New York was seen a greater gathering, than assembled in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel that night. For hours the long procession filed past the hotel with deafening cheers and inspiring music. When at length Garfield appeared, the cheers seemed one vast shout from thousands of exultant breasts. As soon as there was a pause, his loud, clear voice was heard far over the crowd:

COMRADES OF THE "BOYS IN BLUE" AND FELLOW-CITIZENS OF NEW YORK: I cannot look upon this great assemblage and these old veterans, that have marched past us, and listen to the welcome from our comrade, who has just spoken (Speaker Sharpe), without remembering, how great a thing it is to live in this Union and be a part of it. This is New York; and yonder toward the Battery, more than one hundred years ago, a young student of Columbia College was arguing the ideas of the American Revolution and American Union against the un-American loyalty to monarchy of his college president and professors. By-and-by he went into the patriot army, was placed on the staff of Washington to fight the battles of his country; and while in camp, before he was twenty-one years old, upon a drum-head he wrote a letter, which contained every germ of the Constitution of the

United States. That student, soldier, statesman and great leader of thought, Alexander Hamilton of New York, made this Republic glorious by his thinking, and left his lasting impress upon New York, the foremost State of the Union. And here on this island, the scene of his early triumphs, we gather to-night, soldiers of the new war, representing the same ideas of union and glory, and adding to the column of the monument, that Hamilton, and Washington, and the heroes of the Revolution reared.

Gentlemen, ideas outlive men. Ideas outlive all things; and you, who fought in the war for the Union, fought for immortal ideas; and by their might you crowned our war with victory. But victory was worth nothing except for the fruits, that were under it, in it, and above it. We meet to-night, as veterans and comrades, to stand sacred guard around the truths for which we fought; and, while we have life to meet and grasp the hands of a comrade, we will stand by the great truths of the war. And, comrades, among the convictions of that war, which have sunk deep into our hearts, there are some, that we can never forget. Think of the great elevating spirit of the war itself. We gathered the boys from all our farms, and shops, and stores, and schools, and towns all over the Republic; and they went forth, unknown to fame, but returned, enrolled on the roster of immortal heroes. They went in the spirit of those soldiers of Henry of Agincourt, to whom he said :

“ Who this day sheds his blood, with me,
To-day shall be my brother. Were he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.”

And it did gentle the condition and elevate the heart of every soldier, who fought in it. And he shall be our brother for evermore. And this thing we will remember; we will remember our allies, who fought with us. Soon after the great struggle began, we looked behind the army of white rebels, and saw 4,000,000 of black people condemned to toil as slaves for our enemies; and we found, that the hearts of

these 4,000,000 were God-inspired with the spirit of liberty, and that they were our friends. We have seen white men betray the flag; but in all that long, dreary war we never saw a traitor in a black skin. Our prisoners, escaping from the starvation of prisons, fleeing to our lines by the light of the North Star, never feared to enter the black man's cabin and ask for bread. In all that period of suffering and danger no Union soldier was ever betrayed by a black man or woman. And now that we have made them free, so long as we live, we will stand by these black allies. We will stand by them, until the sun of liberty, fixed in the firmament of our Constitution, shall shine with equal ray upon every man, black or white, throughout the Union.

Now, fellow-citizens, fellow-soldiers, in this there is all the beneficence of eternal justice; and by this we will stand forever. The great poet has said, that in individual life we rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things; and the Republic rises on the glorious achievements of its dead and living heroes to a higher and nobler national life. We must stand guard over our post, as soldiers, as patriots: and over our country as the common heritage of us all.

I thank you, fellow-citizens, for this magnificent demonstration. In so far as I represent in my heart and life the great doctrines, for which you fought, I accept this demonstration as a tribute to my representative character. In the strength of your hands, in the fervor of your hearts, in the firmness of your faith, in all, that betokens greatness of manhood and nobleness of character, the Republic finds its security and glory. I do not enter upon controverted questions. The time, the place, the situation forbid it. I respect the traditions that require me to speak only of those themes, which elevate us all. Again I thank you for the kindness and enthusiasm of your greeting.

The address was interrupted at every sentence by applause and cheers. General Arthur, Edwards

Pierrepont, Gen. Harrison, Anson G. McCook, and others followed. The great demonstration was a complete success; and thoroughly aroused the enthusiasm of the Republican ranks, and open the campaign.

The campaign was hotly contested thereafter. As the autumn elections drew near, the boasts of victory, that always fill the air in days of political excitement, became more and more extravagant. For a time it seemed, as if those, uttered by the Republicans, were to be realized; for on September 7th Vermont went Republican by a majority of almost 30,000. Six days later Maine which had been confidently regarded as Republican was carried by the Democrats. This seemed at first disastrous; but it proved in the end the one thing needful, furnishing the stimulus necessary to make the victory certain in Indiana and Ohio, on which all eyes were now fastened. The battle raged more fiercely than ever before in the annals of those States.

Conkling, at length, compelled by circumstances to take part, began on the 17th of September, at New York, a series of speeches, in which, as he afterwards boasted, he never once mentioned the name of the Republican candidate. Up to this time, the campaign-speakers, having failed to follow the lead of Carl Schurz, had given too great prominence to those "dead issues" of the war, which had received the rather significant title of

“the bloody shirt.” Seeing this, a party of Philadelphia protectionists, headed by Wharton Barker, went to Mentor, and urged, that the direction of the campaign be changed, and every power be centered on the tariff-issue. This suggestion was adopted by General Garfield; and the whole burden of the fight afterwards fell upon Protection and Free Trade. Not only in Ohio, but especially in Indiana, this change had a salutary effect. The Republicans carried both these pivotal States; and in spite of the efforts of their opponents to impair their prospects by means of a forged letter, they conducted the last part of the campaign with all the enthusiasm of certain victory. To the struggles in Indiana and Ohio was immediately added the fight in New York. Here also the Pennsylvanians came to the rescue; and Wharton Barker, in consequence of his connections and abilities, worked effectively. Both sides were over-heated; one only absolutely confident. There were, however, planning and manœuvring until the 2d of November. Then men of all parties paused for breath before the final issue. Among them all no one was cooler, or more keenly alive to the actual situation, than the great Republican himself. With that well-known calmness of contemplation of the great events, in which he was the most interested observer, he wrote as follows to a friend on the very eve of election day:

MENTOR, Ohio, November 1st, 1880.

DEAR — : The evening mail brings me your letter of the 31st; and I take a moment in the lull before the battle to say, how greatly glad I am for all the earnest and effective things you have done for me. Whatever may be the issue of tomorrow, I shall carry with me through life most grateful memories of the enthusiastic and noble work my friends have done, and especially my college class-mates. The campaign has been fruitful to me in the discipline, that comes from endurance and patience. I hope defeat will not sour me, nor success disturb the poise, which I have sought to gain by the experiences of life. From this edge of the conflict I give you my hand and heart, as in all the other days of our friendship.

As ever yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

Happily for the country, *defeat* did not *sour* him. The total vote on the morrow was 8,872,360. Of this General Garfield received 4,437,345, and his opponent 4,435,015. The wild excitement of election-night was everywhere succeeded by an evident sense of security. The country rang with rejoicing; for the people felt, that they had secured a President with an unclouded title—one, who was an able statesman, a loyal citizen, and a true man.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE INTERIM AND INAUGURATION.

THOUGH the feeling of joy and satisfaction at the result of the election was so universal, yet he, who should have most rejoiced, was not so elated as the humblest of his supporters. He felt the great weight of responsibility that had been placed upon him; and this feeling, which was continually deepened as the weeks passed, was especially apparent on inauguration day. He did not *lightly* assume the duties of his high office. On the day after the election, the faculty and several hundred students of Oberlin College—the first of many delegations—came to Mentor to offer General Garfield their congratulations and kind wishes. He thus greeted them :

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—This spontaneous visit is so much more agreeable than a prepared one. It comes more directly from the heart of the people who participate; and I receive it as a greater compliment for that reason. I do not wish to be unduly impressible or superstitious; but, though we have outlived the days of augurs, I think we have a right to hold some events as omens; and I greet this as a happy and auspicious omen, that the first general greeting since the event of yesterday is tendered to me by a venerable institution of learning. The thought has been

abroad in the world a good deal, and with reason, that there is a divorce between scholarship and politics. Oberlin, I believe, has never advocated that divorce; but there has been a sort of a clustered scholarship in the United States that has stood aloof from active participation in public affairs; and I am glad to be greeted here to-day by the active, live scholarship of Ohio; and I know of no place where scholarship has touched upon the nerve-centre of public intelligence so effectually as at Oberlin. For this reason I am specially grateful for this greeting from the faculty and students of Oberlin College and its venerable president. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for this visit. Whatever the significance of yesterday's event may be, it will be all the more significant for being immediately indorsed by the scholarship and culture of my State.

The months came and went rapidly. Lawnfield soon became a shrine for pilgrims almost as numerous as those, who cast their prayer-carpet before the gates of Mecca. Every train from Cleveland or the East brought many or few to Mentor—politicians and office-seekers, or oftener, citizens, who came singly or in delegations to offer their congratulations. Many newspaper correspondents remained continually at Mentor, while others used Cleveland as a base of operations. As the winter wore away, the stream of pilgrims became greater and more importunate; and the daily mail grew to an enormous size. One private secretary was kept busy, filing applications for office, which became so persistent as to be very annoying. All sorts of devices were adopted. Some of the more persistent ones ap-

pealed in vain to the General's gentle wife or aged mother. . All applications were filed but not acknowledged.

In the latter part of November, 1880, General Garfield, accompanied by his wife and Hon. Amos Townsend, went to Washington. At his special request no public demonstration was attempted; and conversation about political topics was as far as possible avoided. He remained but three days in Washington.

The result of the election was scarcely known, before the question of General Garfield's Cabinet was raised. It was very generally agreed in consequence of his well-known character, that he would endeavor to harmonize all factions in his party by adopting a policy of reconciliation. Senator Blaine was early mentioned as Secretary of State. It was announced, that the supporters of General Grant in the Chicago Convention would not be forgotten. The author visited General Garfield at Mentor in November, 1880 (two days before he went to Washington), and was informed that none but Senator Blaine had been decided upon; and that Pennsylvania would be represented in the Cabinet. Nothing definite could be learned for weeks; but this did not prevent—it rather stimulated—a constantly increasing discussion of the question and speculation concerning it, until the very eve of inauguration-day.

On the 5th of January, 1881, the Vice-President

laid the following letter before the Senate of the United States :

MENTOR, OHIO, December 23d, 1880.

SIR: On the 13th and 14th days of January, A. D. 1880, the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, pursuant to law, chose me to be a Senator in the Congress of the United States, for said State, for the term of six years, to begin on the 4th of March, A. D. 1881. Understanding that the lawful evidence of that fact has been presented to the Senate and filed in its archives, I have the honor to inform the Senate that I have, by letter dated December 23d, 1880, and addressed to the Governor and General Assembly of the State of Ohio, formally declined to accept the said appointment, and have renounced the same. I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your Obedient Servant,

J. A. GARFIELD.

To the President of the Senate of the United States.

On the first of March, the President-elect left Mentor for the Capital, accompanied by his family and many personal friends. He traveled in a special train, composed of Pullman cars. The one occupied by the President-elect, was the private car of the manager of the Lake Erie and Western Railroad. His progress from his home to Washington was the occasion of a great outburst of affection on the part of his old neighbors, and of popular regard along the route. This suggested by contrast the journey of his predecessor, who arrived at Harrisburg, before he learned definitely, that he had been declared the President-elect. It also recalled by contrast, the still

more gloomy journey of the first Republican President, when it was necessary to change his proposed route to avoid assassins, who were lying in wait for his life. General Garfield's speeches at the few stopping places along the road were the frank, unpremeditated utterances of a man, who feels both the honors and the responsibilities of his new place, and who responds in a candid way to the popular regard. This regard was spontaneously shown. Every one believed that he was about to begin a most brilliant administration, that would astonish even his friends. For his abilities were such, as adapted themselves easily to new situations. The man, who had turned from teaching to soldiering, and from soldiering to legislation, and had made his mark in all these, was not likely to be at a loss, now that he, still vigorous and teachable, was called to duties less alien to his previous career, than each of these was in its turn.

A committee of citizens met the President-elect on his arrival, and escorted him to the Riggs House, where he took up his residence until after the inauguration.

The night before his inauguration, many of his college classmates joined together at the Capital, and gave "Garfield '56" a *farewell*-dinner, as it proved to be. Speaking to them, he opened his great heart thus :

To me there is something exceedingly pathetic in this reunion. In every eye before me I see the light of friendship

and love; and I am sure it is reflected back to each one of you from my inmost heart. For twenty-two years, with the exception of the last few days, I have been in the public service. To-night I am a private citizen. To-morrow I shall be called to assume new responsibilities; and on the day after the broadside of the world's wrath will strike. It will strike hard. I know it, and you will know it. Whatever may happen to me in the future, I shall feel that I can always fall back upon the shoulders and hearts of the class of '56 for their approval of that which is right, and for their charitable judgment, wherein I may come short in the discharge of my public duties. You may write down in your books now the largest percentage of blunders, which you think I will be likely to make; and you will be sure to find in the end, that I have made more than you have calculated—many more. This honor comes to me unsought. I have never had the Presidential fever—not even for a day; nor have I it to-night. I have no feeling of elation in view of the position I am called upon to fill. I would thank God were I to-day a free lance in the House or the Senate. But it is not to be; and I will go forward to meet the responsibilities, and discharge the duties, that are before me, with all the firmness and ability I can command.

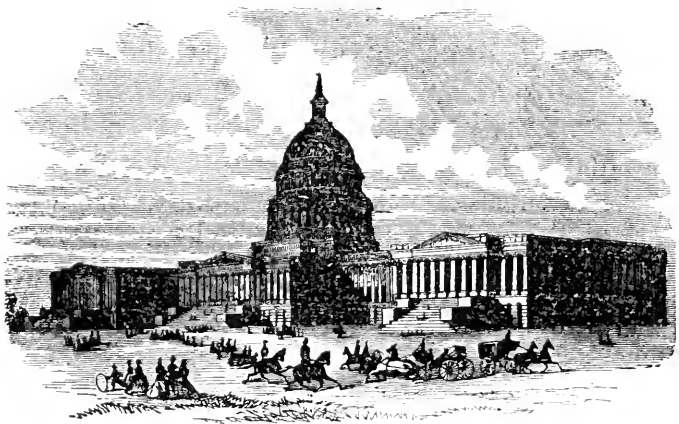
The Fourth of March opened inauspiciously. Heavy, gray clouds obscured the sun. The snow, which had fallen during the preceding night, began to melt, and threatened to render the broad avenues impassable. Early in the morning, however, men were busily occupied in clearing the snow from the route of the procession, so that, when later the sun appeared, its warm rays completely dried the streets. Thousands of strangers had gathered from all parts of the country; and the

streets were thronged with crowds, never so numerous on any similar occasion, who eagerly, yet patiently, awaited the procession on its way to the Capitol.

At 10.15 o'clock, the Presidential party came out of the White House, entered their carriages, and, preceded by the Cleveland Troop, moved through the west gate to Pennsylvania Avenue. They occupied two four-horse carriages, and consisted of President Hayes, President-elect Garfield, Vice-President Wheeler, Vice-President-elect Arthur, and Senators Bayard, Pendleton and Anthony. The Marine Band saluted them with "Hail to the Chief;" and the booming of a gun started the first division of the great procession, which was the Presidential escort, consisting chiefly of picked troops of United States infantry and artillery, and the Annapolis Cadets. General Sherman, Grand Marshal of the day, with a large and brilliant staff, headed the escort. As it moved down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol in splendid order, it was greeted enthusiastically by the thousands, who, along the entire route from the White House to the Capitol, lined the streets and crowded the windows.

The enormous crowd, that filled the space in front of the Capitol, might fitly be designated *the people*. Inside the Senate-chamber was gathered an audience far smaller, yet more interesting. Every avenue of approach was doubly guarded.

The number of passes was very limited; and many, who obtained them, could not, on account of the crowd, avail themselves of the privileges. Consequently the galleries were not overcrowded. Among the first to take their places in the audience were Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Garfield, and General Garfield's mother, who with Miss Mollie



THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

Garfield and Miss Fanny Hayes, under the escort of Major Swaim, occupied the President's Gallery.

On the floor several hundred additional chairs had been placed for invited guests and the representatives of foreign governments. These seats began to be filled quite early with distinguished men. Gen. Hancock in full uniform, escorted by Senator Blaine, received a very hearty greeting.

The routine business of the Senate was continued until 11.30 o'clock, when the Diplomatic Corps, led by Sir Edward Thornton, and the Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court, in their robes of office, with Chief Justice Waite at their head, entered and took their places.

It was now almost noon; and as the Presidential party had not yet appeared, Doorkeeper Bassett took his staff, and in the presence of all turned back the hands of the clock five minutes. Before that time passed, the doors were thrown open; and President Hayes and General Garfield entered, arm-in-arm, escorted by Senators Anthony, Bayard and Pendleton, and followed by the Cabinet. As they proceeded down the main aisle to their seats, every one on the floor rose; and those in the gallery applauded and waved their handkerchiefs.

The hands of the clock had now reached the hour of 12, when all on the floor again rose, as Vice-President-elect Arthur entered, escorted by Sergeant-at-Arms Bright and Senator Pendleton. Following them came the Representatives, with Speaker Randall at their head. General Arthur was handsome, dignified, and perfectly self-possessed. Vice-President Wheeler introduced him. In a clear voice, and with no change except a slight pallor, he said:

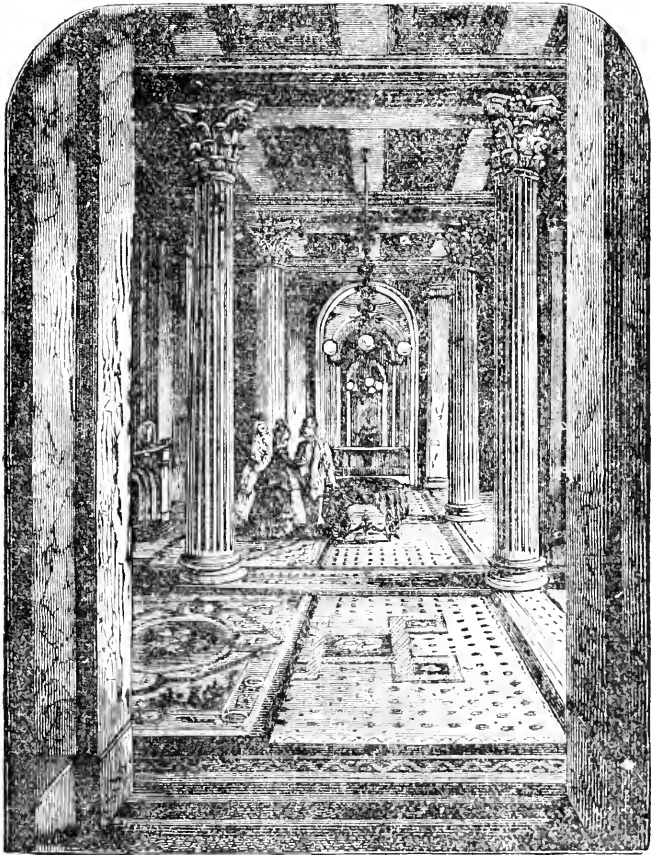
SENATORS: I come as your presiding officer with genuine solicitude, remembering my inexperience in parliamentary

proceedings. I cannot forget how important, intricate and often embarrassing are the duties of the Chair. On the threshold of our official association I invoke that courtesy and kindness, with which you have been wont to aid your presiding officer. I shall need your constant encouragement and support; and I rely with confidence upon your lenient judgment of any errors, into which I may fall. In return, be assured of my earnest purpose to administer your rules in a spirit of absolute fairness; to treat every Senator at all times with that courtesy and just consideration, due to the representatives of equal States; and to do my part, as assuredly each of you will do his, to maintain the order, decorum and dignity of the Senate. I trust, that the official and personal relations, upon which we now enter, will be marked with mutual confidence and regard, and that all our obligations will be so fulfilled as to redound to our own honor, to the glory of our common country, and the prosperity of all its people. [Applause.] I am now ready to take the oath of office prescribed by the Constitution.

When the applause, with which these words were received, had ceased, Mr. Wheeler administered the oath of office (during which profound silence reigned); and then spoke a few farewell words. Alluding to the good feeling, that had always been shown toward him, and returning his thanks, he declared the Senate of the Forty-sixth Congress adjourned *sine die*. The new Vice-President then took the gavel; the new Senators were sworn in; and the extra session of the Senate began in the usual way.

An announcement that the inaugural exercises would take place on the east portico of the Capitol

was then made; and those on the floor arranged in a procession by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the



MARBLE CORRIDOR OF THE CAPITOL.

Senate, marched through the corridors and rotunda into the presence of the people. On the grounds in front of the portico was gathered an

immense throng, of which the lowest estimate was 40,000. As the President and the President-elect appeared before this vast assembly, the greetings of joy and respect were hearty and long-continued. Near General Garfield were seated the President and Vice-President, the Vice-President-elect, the Speaker of the House, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Diplomatic Corps, Mrs. Hayes, and the wife and mother of the President-elect. After a pause of a few minutes, during which the scene was photographed, General Garfield arose; and, taking a manuscript roll from his pocket, began the reading of his Inaugural Address, calmly and deliberately, in a clear, full voice. The *entire* address, memorable among many famous State-papers, is worthy of being inserted here. We have space, however, for only the following passages, which are quoted with the special view of showing undoubted evidence, that General Garfield intended to add to his already enviable reputation for true statesmanship:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: We stand to-day upon an eminence which overlooks a hundred years of national life—a century, crowded with perils, but crowned with the triumphs of liberty and law. Before continuing the onward march, let us pause on this height for a moment to strengthen our faith and renew our hope by a glance at the pathway along which our people have traveled.

THE PARAMOUNT DUTY OF THE EXECUTIVE.

* * * * *

Even from this brief review it is manifest that the nation is resolutely facing to the front, resolved to employ its best ener-

gies in developing the great possibilities of the future. Sacredly preserving whatever has been gained to liberty and good government during the century, our people are determined to leave behind them all those bitter controversies concerning things which have been irrevocably settled, and the further discussion of which can only stir up strife and delay the onward march. * * * The elevation of the negro race from slavery to the full rights of citizenship is the most important political change we have known since the adoption of the Constitution of 1787. * * * The emancipated race has already made remarkable progress. With unquestioning devotion to the Union, with a patience and gentleness not born of fear, they have "followed the light as God gave them to see the light." They are rapidly laying the material foundations of self-support, widening their circle of intelligence, and beginning to enjoy the blessings that gather around the homes of the industrious poor. They deserve the generous encouragement of all good men. So far as my authority can lawfully extend, they shall enjoy the full and equal protection of the Constitution and the laws. * * * The voters of the Union, who make and unmake constitutions, and upon whose will hang the destinies of our Government, can transmit their supreme authority to no successor save the coming generation of voters, who are the sole heirs of sovereign power. If that generation comes to its inheritance blinded by ignorance and corrupted by vice, the fall of the Republic will be certain and remediless.

The census has already sounded the alarm in the appalling figures which mark how dangerously high the tide of illiteracy has risen among our voters and their children. To the South this question is of supreme importance. But the responsibility for the existence of slavery did not rest upon the South alone. The nation itself is responsible for the extension of the suffrage, and is under special obligations to aid in removing the illiteracy which it has added to the vot-

ing population. For the North and South alike there is but one remedy. All the constitutional power of the nation and of the States, and all the volunteer forces of the people should be summoned to meet this danger by the saving influence of universal education. * * * The refunding of the national debt at a lower rate of interest should be accomplished without compelling the withdrawal of the national bank notes, and thus disturbing the business of the country. I venture to refer to the position I have occupied on financial questions during a long service in Congress, and to say that time and experience have strengthened the opinions I have so often expressed on these subjects. The finances of the Government shall suffer no detriment which it may be possible for my administration to prevent.

The interests of agriculture deserve more attention from the Government than they have yet received. The farms of the United States afford homes and employment for more than one-half our people, and furnish much the largest part of our exports. As the Government lights our coasts for the protection of mariners and the benefit of commerce, so it should give to the tillers of the soil the best lights of practical science and experience. * * * We will urge no narrow policy, nor seek peculiar or exclusive privileges in any commercial route, but, in the language of my predecessor, I believe it to be "the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any interoceanic canal across the Isthmus, that connects North and South America, as will protect our national interests." * * * The Mormon Church not only offends the moral sense of mankind by sanctioning polygamy, but prevents the administration of justice through the ordinary instrumentalities of law. In my judgment it is the duty of Congress, while respecting to the uttermost the conscientious convictions and religious scruples of every citizen, to prohibit within its jurisdiction all criminal practices, and especially of that class which destroy the family relations and endanger

social order. Nor can any ecclesiastical organization be safely permitted to usurp, in the smallest degree, the functions and powers of the National Government.

The civil service can never be placed on a satisfactory basis, until it is regulated by law. For the good of the service itself, for the protection of those who are intrusted with the appointing power against the waste of time and obstruction of the public business caused by the inordinate pressure for place, and for the protection of incumbents against intrigue and wrong, I shall at the proper time ask Congress to fix the tenure of the minor offices of the several executive departments and prescribe the grounds upon which removals shall be made during terms for which incumbents have been appointed.

Finally, acting always within the authority and limitations of the Constitution, invading neither the rights of the States nor the reserved rights of the people, it will be the purpose of my administration to maintain the authority of the nation, and in all places within its jurisdiction to enforce obedience to all the laws of the Union in the interests of the people; to demand rigid economy in all the expenditures of the Government, and to require the honest and faithful service of all executive officers, remembering that the offices were created, not for the benefit of the incumbents or their supporters, but for the service of the Government.

And now, fellow-citizens, I am about to assume the great trust which you have committed to my hands. I appeal to you for that earnest and thoughtful support which makes this Government in fact, as it is in law, a Government of the people. I shall greatly rely upon the wisdom and patriotism of Congress and of those who may share with me the responsibilities and duties of administration; and, above all, upon our efforts to promote the welfare of this great people and their government, I reverently invoke the support and blessings of Almighty God.

Before the Address was finished, the clouds had completely cleared away ; and the sun shone upon the glistening bayonets and gay uniforms, and sparkled upon the snow beyond. The Address was applauded frequently by the vast audience. The rounded sentences fell with ease, and bore to the ear of every hearer a conviction of the speaker's earnestness, of his appreciation of the difficulties before him, and of his determination to surmount them successfully. As soon as the Address was finished, the oath of office was administered by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court ; and the President, with thoughtful tenderness, turned and kissed his wife and mother.

After the President had delivered his Inaugural, his party entering their carriages, joined the procession ; and the march up the Avenue to the White House began. This procession was the grand feature of the day's celebration. Fully 15,000 men were in line. It was universally conceded, that no such pageant had been witnessed in Washington since the grand review of the Army of the Potomac soon after the close of the war. The long column was arranged in five divisions, and was composed of regular artillery, a portion of the Signal Corps, marines, and sailors from United States men-of-war, naval cadets, militia and independent military organizations from various States, East, West and South, many posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, Boys

in Blue, and various civic societies and political clubs. General Sherman was in command; and much of the success of the parade was due to his intelligent management. The scene on Pennsylvania Avenue was very brilliant. The air resounded with the martial music of scores of bands. The broad avenue, the thronged walks, the bright uniforms and glistening arms of the military, the flags and banners of the civic societies, the gaily decorated buildings and the arches erected by the several States, made up a picture so glowing, that it can never fade from the memory of those who beheld it. Never before had the Chief Magistrate been installed with such ceremony.

Later, near the reviewing stand the scene was still grander. When the head of the procession reached the Treasury Department, Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the White House and for several squares above and below it, was literally packed with people, who had been waiting patiently an hour or more for the return of President Garfield from the Capitol. When the carriages, containing the Presidential party, reached the eastern gate of the Executive Mansion, they were driven inside; and the party soon afterwards appeared upon the reviewing stand, which had been erected above the sidewalk directly in front of the Mansion. Here the Presidential party remained watching the long and bright procession pass.

The day closed with fire-works and a ball. The

fire-works were of the most elaborate character, attracting thousands of spectators ; and the State-arches, and a great many private houses and public buildings were illuminated. The ball was an equal success. The newly completed National Museum formed the spacious ball-room. It was very tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted with several electric lights and numerous gas-jets. At 9 o'clock, when the President was expected, it was estimated, that between 3,000 and 4,000 people had entered the building. At 9.30 the Germania Orchestra of Philadelphia announced the entrance of the President by playing with fine effect the Inaugural March, composed for the occasion by Sousa, the leader of the Marine Band. After being presented to the inaugural reception-committee in a body, the President and invited guests moved in procession to the place reserved for them in the hall. There the President, for an hour or more, received with dignity and cordiality all, who came forward to receive and exchange greetings. Among the first was General Hancock ; and the unaffected cordiality of both was universally noticed.

A few minutes after eleven o'clock, the President and his wife and mother retired, and were driven to the White House. The promenade concert closed at eleven o'clock. Then the dancing began, and continued long after midnight.



WAYNE MACVEAGH,
ATTY.-GENERAL.



WILLIAM WINDOM,
SECT. OF THE TREASURY.



THOMAS L. JAMES,
POSTMASTER-GEN.



JAMES G. BLAINE,
SECT. OF STATE.



ROBERT T. LINCOLN,
SECT. OF WAR.



WILLIAM M. HUNT,
SECT. OF THE NAVY.



SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD,
SECT. OF THE INTERIOR.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S CABINET.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE EARLY DAYS OF GARFIELD'S ADMINISTRATION.

THE next day, when the Senate assembled, the Vice-President read a special message from the President announcing his Cabinet. It was composed as follows:

Secretary of State: JAMES G. BLAINE.

Secretary of the Treasury: WILLIAM WINDOM.

Secretary of the Interior: SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

Secretary of the Navy: WILLIAM H. HUNT.

Secretary of War: ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

Postmaster-General: THOMAS L. JAMES.

Attorney-General: WAYNE MACVEAGH.

Almost all of these men had already acquired a more than sectional reputation. Whatever may have been the feeling about the relative strength of this and previous Cabinets, no one could question, that President Garfield, in forming it, honestly endeavored to carry out his plan of reconciling all factions in his Party. Blaine and Windom were prominent candidates for the Presidency; James and Lincoln were concessions to the "third-term" faction; Hunt's appointment was a recognition of the South, and Kirkwood's of the West; and in MacVeagh's appointment there was an

acknowledgment of that independent element, which in the recent history of politics is known as "The Young Republicans." It may be, that President Garfield's very attempt at reconciliation introduced into his Cabinet disturbing elements, which might have prevented it from continuing throughout the four years of his administration. Yet the fact remains, that the wisdom of his action and the choice of his Cabinet were almost universally approved by all sections of the country. The nominations were confirmed by the Senate without a dissenting vote.

On assuming the reins of government only two immediate problems were presented to President Garfield, that were surrounded with serious difficulties. One was the satisfactory adjustment of the claims of the enormous army of office-seekers, who peopled the capital, and invaded even the President's private apartments. The other was the great and important question of the disposition of the maturing debt. For the proper settlement of this question it was proposed to call an extra session of Congress. But the President discovered on investigation, that the bonds, falling due during the summer, could be redeemed without any legislation. After consultation a plan was matured by Mr. Windom, on suggestions from the President, for extending the bonds at a lower rate of interest—three and one-half per cent. This plan was very acceptable to the country; and

the old bonds, when due, were paid either with cash or with new bonds at the lower rate. By this arrangement many millions of dollars were saved. The first great problem was thus most satisfactorily disposed of.

The remaining problem was a far more difficult one. The President had in his gift about 100,000 offices, for which there were about 500,000 applicants. It was therefore necessary to offend 400,000 men and their friends. To apportion these 100,000 offices meant therefore almost a social revolution. It would produce an atmosphere of discontent and possibly a National calamity.

In the exercise of his appointing power, President Garfield soon incurred hostility within his party. It is necessary to relate the story of this feud; but the reader should bear in mind two facts: the immense patronage, which custom had placed in the President's hands; and the almost insurmountable difficulty in dispensing it, to the satisfaction of all, owing to the factions in his party. Remembering his earnest, honest spirit of reconciliation, the reader needs no better preface to this story than the President's own words, which years of deeds had verified: "I have all my life delighted in conflict of ideas; but I never cared for conflicts of persons."

On the 22d of March twelve persons, friends of Senator Conkling, were appointed to conspicuous offices in New York. On the following day Wil-

William H. Robertson, President of the New York Senate, was appointed Collector of the Port of New York, in place of General Merritt, who was transferred to the Consul-Generalship of London. Robertson's nomination was exceedingly distasteful to Mr. Conkling, and aroused his opposition. It should be remembered, that Robertson had in the Chicago Convention stoutly opposed the "third-term" movement.

Before speaking of the immediate results of the nomination of Robertson, it will be necessary to go back a few months. General William Mahone of Virginia, a champion of repudiation, had, during the Winter, made an agreement with certain Republicans, that he would, in the organization of the Senate, vote with them, in consideration of being allowed to name the sergeant-at-arms. It so happened, that, while this agreement enabled the Republicans to organize the Senate Committees in their favor, it produced, from a variety of causes, a dead-lock, which was most fiercely maintained. This prevented an executive session, and any action upon nominations sent to the Senate.

With the opening days of April, it was well understood at Washington, that the country was disgusted at its senators and their paltry wrangling over the spoils of victory. The most earnest-minded of them endeavored to break the dead-lock, which, by this time, had become exceedingly embarrassing to the President, owing to the in-

convenience of having several hundred nominations unconfirmed. After a great deal of talk, the Republicans decided to hold a caucus, and thereafter abandon the question of the re-organization of the Senate, until all the nominations of the President had been acted on. By this time the rupture between the President and Mr. Conkling was an open one. It was perfectly understood, that Robertson's confirmation would be opposed by every means in the power of the senior Senator from New York. An attempt was made to induce the President to withdraw Mr. Robertson's name, but without avail. Several meetings of the Republican caucus were held; and on May 2d, it was resolved, that executive sessions be held immediately (the Democrats being willing to go into executive session, but unwilling to organize the Senate in the interest of the Republicans, and adopting dilatory motions to prevent it), and that contested nominations lie over. A nomination was said to be contested, if it was opposed by one Senator from the State, from which the nominee was appointed. The effect of this was, of course, to force Mr. Robertson's nomination to go over until the following December, and to obtain for Mr. Conkling a victory over the President. With this result Mr. Conkling was highly pleased; for he had succeeded in driving the senators into supporting him without making an open rupture between them and the President.

The next morning, May 5th, all the nominations that were pleasing to Mr. Conkling were withdrawn. This defined the issue sharply. Several Senators went to the White House and endeavored to persuade the President to withdraw the nomination of Mr. Robertson. The interview was a long and stormy one. The President very freely expressed his opinion of the action of Mr. Conkling and of the Republican caucus in carrying out what he termed "Mr. Conkling's plan." He absolutely refused to withdraw Mr. Robertson's nomination. The Senators returned, and reported the results of their conference to a number of Senators at the Capitol. There could now be no doubt that Robertson would be confirmed. Caucuses were called, and Conkling defended his cause as best he could. Senator Frye upheld the administration. To Mr. Conkling it was perfectly clear that he was to be defeated. He cast about him for a new expedient. On May 16th, he offered his resignation as a Senator from New York. His colleague, Mr. Platt, did likewise. It was generally believed that Mr. Conkling took this step because he thought that he would be re-elected promptly by his own Legislature, and thus "vindicated" in his course by his own State. Mr. Robertson was confirmed on May 18th.

The contest was now transferred to Albany. Here Conkling's very first move was checkmated.

By the law of New York an election to fill a vacancy, if the Legislature is in session, must be held on the *second* Tuesday after the vacancy is announced to the Legislature. Mr. Conkling forwarded his resignation to Governor Cornell on Monday the 15th; but the governor failed to announce it to the Senate, before it adjourned. The election was in consequence postponed for a fortnight. This was equivalent to a defeat. It gave the country time to speak, and so unmistakably, that, when the balloting for successors to Messrs. Conkling and Platt began on May 30th, Mr. Conkling found pitted against his claims 119 votes out of a total of 154. He went in person to Albany, accompanied by ex-Senator Platt and Vice-President Arthur. All of these gentlemen labored with the desperation of a lost cause.

The voting at Albany, as June wore on, rapidly degenerated into a dead-lock; and the country looked on, at first amazed, then interested, then apathetic, and finally, as the atmosphere became charged with political corruption, disgusted. Bribery showed its hideous head. The days passed rapidly. The disgraceful struggle was regarded as most corrupting all over the country. The spectacle of loose political morality and of looser political faith in the election of United States Senators was unparalleled in the history of the Republican party and the United States. June wore away; and still Conkling forced the fighting.

The great moral of this story—the need of civil service reform—has been drawn again and again in the press and the pulpit, and in the public and private conversation of men, of every section of the country. As long as *mere devotion to party* continues to be the governing principle in civil appointments, just so long the civil service will be at the mercy of ambitious politicians, to whom the *spoils* of office are of more interest than the welfare of the Republic; just so long feuds and even *crimes* are possible. But this moral is especially emphasized by the awful deed, which martyred President Garfield. Something should be done to lessen the chances, to prevent almost certainly the recurrence of such a deed. But it should be done by removing the causes, that gave rise to a state of affairs that made Guiteau possible, rather than by attempting to prevent another Guiteau from reaching the same measure of success. It is wiser to remove all inclinations to be an assassin, than to attempt to thwart his blood-thirsty desires—to remove the cause of disease, rather than attempt remedies to check it, when it shows itself. To do this, something is needed, that shall cure the evils bred of the spoils system, and the constant elevation of party to the inevitable degradation of country. The President, possibly discerning disaster in the future, called attention to the matter in his Inaugural Address:

The civil service can never be placed on a satisfactory basis until it is regulated by law. For the good of the service itself, for the protection of those who are intrusted with the appointing power against the waste of time and obstruction of the public business, caused by the inordinate pressure for place, and for the protection of incumbents against intrigue and wrong, I shall, at the proper time, ask Congress to fix the tenure of the minor offices of the several executive departments, and prescribe the grounds upon which removals shall be made during terms for which incumbents have been appointed.

This imperative need of the day is admirably stated in Mr. Conkling's ringing words to J. H. Griswold in 1871: "Every one knows that the fittest step toward remedy and reform is to nominate the best men in the Republican party, and elect them to the Legislature and to the executive offices of the State; and yet men stand talking about Federal patronage, and differences among leaders, and personal feelings between individuals, and the like. What have such things to do with the duty of this hour? What do the people care about them? What should they care? Of what public consequence are the personal aims and objects and mishaps of individuals?"

There can be no question, that the mind of the people is made up to brook no delay in this matter; and whatever recommendations the President shall see fit to make to Congress in his first annual message, will doubtless be speedily acted on. Two bills were introduced into the last Congress deal-

ing with the subject of civil service reform. Neither of them was pronounced unconstitutional or impracticable; and yet neither was ever debated, because Congress supposed the people were not in earnest or ripe for this matter. The Ohio Democratic Convention has led the way with a tenure of office plank in its platform; and the President will soon, it is hoped, be relieved by law from filling the 100,000 offices at present in his gift. Nominations to all the smaller offices should be made by the heads of those departments, under whom the appointees will serve, reserving always to the President the right of veto upon any appointment. Tenure of office should be enforced during competency and good behavior. Such a law would relieve the President from personally assuming, as now, the payment of the entire debt of his election, and enable him to attend strictly to the direct duties of his office. It cannot be questioned, that the standard of statesmanship would thus be greatly raised.

If, however, the voice of the people is not heeded by their representatives, there is no occasion for despairing of the wished-for result. General Garfield once said: "Whatever the people can do without legislation, will be better done than by the the intervention of the State or nation." But the people, in consequence of the power, which our republican institutions have placed in their hands, can, if they will, influence legislation. In them,

rather than in their representatives, exists the sovereign power. If the present political parties will continue a meaningless struggle over dead issues, or a disgraceful wrangle over the spoils of office, let the people, forming a new party, push to success the needed reform, purify our institutions, and add to the glory and permanency of the Republic. On July 1st, the relations of the factions became strained to the last degree; and they so continued, until the month was three weeks gone. Conkling was eventually retired from political life by the election of Eldridge G. Lapham as his successor. Warner Miller was elected to succeed Mr. Platt; and the long, disgraceful struggle came to an end, bringing discredit upon those, who had precipitated it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A TIME OF TRIAL.

SATURDAY, July 2d, was as fair a day as usually comes with an American summer. Though the heat was somewhat severe in Washington, the sun, that gilded the head of Columbia on the dome of the Capitol, was not unkindly in its fervor. At the White House that morning the President was early astir. He had many matters, that needed attention, before he left the city on an early train. His son Jim, who is quite a young athlete, came into his father's room, and deftly turned a hand-spring across the bed.

"Don't you wish you could do that?" asked the boy.

"Well, I think I can," replied the President; and, after a moment's consideration, he placed his hands on the bed, and turned almost as neatly as his son.

At Breakfast, the conversation turned on the approaching trip to New England, the President had planned to attend the Commencement-exercises of his *Alma Mater*, Williams College. There had been arranged, in connection with this visit, a somewhat extended trip through Vermont, New

Hampshire, Maine, and Massachusetts, in which he was to be accompanied by Mrs. Garfield and three of his children, several members of the Cabinet with their wives, and other particular friends. Those, who were in Washington, were to start for New York at 9.30 o'clock that morning. They were to be joined there by Mrs. Garfield and several others of the President's party, who had been sojourning at Long Branch, whither Mrs. Garfield had gone to recover from a severe attack of typhoid fever. The President was looking forward to the trip with eagerness and delight. He was the picture of perfect health, and his conversation was unusually bright and cheerful. After breakfast, Secretary Blaine came to accompany the President to the depot. The carriage was driven rapidly along the magnificent avenue to the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad, at Sixth and B Streets. The few pedestrians, who paid sufficient attention to the passing carriage to recognize the happy occupants, smilingly lifted their hats to the Executive. The carriage halted at the B Street entrance. This leads to the ladies' room, furnished with fixed wooden settees, so arranged as to leave a broad passageway, about twenty feet long, from the outer door to the opposite side of the room. From this side of the room two doors open into the gentlemen's waiting-room. It is necessary to pass around the ends of the benches, either to the right or left, to

reach one of these doors. As the carriage drove up to the entrance, the President said to Officer Kearney, who was on duty there :

“How much time have I?”

“About ten minutes, sir,” was the reply, whereupon the President and Secretary Blaine continued their conversation. After about five minutes, they alighted from the carriage, and passed quietly into the ladies' room. There were a few ladies present, and a few people in the general waiting-room beyond. Most of those, who were to take the train, were already on board. Of those in the room beside the railroad-officials, there was a slender, light-complexioned man, who walked up and down rather nervously, occasionally glancing out of the door in a vacant fashion, as if his mind was bent upon some strangely fascinating picture. This man bore the name of Charles Jules Guiteau. His was not a face or figure, that would have attracted especial notice. He walked up and down the room without ceasing, moving the length of the settees with short irregular steps. He had just reached the end of the room, as the President entered with Secretary Blaine. Guiteau turned about, set his teeth, and quietly inserted his hand within his pocket. When the President had passed beyond him, he advanced a few steps in the same direction, drew a revolver from his pocket, pointed it steadily, and fired deliberately at the man, whom he had come to murder. The





President staggered, and turned to see whence came the murderous bullet. Guiteau re-cocked his revolver, and with the deliberation of death fired again. The President fell to the floor, fainting and bleeding; and Guiteau turned and fled.

The echo of the shots had scarcely found its way to the open air, before the President was surrounded. A terrible deed had been committed. Assassination for the second time had stricken down the Chief Magistrate. Then ensued a moment of terrible agony and confusion. Secretary Blaine sprang after the assassin, who, finding his way barred in one direction, turned in another only to run into the arms of the law. Seeing that the murderer was caught, Mr. Blaine turned to the wounded man. Mrs. White, who had charge of the ladies' waiting-room, ran to the President, knelt beside him, and gently took his head in her lap. The shock of the bullet had been very great. He was pale and neither stirred nor spoke. Soon vomiting began; all color faded from his face; and he leaned heavily on those, who were supporting him. By this time a horror-stricken crowd had gathered about him. Secretary Windom, Secretary Hunt, Postmaster-General James and others of the party, that were to accompany the President, were in and out of the room, sending hither and thither messengers and messages for doctors. The President's own carriage dashed off at a gallop to the White House, to the astonish-

ment of the people on the Avenue, who had not yet learned the direful news. As the room was uncomfortably crowded, a mattress was brought; and the President, placed on it, was carefully carried to a large room on the second floor. But few persons were admitted. Dr. Townshend, the Health Officer, was the first physician who arrived; and he was soon followed by Dr. Purvis.

Hardly had the mattress been laid upon the floor, when the wounded man, ever thoughtful of those nearest to him, turned to his friend, and said:

“Rockwell, I want you to send a message to ‘Crete’ (the pet name used for his wife, Lucretia); I will dictate it. Tell her I am seriously hurt—how seriously I cannot yet say. I am myself, and hope she will come to me soon. I send my love to her.”

Was there ever anything more ineffably tender, more wonderfully gentle than this? Stricken down by the assassin’s bullet in the most powerful and prosperous moment his country had known for half a century, and uncertain whether he was then and there to renounce the honor he had so lately won, he turned with his whole heart to her, who for years had been his helpmate and his life.

During the dictation of the dispatch, Dr. Bliss and several other physicians arrived. A hasty inspection of the wound by Dr. Bliss, demonstrated, that the President was terribly wounded.

It was imperative, that he should be removed to the White House, where he could receive every attention. An ambulance was speedily summoned. The President was gently borne down stairs by loving hands, and laid within it. His friends, who had been at the station, were already at the White House. As he was lifted out of the ambulance, with the pallor of death stamped upon his face, he glanced upward to the windows, where his friends were waiting sadly and silently, fearing that he would be borne home to them dead. As he recognized them, he raised his right hand, and with a smile, which those, who saw it, will never forget, gave the military salute. He was carried carefully to an upper chamber in the southwest corner of the Mansion. Soon afterward, came Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. James, Mrs. Windom, Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. W. T. Sherman. Other friends of Mrs. Garfield quickly arrived, but were denied admittance. The ponderous gates, which lead to the Executive Mansion, were guarded by policemen; and armed military sentinels, as if by some fearful magic, silently took their places about the grounds. These troops were ordered from the Washington Barracks to relieve the regular police, whose services were needed in the city, where the excited crowds were rapidly increasing. Their bayonets, flashing in the sunlight, seemed portentous of an awful fate hanging over the Republic, and recalled the last hours of President Lincoln,

when the same horror was reflected from the faces of the people, who surged about the Executive Mansion, and watched similar silent sentries pacing under the trees.

In his sick-room lay the President, surrounded by the most eminent physicians in Washington. He at first complained of numbness, then of pain, in his feet. The bullet, which entered the back, did not pass through the body. The wound was situated on the right side, four inches from the spine, and passed downwards and to the left, between the tenth and the eleventh rib. An examination was made with the fingers, but it was deemed advisable not to attempt to ascertain by probing what direction the ball had taken, or where it had lodged. He had but slightly reacted from the shock, and his physicians had little hope that he would live to see his wife. He was conscious however. Early in the afternoon, he inquired of Secretary Blaine the name of the assassin, and what motive he could have had in committing the deed. Secretary Blaine replied that he was, doubtless, a disappointed office-seeker. Directions were given that he should see as few persons as possible, and that he should be kept from conversation, or from any effort whatever. After consultation, it was determined by the surgeons that at three o'clock, if his condition would permit, they would probe for the ball. When this hour arrived, it was found that he was not in con-



DR. D. W. BLISS.



DR. D. HAYES AGNEW.



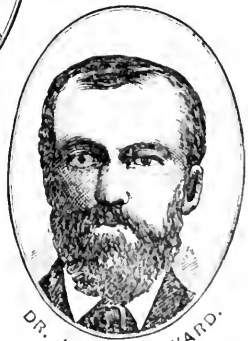
DR. F. H. HAMILTON.



DR. J. K. BARNES.

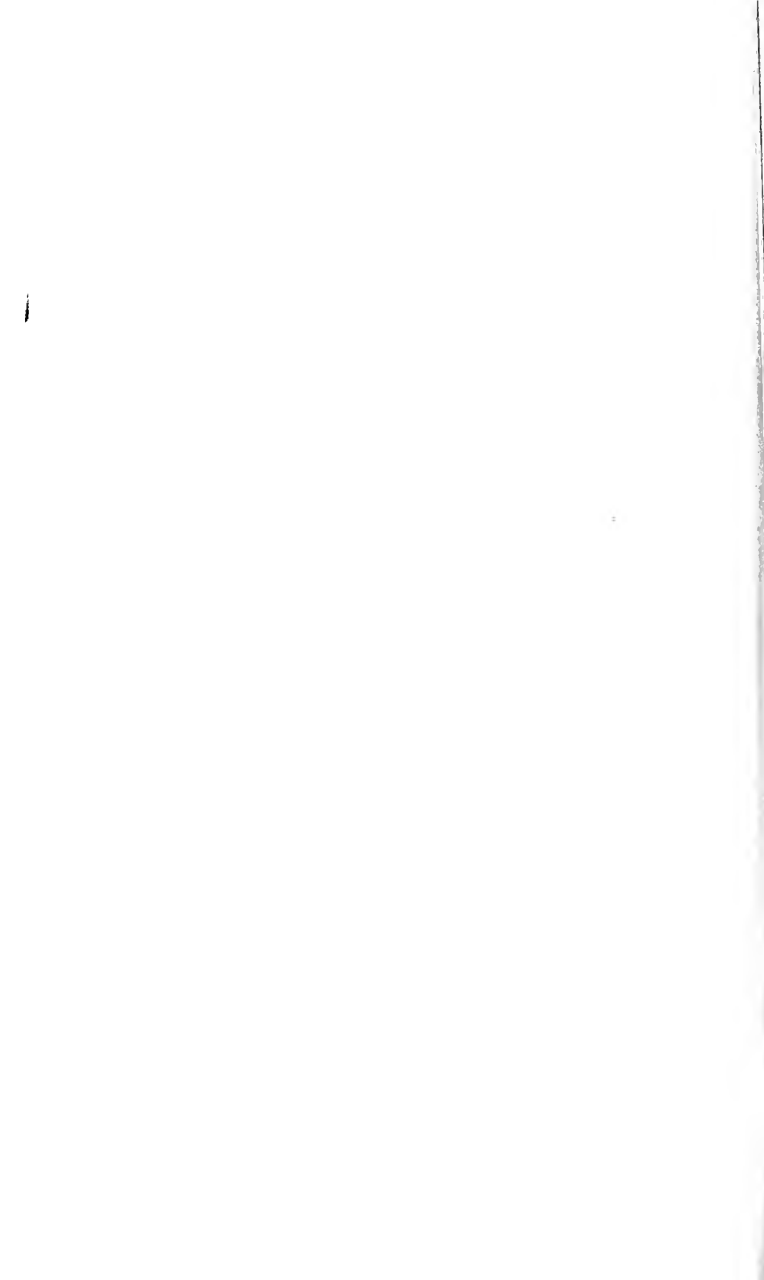


DR. ROBT. REYBURN.



DR. J. J. WOODWARD.

SURGEONS IN CHARGE OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.



dition to undergo the operation, and it was again postponed. At this consultation, however, Dr. Wales (Surgeon-General of the Navy), examined the wound with his fingers, and detected the rough edges of the fractured ribs.

The situation became more critical every hour; and his physicitns could offer only the slightest hope. They sought in vain for signs of increasing reaction. The patient vomited frequently, and his prostration was extreme. His attendants longed for the coming of his wife, but feared that she would arrive too late. His own anxiety for the arrival of his wife increased with every hour. On that eventful morning, General Swaim announced to her, as gently as he could, that the President had been shot. She immediately began preparations for her departure for Washington. Before she started, General Swaim received the following dispatch:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 2d, 1881.

General Swaim, Eberon, New Jersey:

We have the President safely and comfortably settled in his room at the Executive Mansion. His pulse is strong and nearly normal. So far as I can detect from what the surgeons say, and from his general condition, I feel very hopeful. Come on, as soon as you can get special. Advise me of the movements of your train, and when you can be expected. As the President said on a similar occasion, sixteen years ago: "God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives."

A. F. ROCKWELL.

At 12.45 p. m. the special train, furnished by

the Pennsylvania Railroad, was ready, and sped away to Washington, at sixty miles an hour. A little later, Colonel Rockwell told the President, that Mrs. Garfield had started, when he replied, with evident feeling, "God bless the little woman! I hope the shock won't break her down." Her arrival was delayed until after 7 o'clock by an accident to the engine. The persons present in the sick-room, retired, to allow Mrs. Garfield to meet her husband alone, as he had requested. They remained together only five minutes; but the effect of this brief interview was soon seen in the rallying of the almost dying man. At the end of that time the doctors were again admitted to the room. They found the President perfectly conscious, but weaker. Within two hours, however, he began to show signs of reaction; and his condition gradually improved during the night.

These were the sad scenes within the White House walls. Outside and beyond, the world was in a fever. Hardly had the President fallen by the assassin's bullet, before the telegraph had winged the news to all parts of the land. As the dispatch flashed along: "The President has been shot, the assassin arrested," those, who heard it could scarcely believe it. The fact was too terrible to be true—that the good and able President had been, on that bright second of July, shot down in the nation's capital! Rapidly the terrible news spread. Before noon there was scarcely a man,

woman or child, who did not know that the Chief Magistrate had been shot. But few of the details of the crime were known; and speculation had full swing, not only in debating the probable results of the attack on the President, but in seeking some plausible motive for the crime.

After 12 o'clock, the news came slightly more in detail, and, with the knowledge, that the President was still living, and that the doctors were not hopeless of his recovery, men breathed more freely. The newspapers everywhere were receiving dispatches every few minutes; and, as they came, they were promptly bulletined. These bulletin-boards were the centres of attraction; and the sidewalks and streets in front of them were soon crowded with men, who stood in the broiling sun, and forgot the heat in their intense eagerness for the latest scrap of information. At noon the "extras" appeared; and the demand for them was so great as to be beyond the power of the press to supply them. The information, given in the early dispatches, was very brief, but reassuring—the President was conscious; the doctors thought that he might live; the assassin was in jail under strong guard. Late in the afternoon, the dispatches became hourly more despondent; and the people waited with fear, and yet with a hope almost forlorn.

At last darkness fell. The expected announcement of the President's death had not (thank

God) been made. The crowd still lingered about the bulletin-boards, and eagerly read the dispatches. At 9 o'clock, it was announced, in a telegram from Postmaster-General James, that the sufferer was sleeping, and that his pulse was not so high as it had been. This was, at least, a *ray* of sunshine among the shadows. Just before 11 P. M., when the fact was posted that the patient had rallied, and could converse with his attendants, the crowds gave vent to hearty expressions of joy, and gratification, and hope. Still they lingered; and the same scenes that had so distinguished that Saturday evening from all other evenings in their lives, continued into the early hours of Sunday.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOURS OF SUFFERING.

THE symptoms of death, which had seemed so marked during the long reaches of the afternoon and the early hours of the evening of July 2d, grew fainter by 7.40. Shortly after, the patient slept naturally for half an hour. When he awoke, he said to Mrs. James, who was sitting at the bedside: "Do you know where Mrs. Garfield is now?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "she is close by, watching and praying for her husband."

Looking at her with an anxious face, he said; "I want her to go to bed. Will you tell her, that I say, that if she will go to bed, I will turn right over; and I feel sure, that I can go to sleep and sleep all night? Tell her," he exclaimed with sudden energy, "I *will* sleep all night, if she will only do what I ask."

Mrs. James conveyed the message to Mrs. Garfield, who said at once: "Go back, and tell him, that I am retiring."

She returned with the answer; and the President, turning on his right side, dropped into a quiet sleep almost instantly. At 10.20 the symp-

toms were more favorable, and afforded a ground for hope. The change was certainly marked and gratifying. At 11 P. M., the symptoms were still favorable, and when midnight came, the sufferer was in a deep and restful sleep. About the White House and all around the White House grounds there was no sleep. There watched *the people*; for the heart of the Nation was with its President.

Sunday dawned, cloudless and fair to see. During the day, which repeated some of the features of the day before, better arrangements were made for the management of the case; and the recovery from the shock permitted more attention to be paid to details.

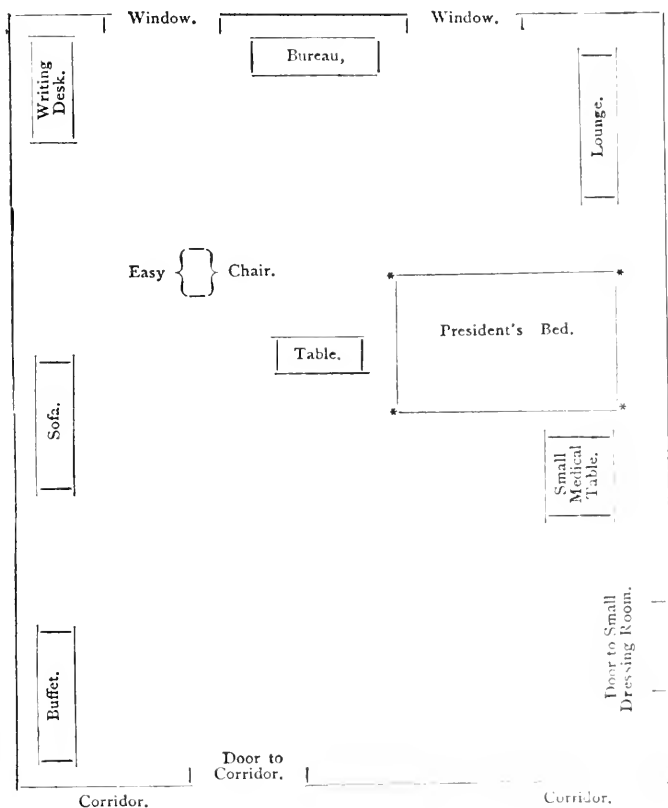
The arrangements, by which the President was secluded from noise or disturbance of any kind, were very complete. Only privileged visitors were allowed to go up-stairs. They were received in the private secretary's room, which opens by a door-way to the left into a room in the southeast corner of the building, occupied by the executive clerks. Here the bulletins from the physicians were brought; and a telegraph instrument, at the end of the corridor just outside, sent the tidings round the world. To the right of the private secretary's room is the Cabinet-room. Next in the suit comes the library. Beyond this is the room, known as the State bed-chamber; and next to this, come two rooms in the southwest corner, the President's chamber and dress-



BY THE BEDSIDE OF THE SUFFERING PRESIDENT

ing-room. In this chamber the wounded President lay, removed from noise or bustle.

The following plan of the room will give an idea of its arrangement:



During the first twenty-four hours, fully a dozen of the best physicians of Washington had been in attendance. After the morning consultation, Dr.

Bliss selected three from among them to form with him the Medical Board—Dr. J. K. Barnes, Surgeon-General of the Army; Dr. J. J. Woodward, an Army-Surgeon, and Dr. Robert Reyburn, a private practitioner.

There were rarely more than two or three persons at a time in the sick-room. Miss Edson, the nurse, who so faithfully waited upon Mrs. Garfield during her illness in May and June, stayed in the room; and Mrs. James, Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Hunt took turns in sitting at the bedside of the President and fanning him. One of the physicians remained in the room, the doctors alternating in this service. The others sat in the adjoining room within call, if any change of symptoms should need their collective attention.

The patient furnished frequently, throughout Sunday, evidences of his extraordinary moral courage, good temper, cheerfulness, and regard for the feelings of others. At times he would express anxiety for those, who were attending him, and inquire whether they had had proper rest. Occasionally he asked to be informed of the general news of the day. During the morning he said to Dr. Bliss: "What are my chances for recovery?" adding, that he was prepared to die, and did not fear to learn the worst. The doctor replied: "Your injury is formidable. In my judgment, you have a chance for recovery," "Well, doctor," he cheerfully said, "we'll take that chance."

In the course of the night an incident occurred, which showed both his great good-nature and his intelligent recognition of the importance of the physicians' order, that he should remain quiet. General Swaim was sitting by his bedside, fanning him; and the patient persisted in talking to him. General Swaim remonstrated several times about continuing such efforts against the order of the physicians. The remonstrances failing to produce the desired effect, General Swaim said, in a brusque tone: "I won't talk to you and won't listen to you. Why don't you keep quiet?" The President laughed at this outburst, and said: "What is the use of your getting mad with me, Swaim? You know sick people must be indulged." To this, General Swaim returned: "You must keep quiet. If you don't, I won't take care of you, and won't let any one else do it." Again the President laughed at his old friend's bluntness, and, grasping his arm, said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I will make a treaty with you. If you keep my mouth filled with ice, I will keep quiet." "It is a bargain," responded Swaim, as he proceeded to carry out the terms of the treaty.

At another time during the night, when Col. Rockwell was watching by the bedside, the President moved uneasily, and uttered a slight groan. Col. Rockwell asked if he was suffering much pain, to which the President responded: "Yes, I suffer some. I suppose the tigers are coming

back ; but they don't usually stay long. Don't be alarmed, old boy."

Late in the afternoon, Mrs. Garfield and the immediate friends of the President, urged that additional medical advice should be sought, and Drs. D. Hayes Agnew, of Philadelphia, and Frank H. Hamilton, of New York, were summoned by telegraph. The Pennsylvania Railroad promptly placed a special train at their disposal, so that they arrived within a few hours after being summoned.

At midnight, the White House doors were closed ; and all the door-keepers departed but one, who seated himself at the open window on the north side of the corridor, to admit privileged visitors. Thereafter nobody, except the physicians and Cabinet Ministers, was allowed to go upstairs. A policeman kept patient watch at the iron gate in front of the grounds, before which a large crowd still lingered wistfully. A regular soldier, with fixed bayonet, paced silently on the path behind him. His comrades, wrapped in blankets, lay sleeping under the trees upon the eastern greensward, their rifles stacked in front of them. A long-bearded police sergeant sat, club in hand, upon the White House porch, surrounded by a dozen waiting newspaper men, beginning their weary all-night vigil. At 1 o'clock, there was a subdued stir, caused by the arrival of a bulletin from the physicians. It was hastily perused by

the reporters, who instantly hurried to the telegraph office.

Alone in the hushed city, the great Western Union offices blazed with light, and buzzed with the hum of instruments. The receiving-room was thronged by message-senders; and on the operating floor a double force of operators were working at high tension. At 1.30 it was announced by the physicians, that no further bulletins would be issued until 7.30 in the morning; and soon afterward the members of the Cabinet took their departure, for the purpose of obtaining a few hours of needed sleep.

A few minutes before 4 o'clock the boom of a gun at the Barracks signaled the dawn of Independence Day, now shrouded in silence and clad in mourning. For the first time in the history of the Republic the entire anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was passed at the Capital of the nation with no signs of recognition except the hoisting of the national flag. At 6 o'clock, a messenger descended the White House stairs and informed the yawning watchers, that the physicians had arisen, and had made a cursory examination of the President. Their conclusion was, that he had held his own during the night. The messenger added, that they were preparing to hold a consultation with Drs. Agnew and Hamilton, and that a thorough examination would take place at once. This was received by the crowds

at the gates with joy; in presaged some little hope. How grateful the people were for even a little! Certainly nothing more touching than the faithfulness of these crowds in front of the White House gates, was witnessed in connection with the affair. The consultation gave but little hope. Yet the consulting surgeons approved of everything that had been done. As the heat of the day grew more pronounced, the President's condition became worse; and unfavorable bulletins carried all over the land gloom and mourning.

The heat was a bad omen for the wounded President; but his chamber was darkened, and Mrs. Garfield sat by his side fanning him. The ladies of the Cabinet relieved her from time to time. She was the only member of the family allowed to enter the sick-room. Only those who were called for actual service were permitted to enter. Absolute quiet was imperative.

At noon, the physicians made another examination of the wound. The result did not show any change for the worse, but it did not indicate any change for the better. The surgeons, by careful treatment, had succeeded in alleviating the pains in the feet, and the patient rested much more easily than he had since the shooting. After noon, a great part of the time up to 3 o'clock was passed in sleeping. The naps were short, seldom exceeding five minutes, but they were refreshing. After one of these short naps, while Col. Rock-

well was holding his hand, he suddenly asked: "What is the feeling in the country?" Col. Rockwell replied: "The country is full of sympathy for you. We are saving all the papers, so that you can see them when you get well; but you must not talk now. You can rest assured that all the people are greatly concerned about your condition." The President smiled, turned over, and dozed again.

The hours dragged themselves along on leaden feet. The heat grew more intense, ever exciting the gravest apprehensions in the minds of everybody as to its effect upon the sufferer. The ante-rooms were sweltering; but everybody lingered until 7.30 o'clock, when another official bulletin was issued, describing the President's condition as somewhat worse. The announcement fell like a pall upon the listeners, and quickly spreading through the city, deepened the gloom that everywhere prevailed. The awful suspense of the Saturday before returned. Then came a report full of unexpected cheer. "The President's condition," it said, "has greatly ameliorated." In an incredibly short space of time, the encouraging story was the topic of exciting conversation everywhere. Other reports, many of them well authenticated, quickly followed; and the Fourth ended in a condition of universal thankfulness and rejoicing befitting the nation's birthday.

The next morning there seemed to be more

sunshine in life, more beauty in nature, more goodness in the world—the President was better. During the day and the next night he held his own. On Wednesday, July 6th, Washington returned to its normal condition. All business, which had been so rudely interrupted, went on again as usual; and the bulletins, that appeared from time to time, were encouraging.

The President had all along been impatient to see his children, who up to July 9th, had been excluded from his room. He was, however, so well on that day, that it was decided to allow them to come in, one by one. The three children were called together—Harry, Jim and Mollie—and each was told, that a visit was to be paid to their father. They were cautioned not to talk, and not allow their father to converse. Mollie, entering the sick room, and brushing away a few tears, that would show themselves, advanced firmly to the bed.

“My dearest girl,” he said, clasping her hands in his. He was about to speak further, when she disengaged one of her hands, and placed a finger across his lip. He playfully attempted to bite the finger, and then smiled.

“You are a brave, good child, Mollie,” he said: “and you must hope, that your papa will get well.”

“You will get better, papa: I know you will,” Miss Mollie replied, trying to keep back the tears; “but you must not talk.”

The father held his daughter’s hands in his, until

she quietly slipped out of the room, knowing that her brothers would be impatient for the favor she had already enjoyed.

The meeting between father and sons was affecting. He grasped the right hand of Harry, the elder, and was evidently greatly agitated. The youth bore himself well, and showed no signs of the storm, that must have been raging within him. He said a few cheery words to his father; and the latter responded somewhat sadly, that he hoped he would get better to be with his wife and children once more. Seeing that his presence seemed to affect his father, Harry withdrew; and Jim was admitted. He was detained by his father for a long time; but the President did not talk much, as his son would not allow him.

From that day until Saturday, July 23d, there was nothing, apparently, but a steady march to convalescence. The hearts of the people watched eagerly, closely, always, for the slightest change; and they had come to the conclusion, that Providence was on their side, and that the President would get well. On the 23d, came a relapse. About 7 o'clock, the President was seized with a slight chill, while the physicians were examining and dressing his wound. They detected a tremor before he complained, and instantly replaced the bandages. It was 10 o'clock before the physicians felt justified in removing the bandages to complete the examination. Of late, while not posi-

tively declaring him out of danger, they had allowed it to be understood, that recovery was practically assured. The appearance of a chill at this time was, therefore, wholly unexpected. Dispatches were at once sent to Drs. Hamilton and Agnew, the consulting physicians, urging their immediate attendance. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, however, fever set in strongly, and there was a second chill at 11 o'clock. Nothing having, up to that time, been heard from the consulting surgeons, a second dispatch was sent to them; and replies were received early in the afternoon. At 1 o'clock a partial examination showed a pulse of 125, and a temperature at 104, or five and a half degrees above normal. The pulse had fallen to 106 at 3 o'clock, and to 100 shortly before 4 o'clock. During the night the President rested well up to midnight, under the temporary relief, afforded by the resumption of the discharge from the wound, and the increased hypnotic administered. The recurrence of a slight chill at midnight, however, showed that the difficulty was not all removed.

As soon as it was possible next morning, an examination was made by the six surgeons. This showed, that a pus-cavity had formed in the track of the ball, near and beyond the point where it glanced from the rib, and that this cavity could be reached by a direct incision three inches below the mouth of the wound. No anæsthetics were used;

but the part to be operated upon was benumbed by a spray of ether. A wide cut was made into the pus-cavity, which was reached at a depth of a little more than an inch. With the aid of a probe and a pair of forceps, a drainage tube, which is a small flexible tube perforated with holes, was introduced into the wound made by the ball, and, after being carried through the pus-cavity, was brought out through the newly-made incision. As the pus oozed into the tube through the perforations, it could escape from either end. The tube was several times daily washed out with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water. The discharge, which followed the opening of the pus-cavity, was satisfactory to the surgeons, and was soon followed by temporary relief for the patient.

One of the difficulties, encountered by the physicians, was the question of temperature. It was decided to attempt to lower the temperature of the patient's room by artificial means. At first a simple apparatus was tried, consisting of a number of troughs of galvanized iron, placed on the floor along the walls and filled with water and broken ice. Over these troughs, corresponding with them in length, were suspended sheets of flannel, the lower edges of which were immersed in the ice-water, which filled the troughs. The water was carried upward by capillary attraction, as oil in the wick of a lamp, until the sheets were saturated. This cold water, by direct contact with air and by

the rapid evaporation from the extended surface of the saturated flannel, lowered the temperature of the room. It did not, however, produce sufficiently good results, and was abandoned in favor of other methods.

All sorts of systems were proposed and brought to Washington. The White House cellar was turned into a machine shop, and exhibited all the features of a machinery exhibit. Mr. Dorsey, a skillful mining engineer, was placed in charge of the plans. Whereupon Secretary Hunt sent the following order to Commodore Pattison, commanding the Washington Navy Yard:

You will place at the disposal of Mr. Dorsey every article of machinery for which he may make application to you. You will also assign to duty a skillful and efficient engineer and machinist, with such other assistants as he may require from you. You will obtain all necessary transportation of material and men Mr. Dorsey may require. They must be furnished without delay, as they are for the use of surgeons at the Executive Mansion, and are deemed necessary to the health and comfort of the President during his present critical illness.

Mr. Dorsey's plan was based on the system used to cool the air in mines. The air, compressed by means of a stationary engine, gives out a great amount of heat, which is carried away by running water. As soon as the air is again set free, it becomes refrigerated by expansion, just in proportion as it has before been heated by compression. The system worked very successfully, and by its

means the temperature of the room was kept at 75° or 76°.

The cure was very largely assisted by the President himself. With a noble will-power and a splendid courage, he fought disease every minute, and defied Death. All the while he was cheerful to every one. One day, on awakening from one of his short naps, he was given two ounces of chicken broth. After he had eaten it, Mr. Crump, the White House steward, took the bowl away, and, seating himself by the bed, began to fan him vigorously. The President at this time was thirsting for water. After looking at Mr. Crump quizzically for a few moments, he said: "Crump, after the chicken broth what comes?" The steward made no answer, apparently forgetting for the moment, that the President was accustomed to drink after eating. After a brief silence, General Garfield said, interrogatively: "Medicine or water?" Crump took the hint, and gave him a sip of water. After drinking it the President gratified the steward by clapping his hands in applause. Saturday morning, the 9th, Dr. Boynton, his wife's physician, went in to see him. The President, with a smile, said to him:

"Boynton, I am glad you are here yet. What do you think of my chances to-day?"

"Oh, I think you are getting along very nicely, indeed. Everything seems favorable for your recovery."

"I will recover, Boynton ; but I've had a terrible struggle with prostration for several days."

"But you seem to have conquered."

"Do you think so?"

And then, glancing at the clock, he said: "In fifteen minutes it will be a week—a long week, Boynton."

When first wounded, his thought was of his loved wife and little ones, and how to spare them pain. I have related elsewhere that he sent a dispatch to his wife in the earliest minutes of his trial. After her, his mother's anxiety was uppermost in his mind. By his direction, Harry, his eldest son, sent the following comforting telegram to his grandmother:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

July 2d, 1881.

To Mrs. Elizabeth Garfield, Solon, Ohio:

Don't be alarmed by sensational rumors. Doctor thinks it will not be fatal. Don't think of coming until you hear further.

HARRY A. GARFIELD.

During the periods of the sufferer's severest pains, there was, on his part, the most tender consideration for others. His demeanor toward his noble-hearted wife was chivalrous in its best sense. He ever sought her ease and welfare, and endeavored to keep her from anxiety and suspense. When she first entered his room, he met her with a smiling face ; and he had a smile and a word of

cheer ever afterward, even though his sufferings were at times very great.

Next to the good effect of his own spirits as a curative agent, must be placed the invincible faith and devotion of his wife. Her cheerful, hopeful demeanor did much to free her husband's mind from care. She had just risen from a bed of sickness; and he was afraid that she would have a relapse. She, poor woman, knowing his fear, steeled herself by a mighty effort. Conquering everything, she took up her new burden with the strength of a devoted heart, and carried it with the bravery of a martyr. The few persons, who were admitted to the chamber of pain—the doctors, the watchers and the nearest of kin—bore unconscious testimony to the conduct of the first gentleman and first lady of the land. All were only too willing to help embalm in the memory of friends the ministry of love and gentleness of kindness and of devotion which the national Executive Mansion disclosed.

CHAPTER XL.

THE WORLD WITHOUT.

AFTER the first moments of amazement and horror, the people—the world—offered condolence. The emotion and spectacle were without parallel. In every household there was a hushed and tender silence, as if one long-loved lay dying. The popular grief was absolutely universal. The festivities of the Nation's birthday were stayed; and the crowds, that had gathered for festivals, were transformed into praying congregations, earnestly petitioning the Throne of Grace for mercy for the President. One tender, overpowering thought called a truce to party-contention. Abroad, American gaiety was given over. In the British Parliament, Whig, Tory and Radical listened to catch from the lips of the Prime Minister the latest tidings from the sufferer. From the French Republic, from the Patriarchdom of Armenia, from the old empire of Japan and the new kingdom of Bulgaria, from Parnell, the Irish agitator, and from the Lord Mayor of Dublin came messages of sympathy and sorrow. Sovereigns and subjects, nobles and peasants, joined in earnest hope for the life of the Republi-

can President. The press of all Christendom told the mournful story.

It was a marvelous spectacle—this feeling of millions for one man. It blessed him with great distinction among mankind. It blessed the country, stirring the people with a great overmastering emotion. I have not space to chronicle all the words of sympathy, that came on the wings of the wires to Washington. They would fill several volumes as large as this. In London, the shooting of the President excited the profoundest sensation of consternation and grief among the American residents. The offices of newspapers and news-agencies were visited by crowds to gain information. Crowds gathered at the American Exchange in the Strand. As the news spread among the theatres and other places of resort, the Americans left the buildings; and many ladies and gentlemen, in evening dresses, went direct to the American Exchange for the latest details. There were numerous callers at United States Minister Lowell's private residence, to inquire concerning the President. Earl Granville, Foreign Secretary, received a telegram from the British Legation at Washington, announcing the sad affair; and he at once cabled his condolences. The Queen, who was at Windsor Castle, immediately, on receipt of the news, personally telegraphed to Minister Lowell a message expressing deep regret and concern. The Town Councils of

many inland towns passed resolutions of sympathy. In the British Parliament allusions were made to the affair amidst profound silence and regret. The Poet Laureate telegraphed his condolences. The members of the Royal Family sent to our Minister for full particulars. The Cobden Club forwarded a letter to Mrs. Garfield, expressing their earnest wish for the President's early recovery. Prayers were ordered daily in Westminster Abbey. The Lord Mayor of London telegraphed his condolences. Mr. Gladstone sent the following letter to Mrs. Garfield:

LONDON, July 21st, 1881.

DEAR MADAM: You will, I am sure, excuse me, though a personal stranger, for addressing you by letter to convey to you the assurance of my own feelings and those of my countrymen, on the occasion of the late horrible attempt to murder the President of the United States, in a form more palpable, at least, than that of messages conveyed by telegraph. Those feelings have been feelings, in the first instance, of sympathy, and afterwards of joy and thankfulness almost comparable, and, I venture to say, only second to the strong emotions of the great nation, of which he is the appointed head. Individually, I have, let me beg you to believe, had my full share in the sentiments, which have possessed the British nation. They have been prompted and quickened largely by what, I venture to think, is the ever-growing sense of harmony and mutual respect and affection between the countries, and of a relationship, which, from year to year, becomes more and more a practical bond of union between us; but they have also drawn much of their strength from a cordial admiration of the simple heroism, which has marked the personal conduct of the President; for we have not yet wholly lost the capacity of

appreciating such an example of Christian faith and manly fortitude. This exemplary picture has been made complete by your own contributions to its noble and touching features, on which I only forbear to dwell because I am directly addressing you. I beg to have my respectful compliments and congratulations conveyed to the President, and to remain, dear madam, with great esteem,

Your most faithful servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

To this Secretary Blaine replied by cable :

WASHINGTON, July 22d 1881.

LOWELL, Minister, London : I have laid before Mrs. Garfield the note of Mr. Gladstone, just received * * I am requested by her to say, that among the many thousand manifestations of interest and expressions of sympathy, which have reached her, none had more deeply touched her than the kind words of Mr. Gladstone. His own solicitude and condolence are received with gratitude. But far beyond this she recognized, that Mr. Gladstone rightfully speaks for the people of the British Isles, whose sympathy in this national and personal affliction has been as quick and as sincere as that of her own countrymen. Her chief pleasure in Mr. Gladstone's cordial letter is found in the comfort, which it brings to her husband. The President is cheered and pleased on his painful and weary way to health by the many messages of sympathy which, in his returning strength, he safely receives and most gratefully appreciates.

BLAINE, Secretary.

On the Continent, the head of every country hastened to offer sympathy. The Emperors of Austria and Germany ; the Kings of Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, Italy, and Spain ; the Czar of Russia ; the Sultan of Turkey :

the Presidents of France and Switzerland; hundreds of statesmen and distinguished men sent through various channels to Washington kind words and wishes from sympathetic hearts.

At home, the universal expression of sympathy found appropriate channels in the governors of States, Mayors of cities, legislatures, boards of trade, clubs, associations, conventions of every description, grand juries, churches, etc., etc. The South particularly manifested a most noble sympathy. Governor R. W. Cobb, of Alabama, telegraphed:

Reports of the favorable indications gladden the hearts of Alabamans, who profoundly sympathize with the President and his family, and bitterly denounce the cowardly and brutal attempt on his life. The great peril, through which he is passing draws all men to him; and he will resume his duties with a more generous and patriotic support from the people of the whole country.

Congressman E. W. Robertson telegraphed from Baton Rouge, Louisiana:

The heartfelt, outspoken sorrow of our people at the late dastardly attempt upon the life of the President, prompts me to express their prayerful hopes for his speedy recovery.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic promulgated the following order:

HEAD-QUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
BOSTON, July 7th, 1881.

[General Order, No. 42.]

Awaiting the fateful issue, which hangs like a pall over our land, grateful for the glimpse of sunshine through the

dark cloud, the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic tender their old comrade in arms, the stricken President, their sympathy and love. What lies behind the veil of the future we may not seek to know; but, remembering, that the same Almighty, who guided us to victory, is beside our fallen comrade, let us cast out all our fears, and send to the throne of grace, not a cry of despair, but a prayer of hope and faith in the Divine wisdom and love.

(Signed)

GEO. S. MERRILL, Commander-in-Chief.

WILLIAM M. OLIN, Adjutant-General.

The bench took notice of the national calamity. Said Judge Ludlow of Philadelphia, in charging the Grand Jury for the July Term :

We meet to-day under adverse circumstances; we are under the shadow of a great cloud, and our hearts beat with alternate hope and fear; we do not yet know what the end will be, but this we all understand, that law and order must prevail; that the constituted authorities must be respected and sustained; and woe betide the man, who dare to raise even so much as his little finger against the integrity of the Republic or against the life or lives of its lawfully elected officers. I care not what may be your politics, faith, or religious feelings. I know this, that as Americans, you represent not only the citizens of this country, but, in a sense, Americans everywhere all over this land, and you will join with me in as severe a condemnation of this anti-American crime, as can be uttered in human language, and in a devout prayer to the Almighty, that the life of the legally elected and inaugurated President of the United States may be spared to the nation and to his family.

The church was equally ready. Prayers were offered in every pulpit in the land. Special services

were held, imploring the Almighty to spare the President's life.

The movement of sympathy was indeed universal from more than one hundred millions of men. It was expected, as a matter of course, that those closely identified with him by long years of personal and political association, would, out of the fullness of their affection, mingle their tears with those of his kindred; but that so eager inquiries and tender messages of sympathy should come from all over the world, is the most welcome evidence that all the world's akin. From every nook and corner of our land messages were sent, freighted with loving regard; and the cables, which lay beneath the ocean, were kept busy night and day, transmitting the sympathy of the rulers, and princes, and peoples of all civilized nations of the globe.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE MISCREANT.

CHARLES JULES GUYOTEAU, the assassin, is a man of about forty years of age, of French descent. He is five feet five inches in height, of sandy complexion, and slender. He wears a mustache and thin chin whiskers, slightly tinged with gray. His sunken cheeks and widely separated eyes give him a sullen appearance. He has for some years been a person of disordered mind and restless habits. Nominally he is a lawyer, although it does not appear, that he ever had any practice except among persons of the lowest social and moral rank. His reputation was bad, wherever he went. He was at times a religious enthusiast. In the summer of 1880, he turned his attention to politics, apparently in the hope of gaining some political preferment.

One, who knows him, gives this account of him: "He appears to have been the only one of the children tainted with his father's eccentricities. When the family left the Oneida Community, Charles, then fifteen or sixteen years old, was left behind. He afterward went to Chicago, where he studied law, being cared for, and supplied with money, by his father. After completing his studies,

Guiteau went to Europe, where he traveled several years, imbibing Socialistic and other eccentric doctrines. A few years ago he returned to this country, and lectured on the second advent of Christ. He published a pamphlet on the subject, in which the egotism of the man was plainly shown. He spoke of himself as a messenger of God to announce His coming. His lectures on this subject were a failure.

The assassin's reasons for the dastardly deed are given in the following letter, found in his possession :

JULY 2d, 1881.

To the White House :

The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party, and save the Republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little where one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in Paradise than here. It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, anyway. I had no ill-will toward the President. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men, in New York, during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews, and his co-journalists, at 1420 New York Avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

CHARLES GUTEAU.

The following letter was found soon after Guiteau's arrest, with the envelope unsealed and ad-



THE ASSASSIN IN HIS CELL.

dressed: "Please deliver at once to General Sherman, or his first assistant in charge of the War Department:"

To General Sherman:

I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men, in New York, during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops, and take possession of the jail at once.

Very respectfully, CHARLES GUILTEAU.

Detective McElfresh, who took charge of the prisoner, reported the following conversation, which occurred between Guiteau and himself, while they were on their way to the jail:

"Where are you from?"

"I am a native-born American—born in Chicago—and am a lawyer and theologian."

"Why did you do this?"

"I did it to save the Republican party?"

"What are your politics?"

"I am a Stalwart among the Stalwarts. With Garfield out of the way, we can carry all the Northern States; and with him in the way, we can't carry a single one."

Upon learning that McElfresh was a detective, Guiteau said: "You stick to me, and have me put in the third story, front, at the jail. General

Sherman is coming down to take charge. When you go back to the depot, you will find, that I left two bundles of papers at the news stand which will explain all."

"Is there anybody else with you in this matter?"

"Not a living soul. I have contemplated the thing for the last six weeks, and would have shot him when he went away with Mrs. Garfield; but I looked at her; and she looked so bad, that I changed my mind."

Further light was thrown upon Guiteau by a statement from District-Attorney Corkhill, who, after a patient investigation, issued the following:

The interest, felt by the public in the details of the assassination, and the many stories published, justify me in stating, that the following is a correct and accurate statement, concerning the points to which reference is made: The assassin, Charles Guiteau, came to Washington city on Sunday evening, March 6th, 1881, and stopped at the Ebbitt House, remaining only one day. He then secured a room in another part of the city, and had boarded and roomed at various places, the full details of which I have. On Wednesday, May 18th, 1881, the assassin determined to murder the President. He had neither money nor pistol at the time. About the last of May he went into O'Meara's store, corner of Fifteenth and F Streets, this city, and examined some pistols, asking for the largest calibre. He was shown two similar in calibre, and only different in the price. On Wednesday, June 8th, he purchased a pistol, for which he paid \$10, having, in the meantime, borrowed \$15 of a gentleman in this

city, on the plea that he wanted to pay his board bill. On the same evening, about 7 o'clock, he took the pistol and went to the foot of Seventeenth Street, and practiced firing at a board, firing ten shots. He then returned to his boarding place and wiped the pistol dry, and wrapped it in his coat, and waited his opportunity. On Sunday morning, June 15th, he was sitting in Lafayette Park, and saw the President leave for the Christian Church on Vermont Avenue; and he at once returned to his room, obtained his pistol, put it in his pocket and followed the President to church. He entered the church; but found he could not kill him there without danger of killing some one else. He noticed, that the President sat near a window. After church he made an examination of the window, and found he could reach it without any trouble, and that from this point he could shoot the President through the head without killing any one else. The following Wednesday he went to the church, examined the location and the window, and became satisfied he could accomplish his purpose. He determined to make the attempt at the church the following Sunday. Learning from the papers that the President would leave the city on Saturday, the 18th of June, with Mrs. Garfield, for Long Branch, he, therefore, decided to meet him at the depot. He left his boarding place about 5 o'clock Saturday morning, June 18th, and went down to the river at the foot of Seventeenth Street, and fired five shots to practice his aim, and be certain his pistol was in good order. He then went to the depot, and was in the ladies' waiting-room of the depot, with his pistol ready, when the presidential party entered. He says Mrs. Garfield looked so weak and frail, that he had not the heart to shoot the President in her presence; and, as he knew he would have another opportunity, he left the depot. He had previously engaged a carriage to take him to the jail. On Wednesday evening, the President and his son, and, I think, United States Marshal Henry, went out for a ride. The assassin took his pistol and followed them, and watched them for some time, in hopes the carriage would

stop; but no opportunity was given. On Friday evening, July 1st, he was sitting on the seat in the park opposite the White House, when he saw the President come out alone. He followed him down the avenue to Fifteenth Street, and then kept on the opposite side of the street upon Fifteenth, until the President entered the residence of Secretary Blaine. He waited at the corner of Fifteenth and H Streets for some time; and then, as he was afraid he would attract attention, he went into the alley in the rear of Mr. Morton's residence, examined his pistol and waited. The President and Secretary Blaine came out together; and he followed over to the gate of the White House, but could get no opportunity to use his weapon. On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, he breakfasted at the Riggs House about 7 o'clock. He then walked up into the park, and sat there for an hour. He then took a horse car and rode to Sixth Street, got out and went into the depot, and loitered around there; had his shoes blacked; engaged a hackman for \$2 to take him to the jail; went into the closet and took his pistol out of his hip-pocket, and unwrapped the paper from around it, which he had put there for the purpose of preventing the perspiration from the body dampening the powder; examined his pistol; carefully tried the trigger; and then returned and took a seat in the ladies' waiting-room, and, as soon as the President entered, advanced behind him and fired two shots.

These facts, I think, can be relied upon as accurate; and I give them to the public to contradict certain false rumors in connection with the most atrocious of atrocious crimes.

It is well known, that General Garfield, although he was too buoyant of disposition to be weakly superstitious, had on several occasions suggested the possibility of an attempt upon his life. And this idea, without being seriously entertained, had occurred to several of his friends, especially dur-

ing the heat of the political campaign of 1880. When, however, the happy results of his decisive election were seen, the idea faded from the minds of almost every one. In view of the terrible issue of Guiteau's assault, the following words, uttered by General Garfield within a year of the firing of the fatal shot, are very significant: "I have always supposed, that a man, who occupies so exalted and powerful position, as does the President of the United States, must exert a fatal fascination over a man of morbid mind, who seeks his life for revenge or any other motive."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

ON the 26th of July, inasmuch as the operation of the 23d had not produced as decided an improvement as had been expected, the opening between the fractured ribs was enlarged; and a portion of detached bone was removed. The result of this operation was a freer discharge of pus; and the doctors for several days reported the President as doing well.

On August 6th, unfavorable symptoms—a rise in temperature and an acceleration of the pulse—were noticeable. These could not be accounted for, except on the supposition, that another pus-cavity was in process of formation, or had already formed. On August 8th, the surgeons decided to operate again. The necessity for the operation was apparent to the surgeons the day before, when they found, that a drainage-tube of the size hitherto used could no longer be passed along the track of the ball between the ribs. The process of granulation at this point had gone on so far as to partially close the orifice; and the ribs prevented the pushing aside of the flesh, and the introduction of the tube. The result was, that

pus formed in the deeper parts of the wound faster, than it could escape through the half-obstructed opening between the ribs, and that its gradual accumulation began to cause disturbance. It was, therefore, decided to make a new opening into the track of the ball below the last rib, so that the ribs should no longer prevent the keeping open of the wound by the solid backing, which they afforded to the granulating flesh between them. The operation was performed, at the request of the other surgeons, by Dr. Agnew. As soon as the patient had been put under the influence of ether, a long and slightly-curved instrument was introduced into the wound, pushed between the ribs, and carried downward along the track of the bullet, until its end could be felt from the outside below the last rib. Holding this instrument in the wound as a guide, Dr. Agnew extended the incision previously made, cutting downward through the integument, until his knife met the end of the instrument at the point, where he wished to intersect the track of the ball. The operation was not difficult or dangerous; and the patient bore it extremely well.

Then again there were perceptible signs of recovery. The doctors spoke encouragingly; and the old confidence of the people, that God would save their beloved President, returned in full force. On the 11th, feeling somewhat brighter, with exceeding difficulty the President wrote a letter to

his aged mother—a few sentences of cheer and hope. On the 14th, nausea set in; and the stomach refused to retain food. The vomiting was very debilitating in its effects. Throughout the 15th the prospect was dark and dreary. The only nourishment given the following day was by food-injections. By the 17th, he had in his own miraculous way rallied a little, and the improvement of the stomach was noticeable on the 18th, although the nutritive injections were continued at gradually increasing intervals until the 23d. But on the 18th a new complication became apparent. The right parotid gland (situated in the face just forward of the ear), began to swell. At first nothing was thought of it; and the surgeons did not see in it any cause of apprehension. One of the doctors thus described the patient's condition on the evening of the 22d. "With a single important exception, the signs of improvement are of a negative character. The important exception is the stomach. During the day the President has been able to take and to retain a considerable quantity, twenty-two ounces, of liquid nourishment without any uneasiness. * * * Of course this scantily nutritious fluid has not done much to give strength to the patient. It has served little purpose except to show, that there is hope that the stomach may regain its tone, and do the work of building up, that is essential to the recovery of the patient.

The general public felt no more sanguine of the result on the 25th than on the day preceding. The period of prostration, through which he was passing, was complicated by the failure of the stomach. This had been partially restored to strength; and now it was a question of his staying powers, whether he would advance toward convalescence. The extreme weakness was occasioned by the stomach trouble and impoverishment of the blood; and to the latter condition the parotid swelling was due. This was the explanation of the attending surgeons. But many physicians claimed, that the weakness, and the condition of the stomach and parotid gland were due to septicæmia, or blood-poisoning. The fears of the people were based largely upon the pulse, temperature and respiration, all of which, had been growing steadily worse since the 13th, as the following table will show:

	Pulse.			Temperature.			Respiration.		
	Morn.	Noon.	Eve.	Morn.	Noon.	Eve.	Morn.	Noon.	Eve.
Saturday, 13	104	102	104	100.8	99.2	100.7	19	18	19
Sunday, 14	100	96	108	99.8	99.3	100.8	18	18	19
Monday, 15	108	118	130	100.2	99.0	99.6	20	19	22
Tuesday, 16	110	114	120	98.5	98.3	98.9	18	18	19
Wednesday, 17 . . .	110	112	112	98.3	98.7	98.8	18	18	18
Thursday, 18	104	108	108	98.8	98.4	100.0	17	18	18
Friday, 19	100	106	106	98.4	98.8	100.0	17	17	18
Saturday, 20	98	107	110	98.4	98.4	100.4	18	18	19
Sunday, 21	106	108	108	98.8	99.4	99.2	18	18	18
Monday, 22	104	104	110	98.4	98.4	100.1	18	18	19
Tuesday, 23	100	104	104	98.4	98.9	99.2	18	18	19
Wednesday, 24 . . .	100	104	108	98.5	99.2	100.7	17	17	19

The heat at this time was intense. On the 25th, the subject of the removal of the President to a cooler atmosphere was considered by the surgeons; and a majority decided, that removal would be attended with too much risk. The situation was thus described by one of the watchers at the bedside on the evening of this day:

“It is apparent, * * * notwithstanding the fact, that the President seems to be holding his own in the terrible struggle, in which he is now engaged, that the prevalent feeling is one of uncertainty; and this feeling is attributable mainly to the apprehension entertained as to the termination of the glandular trouble, and the effect it may have on the wasted and debilitated patient.”

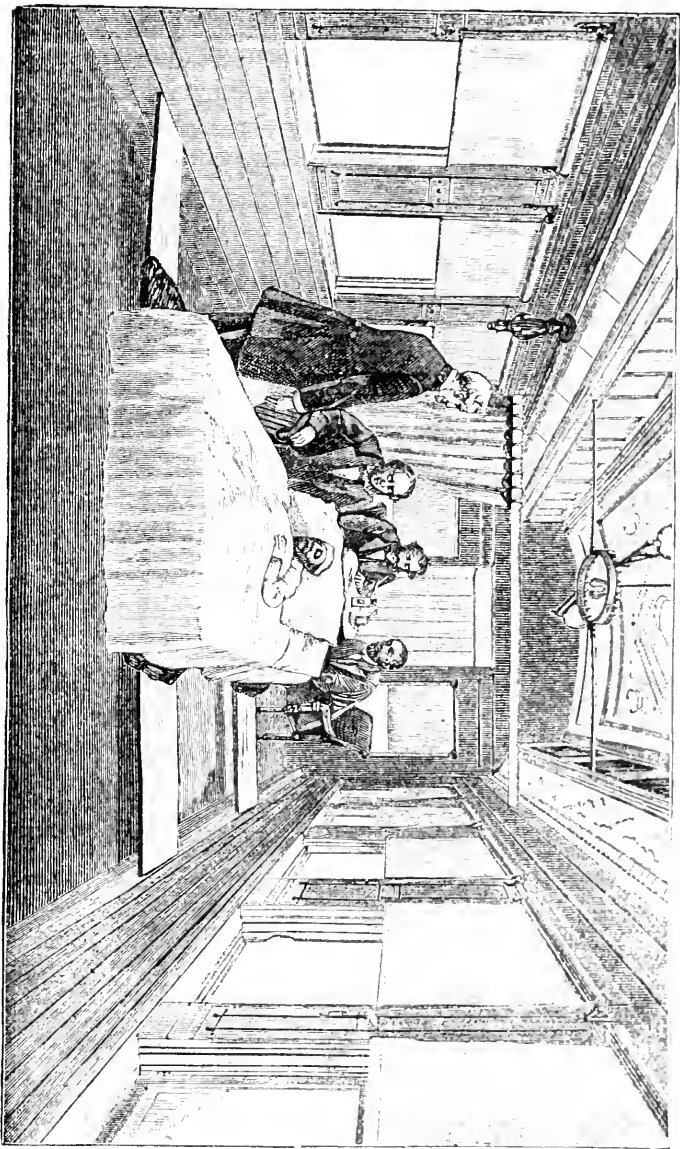
On Friday, the 26th, he was worse. He showed occasionally mental confusion, especially after rousing from sleep; and during sleep he muttered at times. There was a general feeling, that nothing stood between him and death except the prayers of the people. And the people prayed as never people prayed before. Saturday morning there came a change for the better; Sunday and Monday it was maintained; and by Wednesday, the 31st, hope was fully restored to a praying people, that the President was once more out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It was, however, recognized, that the beloved sufferer was still in a most precarious condition, and that to avoid the dangers, that still beset his path to recovery, he

must be taken away from Washington. The heat became so severe, that healthy men were affected by it. No rain had fallen for weeks; the city was like an oven; the air was full of sultry heat; it was difficult to breathe; and the nights brought almost no relief. Consultations were held by the doctors; and it was decided to remove the patient, as soon as he was able to bear the journey, to some northern place, where he could have the benefit of the cool sea-breeze. Long Branch was unanimously chosen, especially because the President had more than once expressed a longing to be there; and preparations for the removal began.

By Monday night, September 5th, every arrangement was in readiness. Early on the morning of the 6th, the indications around the White House pointed to something unusual. By 4.45 it began to grow light; and the crowd, that had lingered at the gates all night, had swollen into a multitude of silent, anxious spectators. The carriages, that were to convey the Presidential party to the train, filed in, and took their places before the White House. The President had slept well, and was amply prepared. He was, indeed, anxious to be away. When he was ready to be moved, the mattress (a rubber-bag filled with water), on which he lay, was placed upon a litter, which had been constructed at the Government shops. The litter was so constructed, that, when he was placed

upon it and carried down the main stairway into the lower hall, it uniformly maintained a horizontal position. When the President was almost downstairs, the family hastily entered the carriages to precede the wagon bearing the wounded man. In the first carriage, that led the mournful procession to the dépôt, rode Mrs. Garfield, Miss Mollie Garfield, Miss Edson, and a female attendant. In the next carriage were the servants; and others of the party followed. No sooner had these driven away, than the party, bearing the litter, appeared in the doorway. The litter was borne by Dr. Boynton, Dr. Bliss, Colonel Rockwell, General Swaim and Mr. O. C. Rockwell. It took but a moment to place it on the spring platform arranged for its reception. The bed of the wagon was wide enough to allow the litter-bearers to sit on the edge of the boards; and they took their places within the vehicle. Then the horses were attached; and the wagon moved slowly, gently, between two lines of reverent, hatless, silent people, who had gathered to show their profound respect for their beloved chief.

Without accident the station was reached, and the patient sufferer transferred to the special car, that had been prepared by the thoughtfulness of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Then the train started on its memorable trip. First came engine No. 628, with Engineer Page in charge, then the special car, then Colonel Scott's private



EN ROUTE FOR ELBERON.

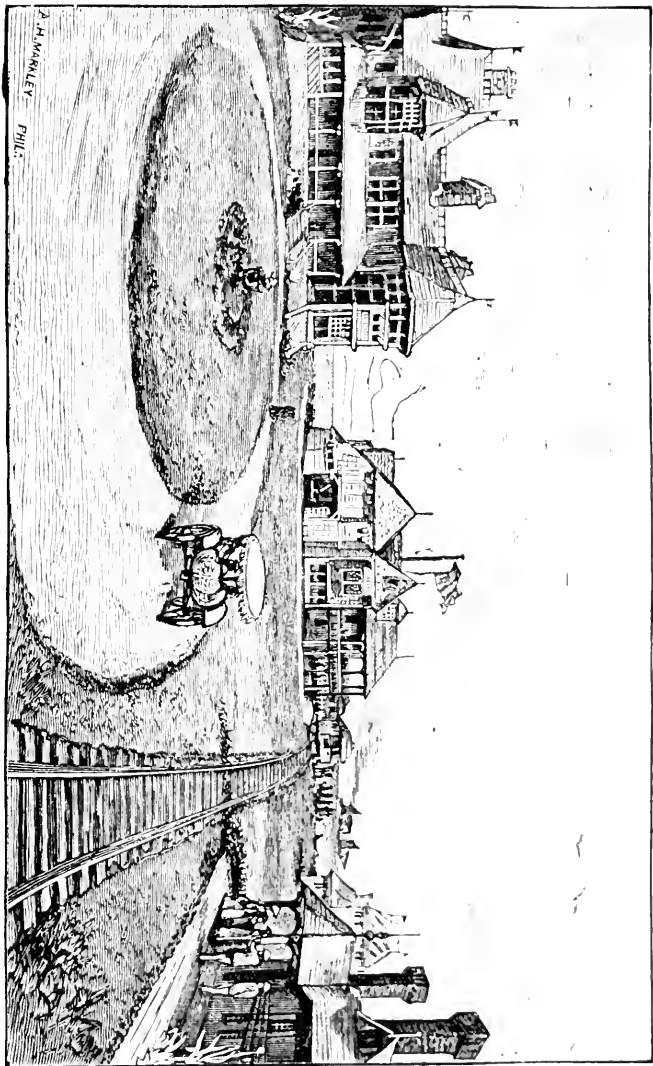


car. The train, with its precious burden, at 6.46 A. M., started away for Long Branch, arriving there at 1.20 P. M.

The cottage, selected for the President's use, was that owned by Mr. C. G. Francklyn, hardly a hundred yards from the sea. When he was placed in his room fronting the ocean, his pulse was 102; when he left Washington it was 114. It was evident, that he had borne the journey extremely well. The people felt, that he had only to reach the seaside to start on his way to recovery. Yet, as was anticipated, in consequence of the long journey on a sultry day, there was some reaction toward evening, which was indicated by a rise of temperature and an increase of pulse. During the day, prayers were offered in many States and in hundreds of churches, by proclamation of the different Governors upon Gov. Hoyt's initiative. Thousands upon thousands knelt in supplication to the Almighty, as the President was swiftly borne to the haven, for which he had yearned. The first bulletin of Wednesday morning seemed indeed a justification of the people's hopes and prayers. The President had slept well, and taken his nourishment successfully; his fever had left him; and the fatigue of his journey had disappeared under the influences of the breeze, that swept from the Ocean into his room.

The eyes of all the world were bent upon Long Branch; and all information was eagerly sought.

Although the physicians continued to issue hopeful bulletins, the people could not shake off their feelings of gloomy despondency. They read in the bulletin of September 15th: "In reviewing the case of the President since his arrival at Long Branch, it may be said, that in spite of the various septic accidents, which have for several weeks, and do still complicate his case, he has certainly not retrograded, but on the contrary has made some progress toward convalescence." They were gratified at the change from his bed to the reclining chair, at the gradual disappearance of the parotid trouble, at the reported favorable progress of his wound; but they were not assured by seeing the marked improvement, which they had expected from his removal to the sea-shore. The cough with purulent expectoration and the mental aberration were ominous signs. On the evening of the 16th, the physicians admitted: "Altogether his general condition can not be said to be improved." On the 17th, shortly before noon, he had a severe chill of a half hour's duration; and Dr. Bliss said to Dr. Agnew: "I am in constant fear of some danger impending." At the same time he said to members of the family: "There is a gravity in this case, that portends serious trouble." This suspense continued during the following day. The President himself realized his condition. On this day (the 18th), addressing Colonel Rockwell, he asked: "Old boy! do you



A. H. MARBLEY - PHIL.

ELBERON HOTEL.

OCEAN.

FRANCKLYN COTTAGE.

TEMPORARY RAILROAD.

SURGEONS' COTTAGE.

VIEW OF ELBERON—LONG BRANCH, N. J.

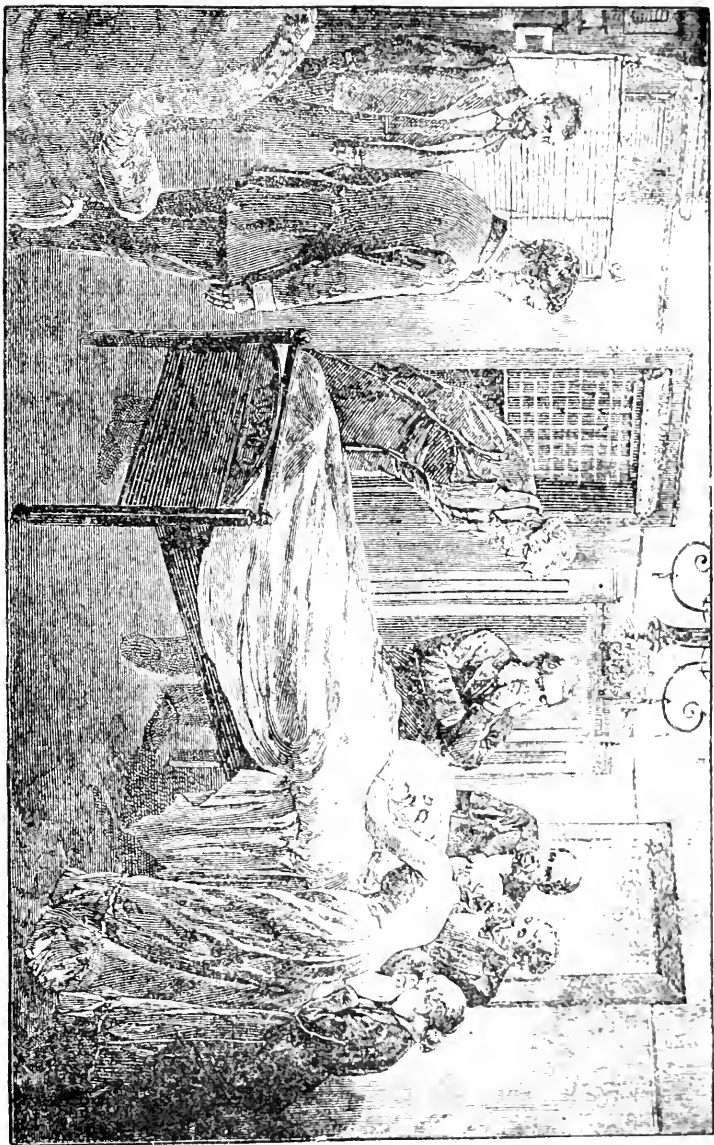


think my name will have a place in human history?" "Yes," the Colonel answered, "a grand one, but a grander place in human hearts! Old fellow! you mustn't talk in that way. You have a great work yet to perform." Reflecting a moment, the President replied sadly: "*No! my work is done.*" In the evening of this day there was another chill; and a severer one on the morning of the 19th. During this chill and the fever, which followed, he was unconscious. He rallied before noon, and passed a comfortable afternoon. His extraordinary vitality was such, that, when his physicians saw him sleeping quietly at 9 o'clock in the evening, they anticipated a comfortable night for him. Mrs. Garfield also, when urged later to take needed rest, replied: "The General seems so comfortable and quiet, that it has rested me to remain." And yet within two hours this quiet sleep ended in the quieter sleep of death!

A little after 9 P. M., Dr. Bliss entered the sick-room. Gen. Swaim had begun his night-watch. Mrs. Garfield had retired. Dr. Bliss, having counted the President's pulse, withdrew. A half-hour later, the weary sufferer awoke, and said sadly: "O Swaim, there is a pain here!" and he put his hand upon his heart. General Swaim stood over the patient, when he spoke again: "Oh! oh! Swaim." The name, which began so strong on his lips, died into a death-whisper, before it was finished. Dr. Bliss, coming in at this mo-

ment, recognized the seal of death. Sending hurriedly, he summoned the family and physicians. Col. Rockwell was the first to arrive, followed immediately by Mrs. Garfield. Bending over her dying husband and kissing his brow, she said in tones of anguish: "Oh! why am I made to suffer this cruel wrong?" Around the bedside with overflowing hearts were Dr. Bliss, Dr. Agnew, Colonel Rockwell, General Swaim, Mrs. Rockwell, Miss Rockwell, Private Secretary Brown, Dr. Boynton and Mr. C. O. Rockwell. Miss Mollie Garfield was beside her mother, convulsed with grief. The doctors attempted to revive the dying man. The wrists were pulseless; and the beating of the heart could scarcely be heard. Slowly the once strong man released his hold upon life; and the long, weary struggle ended. "There was no sound—not even of weeping. All hearts were stilled. Noiselessly, one by one, all passed out, leaving the broken-hearted wife alone with her dead husband."

Thus at 10.35 P. M., September 19th, 1881, closed the saddest story in the history of the Republic. On the wings of lightning the news of the awful calamity, spread, north, east, south, west, leaving a broad track of universal gloom. Never was a message so bitter, so hard, so sad. No one could realize, that the President was dead—that the bright face and the brave words of James Abram Garfield would be seen and heard no more. The sad news winged its way westward



THE DEATH-BED OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.



only to carry grief into every household. The dead President's mother was at the home of her son-in-law at Solon, Ohio. The family had retired to rest with but little hope. Very early in the morning a messenger appeared with the fatal news. "Grandma" Garfield was not awake; and it was at once concluded to wait, until she had arisen and taken her breakfast, before telling her, that her boy, the pride of her life, had gone home to his Maker. The rest of the relatives were informed; and the query arose: "Who will break the news to mother?" Mrs. Larabee's sister, Mary, was finally chosen; but her heart failed her. About 8 o'clock Mrs. Garfield arose, and spent some time in reading her Bible, as is her custom. Then she went into the dining-room, where her breakfast was ready. Refreshed by a night of rest, she was more cheerful than she had been for several days. Mr. Larabee unable to conceal his emotion, left the room. Finally the old lady turned to her daughter, and said:

"Is there any news yet this morning, Mary?"

Mrs. Larabee's heart failed. She could not blast the hopes, expressed in that voice and exhibited in that dear old face.

"Eat your breakfast, mother," she said.

"But I want to hear from my James first," said the loving mother.

The telegram, that was so soon to bring grief and anguish to the hopeful mother, lay on the

shelf. Seeing it, she took it, and was about to read it, saying; "Here it is now. I must read it before I eat." Her granddaughter, Ellen Larabee, fearing that so sudden a shock would be fatal, took the dispatch from her hand, and said:

"I will read it to you, grandma. Are you prepared for—for—bad news?"

"Why, no," said grandma; "I am not prepared for bad news; and there isn't any bad news this morning, is there?"

"Yes, grandma."

"O Nellie, he is not—he cannot be dead?"

"Grandma, his spirit passed away last night."

"Oh, it cannot be. It must not be. I *cannot* have it so. My James, my James dead. No I cannot believe you, let me see the dispatch."

She read it, and fell backwards into a chair, moaning and wringing her hands, while the bitter tears coursed down her pale checks. The boy, who had been the idol of her heart, was dead.

"To-morrow I will be 80 years old; but I will not see the beginning of another year. James has gone; and I shall not be long after him."

But hours of grief have their duties no less than hours of joy. Those at the head of the government immediately took steps to see, that its affairs continued in the regular way. Before midnight, September 19th, Attorney-General MacVeagh sent to Vice-President Arthur the following dispatch, Secretaries Blaine and Lincoln being absent:

It becomes our painful duty to inform you of the death of President Garfield, and to advise you to take the oath of office as President of the United States without delay. If it concurs with your judgment, we will be very glad if you will come here on the earliest train to morrow morning.

WILLIAM WINDOM,

Secretary of the Treasury.

W. H. HUNT,

Secretary of the Navy.

S. J. KIRKWOOD, Secretary of the Interior.

THOMAS L. JAMES,

Postmaster-General.

WAYNE MACVEAGH,

Attorney-General.

The Vice-President returned this answer :

NEW YORK, September 19th.

HON. WAYNE MACVEAGH, *Attorney-General*, LONG BRANCH : I have your telegram, and the intelligence fills me with profound sorrow. Express to Mrs. Garfield my deepest sympathies.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

Mr. Arthur then sent messages, requesting their presence—in accordance with a dispatch from the Cabinet—to the different Judges of the Supreme Court in New York. The first to arrive was Judge Brady, closely followed by Judge Donahue. The party, comprising the Vice-President and the Judges named, District Attorney Rollins, Elihu Root and the eldest son of President Arthur, assembled in the front parlor of Mr. Arthur's residence; and the oath of office was then administered. This brief, significant ceremony took place at five minutes after two on the morning of September 20th. The country had again a President, and the government its constitutional head.

The next day the autopsy took place. This autopsy is the final official bulletin in this sad history. To the corps of doctors, who had been in attendance on the wounded man, were added for this event, Dr. Andrew H. Smith of Elberon, and Acting Assistant Surgeon D. S. Lamb of the Army Medical Museum, at Washington, who made the autopsy. The official statement contained the following paragraphs, concerning the wound and the immediate cause of death:

It was found that the ball, after fracturing the right eleventh rib, had passed through the spinal column in front of the spinal canal, fracturing the body of the first lumbar vertebra, driving a number of small fragments of bone into the adjacent soft parts and lodging below the pancreas, about two inches and a half to the left of the spine, and behind the peritoneum, where it had become completely encysted.

The immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrhage from one of the mesenteric arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood rupturing the peritoneum, and nearly a pint escaping into the abdominal cavity. This hemorrhage is believed to have been the cause of the severe pain in the lower part of the chest, complained of just before death. * * *

In reviewing the history of the case, in connection with the autopsy, it is quite evident that the different suppurating surfaces, and especially the fractured spongy tissue of the vertebra, furnish a sufficient explanation of the septic condition which existed.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

THE morning of September 20th was as lovely, as Long Branch had ever known. Until 7 A. M., the scene at Elberon was one of profound quiet. Only the uniformed guards, slowly pacing the grass surrounding the Francklyn Cottage, gave signs, that there was life about. By 8 o'clock, about five hundred persons, in holiday attire, had assembled on the grass in a long, dense line, close up to the beat of the outermost sentries; and the roadway, bordering the hotel-grounds, was packed with vehicles. The utmost good order prevailed. All faces were sad; no loud words were spoken; the grief was too respectful for demonstration.

At 8.45 o'clock, a signal was given to allow the people to take a last look at the dead face of the nation's chief. The casket had been placed upon a bier in the centre of the northwest room of the cottage. A soldier stood guard at each corner. The upper half of the coffin-lid had been removed, disclosing the head and chest of the President only. Two crossed Sago palm leaves lay upon the lower half. As the people entered, they divided and passed by on both sides of the coffin at

once, going out of a door leading toward the sea. For an hour the people passed in and out, with occasional breaks in the steady stream.

At Mrs. Garfield's request, Rev. Charles J. Young, of Long Branch, held a short funeral-service—the reading of passages from the Scriptures, followed by a short prayer, impressive and solemn—an appeal to the Great Creator for guidance and help. During the services the funeral train backed around the curve of the temporary track, until the second of the four cars was directly opposite the cottage-balcony. This was the one, destined to carry the President's body. The seats had been removed; and the entire interior, except the windows and the floor, had been covered with black cloth. This was relieved by a cornice, composed of small flags, closely festooned, and of black rosettes. The exterior of all the cars was paneled with black cloth, plaited toward the centre, and there covered with rosettes. The last car was for baggage and passengers. Next to the funeral car was the one, prepared for President Arthur, the members of the Cabinet, and their friends. The first car was President Roberts' special drawing-room car, in which Mrs. Garfield and her household rode to Long Branch, and in which she was to return to Washington.

At 9.46 o'clock, the Governor of New Jersey and his staff entered the cottage in double file,

accompanied by several members of the Legislature and Congressional Representatives of the State. Hardly had they disappeared through the rear door, when another procession, also in double file, came out of the front door in the opposite direction. Every head was bared instantly. General Swaim led the way. Next came Mrs. Garfield, with her arm in that of her son Harry. Her long crape veil concealed her features; but she walked with a firm step. Behind her came Miss Mollie Garfield and Colonel Rockwell's daughter. Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell, Dr. Boynton and C. O. Rockwell, and Private Secretary Brown and Warren Young followed. A moment later, six undertaker's assistants, slowly carrying the coffin, took it into the funeral car, and placed it upon a draped dais in the centre. A tall cross of yellow and white rosebuds, carnations, tuberoses and smilax stood on the carpet, its top resting against the head of the casket. A large pillow of similar flowers was laid upon the floor at its foot. Four regular soldiers seated themselves on guard, one at each corner of the dais. The members of the Cabinet and several friends of the family entered the third car. A squad of ten soldiers and a Corporal of the First Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Patterson, marched around the cottage with arms reversed, and took seats in the funeral car. About 300 yards to the north of Elberon depot, engine No. 658, which

had brought the sick President to Long Branch, backed up, and was made fast to the train. The same employes of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as officiated then, were in charge now. At 12.12½ p. m., the train started on its melancholy journey to the Capital, so different from that memorable ride to the sea, when the dying President was borne away from the Capital on the hopes and prayers of all nations.

The journey from the Ocean to Washington was sombre in the extreme. The drapery of mourning was almost everywhere seen. Flags were flying at half-mast; and festoons of black were hanging from public buildings and private dwellings. In sparsely settled districts people had gathered in the fields. At Princeton Junction the students had covered the iron rails with beautiful flowers in great profusion; and the bells were tolling. All along the line the people had gathered, to pay their last tribute of respect to the dead, and silently offer sympathy to the stricken relatives and friends. At Philadelphia, the bridges, which span the track, were filled with people; and the banks by the side of the railway were thickly covered. All were thoughtful and serious; even the children, under the shadow of the nation's loss, stood in silence. As the train passed on, the same scenes were repeated. The people of the United States had abandoned business and pleasure; and through their silent ranks

the dead body of the President passed swiftly to the Capital. Upon the platform at the station were long lines of army and navy officers, led by General Sherman and Rear-Admiral Nichols. The station was heavily draped in mourning. In the streets around it were thousands of people, and the military and civic bodies, which were to form part of the escort. The windows of the adjoining houses and hotels were filled with spectators.

At 4.29, the special train slowly entered the depot. All heads were uncovered, as the heavily draped engine and cars rolled in. Then the widow of the President, heavily veiled and in deep mourning, descended from one of the cars, assisted by Secretary Blaine, whose pale face and heavy eyes betokened the suffering, through which he had passed. Supported by him and her son Harry, the noble woman walked slowly to her carriage. These three were followed by the remaining occupants of the funeral train. The coffin was taken from the car, and placed upon the shoulders of eight non-commissioned officers of the Second Artillery, who bore it slowly toward the gate. Just before reaching the street, they halted; and from the band outside came the strains of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which, played with rare tenderness, brought tears into many eyes. When the last note had died away, the coffin was placed in the hearse. Following the body, came the officers of the army and navy

to the number of about two hundred, wearing the full-dress uniform of their respective ranks, and headed by General Sherman and Admiral Nichols. These officers formed in ranks of two on each side of the hearse, which was drawn by six gray horses. Each horse was led by a colored groom; and grooms and horses wore the customary mourning-trappings. Preceding the hearse, were carriages, containing President Arthur, members of the Cabinet, and others, who were close to the late President: Mrs. Garfield, Miss Mollie and Harry, entering their own carriage, were driven directly to the house of Attorney-General MacVeagh, whose guests they remained until they left Washington.

The troops wheeled into column; the band struck up a funeral march; and the escort moved toward the Capitol in the following order:

Mounted Police,
General Ayres and staff,
Colonel Amos Webster and staff,
Washington Light Infantry, four companies, Colonel Moore commanding,
Union Veterans, Captain Thomasson.
National Rifles, Captain Burnside,
Washington Light Guard, Lieutenant Hodson,
Capital City Guards, Captain Keeley,
Battalion of United States Marines,
Four companies of Second United States Artillery, marching as infantry,
and one light battery,
Washington and Columbia Commanderies Knights Templars, and
other Masonic Societies.

As the procession moved down Pennsylvania Avenue with draped flags, muffled drums and

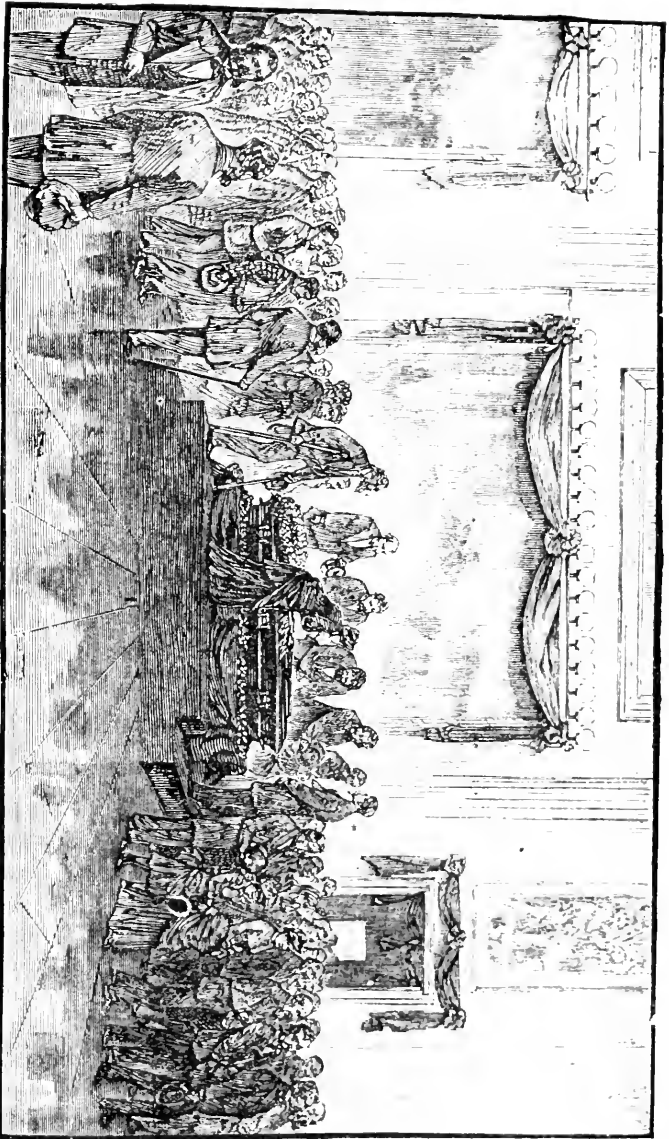
solemn music, the thousands of sorrowing spectators involuntarily contrasted the scene with that, which was witnessed a little more than six months previous, when drums were rolled, and colors were dipped, in honor of General Garfield's inauguration as President of the United States, and when 15,000 uniformed citizen-soldiers from various States proudly marched in review before him. Then the populace, lining the side-walks, manifested their feelings in glad shouts and enthusiastic cheers; now the same populace stood with bowed heads and tearful eyes, as the dead President was borne to the place, where he had so recently taken the oath of office. The procession moved to the Capitol by the same route that was taken by the Inauguration procession, and the terrible contrast between the two scenes was deeply felt by all.

On arriving at the east front, the troops wheeled into line; and as the hearse and carriages drove up to the main entrance, the customary salute was paid. The Senators and Representatives, who were in the city, had assembled, and proceeded to the east front of the Capitol to receive the body. On its arrival they formed two lines with open ranks at the foot of the main stairway. The coffin was borne through the open ranks by the eight United States artillerymen to the centre of the rotunda, and placed upon the catafalque, which had been prepared to receive it.

This catafalque had been used for Thaddeus Stevens, President Lincoln, Senator Sumner, Chief-Justice Chase and Vice-President Wilson. Covered with heavy, black velvet, it rested on a platform about six inches high, and rose about three feet above the platform. The resident members of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, with very marked appropriateness, acted as a Guard of Honor on this occasion.

At night the rotunda was opened to the public ; and many thousand persons passed in and gazed upon the features of the dead Executive. All day Thursday, Washington did little else than crowd about the Capitol offering the last tributes of respect to one, whose death had been the completed majesty of his life. The line, outside the Capitol, was a quarter of a mile long, and resembled a huge serpent, with its head on the Capitol steps and its tail stretching out beyond the long folds of its body to East Capitol Street. The line arranged itself in this way to keep within the limits of the Capitol grounds. Men, women, and children, from almost every walk in life were there, and all were sincere mourners.

The rotunda was heavily draped ; and the vast dome, stretching toward heaven, seemed in sympathy, so reverently did it echo the tread of the people. Floral decorations were scattered about the coffin, and placed upon the floor of the rotunda. On the foot of the coffin



LYING IN STATE AT THE CAPITOL.



rested an immense wreath of white rosebuds, with a card bearing the following inscription :

QUEEN VICTORIA,
TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield
and the American Nation.

It was prepared at the British Legation by telegraphic direction of the Queen. One of the most beautiful of the decorations was prepared at the White House conservatory. It represented the "Gates ajar."

The funeral services were appointed for 3 o'clock, p. m., Friday, September 23d. At eleven o'clock in the morning, the Capitol was closed to the public, that proper arrangements might be made for the religious ceremonies. Up to the hour of closing, the people continued to pass through the rotunda to gaze upon the closed coffin. Though it was known, that the face of the dead President was hidden from view, it seemed to make no difference to those, who demanded permission to approach the remains of the late Chief Magistrate for the last time. A few minutes after the closing of the Capitol, there occurred a sadly solemn scene. Mrs. Garfield, accompanied by her son Harry, her daughter Mollie, Colonel and Mrs. Rockwell and daughter, General Swaim, and Attorney-General and Mrs. MacVeagh, drove

to the Senate wing of the Capitol; and, repairing to the President's room, sent for Colonel Bright, who was informed that Mrs. Garfield desired to look for the last time on the face of her deceased husband. Colonel Bright directed that all persons should leave; that the four doors leading to the rotunda should be closed; and that the guard should retire, until Mrs. Garfield had performed her mission of love. The lid of the coffin was removed; and Mrs. Garfield entered the rotunda. Not a living soul was in the vast, circular room except herself. She was there, alone, with her dead.

Beneath the vast dome of the nation's hall, all the eloquent silence of which spoke in softened tones to her broken heart, sat the well-beloved wife. And he, whom for twenty-three years she had loved, honored and obeyed, spoke no word, gave no sign! The ice of death was in his heart. As she knelt beside the coffin, the altar of the nation's tears, there stole in at one of the great windows a ray of sunshine from the world without. God grant that it soothed the grief of the noble woman! When she left, she took with her some of the blossoms, that surrounded the coffin. At exactly 12 o'clock, General Swaim and Colonel Rockwell, the two life-long friends, and the faithful nurses of the late President throughout his suffering, repaired to the rotunda, and, closing and locking the coffin, ordered, that it should

never again be opened. This was done by direction of Mrs. Garfield. She had gazed for the last time upon his face, and none other was to see it.

The first organized body to enter the rotunda was composed of survivors of the Army of the Cumberland, not only those resident in Washington, who had been serving as a guard of honor to the body since Wednesday, but also a number from New York, Philadelphia and other points. The Diplomatic Corps in full uniform came next, by legations, the Chinese being the first to take the seats assigned them. The glittering decorations of these representatives of foreign nations were chastened by crape in every instance. The officers of the army and navy, with crape on arm and sword-hilt, came in squads. The Chief Justice, accompanied by Justices Miller, Harlan and Matthews, in their official robes, with the officers of the Supreme Court, followed. Then from the south wing came the members of the House of Representatives, marshaled by Sergeant-at-Arms Thompson. A moment later the Senate, approaching from the north wing, with ex-Vice-Presidents Hamlin and Wheeler, soberly approached their allotted places. They had scarcely seated themselves, when the Cabinet entered, preceded by ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes, and President Arthur on the arm of Secretary Blaine. The President and Secretary of State occupied seats at the west end of the semi-circle, imme-

diately opposite the two ex-Presidents ; while the Cabinet with members of their families took seats in the front row, between the two extremities. The clergymen, who were to conduct the religious services, and the Philharmonic Society, who were to render the hymns and anthems, were ranged about the head of the coffin.

At precisely 3 o'clock, the beautiful harmony of the hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," swelled softly forth, and filled the rotunda. At the first note the guard of honor, twelve in number, who had, during all of the subdued bustle of filling the hall, stood silently about the catafalque, quietly withdrew, leaving their comrade to receive the solemn offices of the Church. At the conclusion of the hymn, Rev. Dr. Rankin read a portion of the Scriptures ; Dr. Isaac Erret, of the Christian Church, offered prayers ; Rev. Dr. Power, the pastor of the late President, addressed the gathered mourners ; and the services closed with prayer by Rev. Dr. Butler, for many years chaplain of the House of Representatives.

The many floral tributes, were removed. Only the wreath, sent by the Queen, remained upon the coffin, which still bore the palm leaves, first placed upon it at Elberon. Then the bearers, who had won General Garfield's esteem as co-worshipers in the little frame church on Vermont Avenue, bore out from the Capitol the mortal remains of the man, who had for so many years

made its walls ring with his eloquent and patriotic utterances. The family, intimate friends and White House officials followed, and were succeeded by the two ex-Presidents, the President and the Cabinet, and the Representatives from the Supreme Court. Then, by direction of General Field, the Master of Ceremonies, the Diplomatic Corps passed out. After them the members of the Senate and the House marched slowly down the broad steps of the eastern front.

When the body was borne through the bronze doors of the Capitol, the troops, drawn up in line, paid the customary honors, the Marine Band playing "Sweet by and by." The officers of the army and navy, who constituted the Guard of Honor, preceded the body, and formed in two lines facing inward. Through these lines of officers the coffin was borne and deposited in the hearse, the procession following in the order named. The troops were wheeled into line; and the cortege moved off to funereal music. Slowly the march to the station was made. With arms reversed and banners wound with crape, the long column moved on through solid lines of people, standing with uncovered heads. Thus, for the last time, President Garfield was borne along Pennsylvania Avenue, whose national fame is now made additionally interesting, because it is associated with his greatest triumph, assassination and burial.

The trip of the train westward was a memorable one. It started from Washington at 5.21 p. m., in two sections. The first conveyed the body, the Guard of Honor and the intimate friends of the late President. In the second were senators, representatives and members of the press. All along the route people crowded the sides of the track with uncovered heads. Never before had there been such national mourning. The manifestations of sympathy for the dead President were very marked at every point. All the houses, from a mansion to a log-cabin, were draped in mourning. At 1.30 p. m., September 24th, the train, bearing the remains of the murdered President, arrived at Cleveland; and twenty minutes later the Congressional train rolled into the depot. The mournful journey had been made without accident of any kind; and the pageant had been witnessed by more sorrowing citizens than had ever before looked upon a funeral train in this country. For a moment after the train had stopped, the silence was unbroken. The coffin was gently moved from its resting place, and placed upon the shoulders of the artillerymen, who bore it along the platform and through the lines to the street, where the hearse was guarded by the veterans of General Garfield's old regiment, the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, who wore the clothing of civil life. The commanderies of Knights Templars, the Cleveland Grays, and other organizations, were

awaiting the movements of the procession. The hearse, which was enveloped in crape, was a plain but costly one, furnished by local undertakers, and drawn by four handsome black horses, covered with black robes fringed with silver. Each horse was led by a colored man, who had performed the same duty at the obsequies of President Lincoln.

After a short delay the start for the centre of the city was made. The scene on Euclid Avenue was sadly affecting. There are few thoroughfares in the world, which rival it in beauty. The broad roadway runs for miles between rows of stately dwellings, which are surrounded by spacious grounds, and shaded by numerous trees. The sidewalks and broad porches were filled with people. The display of symbols of mourning and grief upon the house-fronts was remarkable. Some of the larger mansions were almost hidden in folds of black. Large portraits of the murdered President were frequently exhibited. Flags with wide black borders floated at half-mast from many a lofty staff. The Avenue, like the business streets, had put on mourning garments; and even in the outskirts of the city, where the poor live in humble dwellings, the signs of grief were universal.

The procession, led by platoons of policemen, moved slowly, to the measures of a mournful dirge, towards the entrance to the public square.

The streets around the square were blocked with people; but there were very few within the inclosure. The pavilion was an imposing structure. The floor, upon which the catafalque rested, raised above the ground, was approached over an inclined plane from the east and the west. The pavilion was square; and the arched openings faced the four points of the compass. At the apex of the roof was a large gilded globe. The columns at the angles of the pavilion were graced by minarets of festooned flags; and from each corner hung a large black banner. Draped field-pieces were placed a short distance from each corner. The façades were ornamented with beautiful floral emblems. A large cross of begonias and ivy, with arms of ferns and begonias, bore a heart made of rosebuds. Beneath was an anchor of white balsams. A large Bible of white balsams lay open, its pages studded with rosebuds, carnations and tuberoses. Part of a beautiful altar-piece consisted of an open book of pink and white balsams, and tuberoses, with pale yellow buds on the pages. A cross of white balsams, asters, roses and carnations towered above it. A tiara of balsams and rosebuds lay against a green column, over which birds hovered. Another piece represented a dreary stubble-field, brown and bare, bearing one garnered sheaf, at the foot of which lay a sickle of balsams, rosebuds and tuberoses, and the word "Gath-

ered" in purple immortelles. A monument of white balsams and tuberose had its base banded with pink ; and upon the apex was a dove with folded wings. A light-house of balsams, tuberose, begonias and geranium leaves, with a broad base of fern leaves and begonias, bore a shield, on which in purple immortelles were the words : "Garfield—a beacon to posterity." In another structure the States were represented by columns of ivy or smilax, with the name of each in white immortelles ; while over all was an arch, which bore the words : "Columbia mourns her son."

. As the head of the procession entered the public square, the bell of the First Presbyterian Church, near at hand, began to toll. The band, continuing the dirge, filed in, and stood between the arch and the pavilion. The delegates from Columbia Commandery entered the pavilion. The remaining Templars guarded the space, over which the body was to pass. Marshal Henry and the local committee came up the inclined plane ; and the grooms led the black horses into the public square. The Templars presented their swords. The band began the mournful strains of Pleyel's Hymn, playing softly and tenderly. Governor Foster and his staff took places in the pavilion ; and the eight artillerymen took the coffin from the hearse, and bore it slowly up the inclined plane to the catafalque, upon which they placed it.

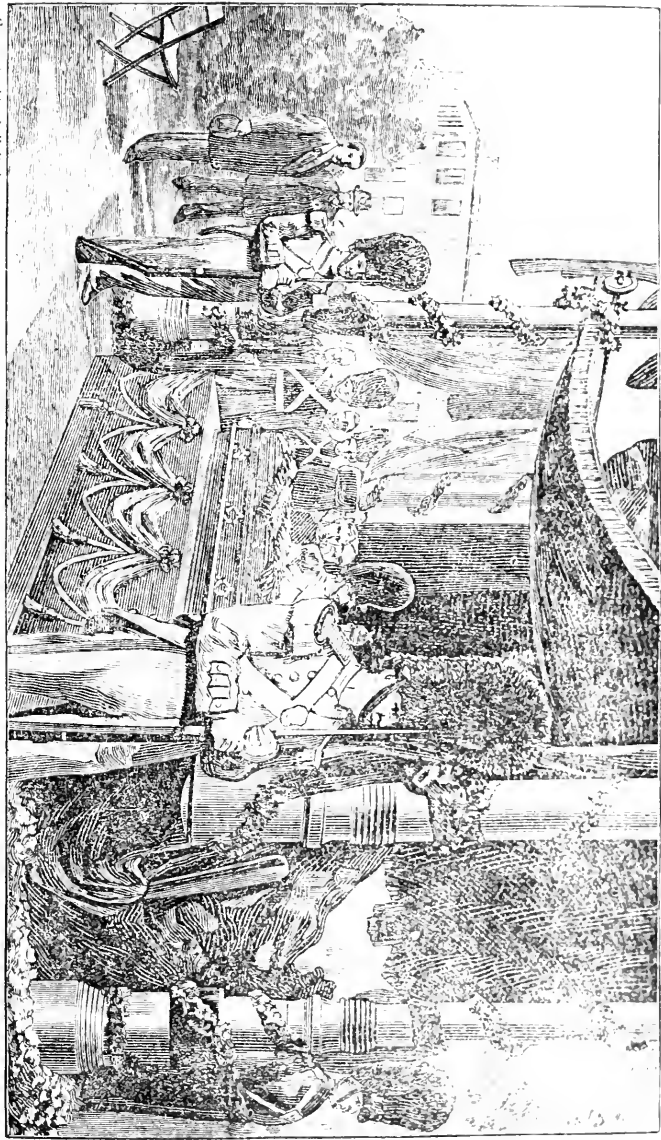
The scene was one to be remembered. There

was a deep solemnity about every action and every whispered word. The eye, glancing down between the lines of Templars and through the archway, saw the troops, quietly wheeling and preparing to depart. So still was it in the presence of the great multitude, which surrounded the square, that the rustling of the plants, which adorned the pavilion, as the breeze swept by them, was plainly heard. The coffin having been deposited in its place, the hearse was taken away. The Templars wheeled before the pavilion, and prepared to depart. Twelve privates of the Cleveland Grays marched to the front of the pavilion, and, four at a time, took their places around the catafalque, allowing no one to enter. The pavilion and the whole square were illuminated by electric lights at night. At the head of the coffin was placed a large portrait of the late President. Upon the coffin lay the palm leaves, and the wreath sent by Queen Victoria, which had not been removed after it was placed on the casket in the Capitol. At the head of the coffin lay a scroll, bearing the words:

"Life's race well run;
Life's work well done;
Life's crown well won;
Now comes rest."

A sad Sunday for the fair city of Cleveland was September 25th, 1881. In the heart of the city lay the dead ruler, still a President in the hearts

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and homes of the people. An endless throng paid him the silent homage of respect, streaming by his coffin from early morn till late at night. In every church the preacher dwelt lovingly on the character and glories of the deceased. Everywhere the masses were busy with the arrangements for the day following. During the night a gentle shower fell upon the shadowed city; and, when morning was ushered in, a bright September sun shone through the fast-disappearing clouds. All night the park was carefully guarded by soldiery; and, up to the hour of midnight a throng was constantly passing in a regular, solemn procession, with uncovered heads. Some dissatisfaction was expressed, when it was known, that the crowd would not be admitted to the park during the funeral exercises; but no attempts were made to break through the guard. All contentedly accepted the poor satisfaction of beholding the funeral pageant, as it impressively passed along the streets. Each observer felt a personal interest in him who was borne to the grave.

Promptly at 10.30 o'clock the ceremonies at the pavilion began. The immediate members of the family, and near relatives and friends took seats about the coffin. At each corner was stationed one of the Cleveland Grays. The committee on duty about the pavilion wore heavy crape. Dr. J. P. Robinson, President of the ceremonies, announced, that the exercises would open with the

singing of Beethoven's funeral hymn by the Cleveland Vocal Society :

Thou art gone to the grave,
 But we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb ;
 The Saviour has passed its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of His love is thy light thro' the gloom.

Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, then read some appropriate selections from the Scriptures, after which Rev. Ross C. Houghton offered prayer. Then the Vocal Society sang :

To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit,
 Who breaks in love this mortal chain.
 My life I but from Thee inherit;
 And death becomes my chiefest gain,
 In Thee I live; in Thee I die—
 Content, for Thou art ever nigh.

Hardly had the last note died away, when Rev. Isaac Erret of Cincinnati began the reading of his text :

“ And the archers shot at King Josiah, and the king said to his servants, Have me away, for I am sore wounded.

“ His servants, therefore, took him out of that chariot and put him in the second chariot that he had, and they brought him to Jerusalem, and he died, and was buried in one of the sepulchres of his father's. And all Jerusalem mourned for Josiah.

“ And Jeremiah lamented for Josiah, and all the singing men and singing women spoke of Josiah in their lamentations to this day, and made them an ordinance in Israel; and behold, they are written in the lamentations.

“ Now the rest of the acts of Josiah and his goodness according to that which was written in the law of the Lord,

“ And his deeds, first and last, behold, they are written in the book of the kings of Israel and Judah.

“ For, behold, the Lord, the Lord of Hosts, doth take away from Jeru-

salem and from Judah the stay and the staff; the whole stay of bread, and the whole stay of water.

“The mighty man and the man of war, and the prophet, and the ancient.

“The captain of fifty, and the honorable man and the counsellor, and the cunning artificer, and the eloquent orator.

“The voice said Cry. And he said, What shall I cry?

“All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field.

“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass.

“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever.”

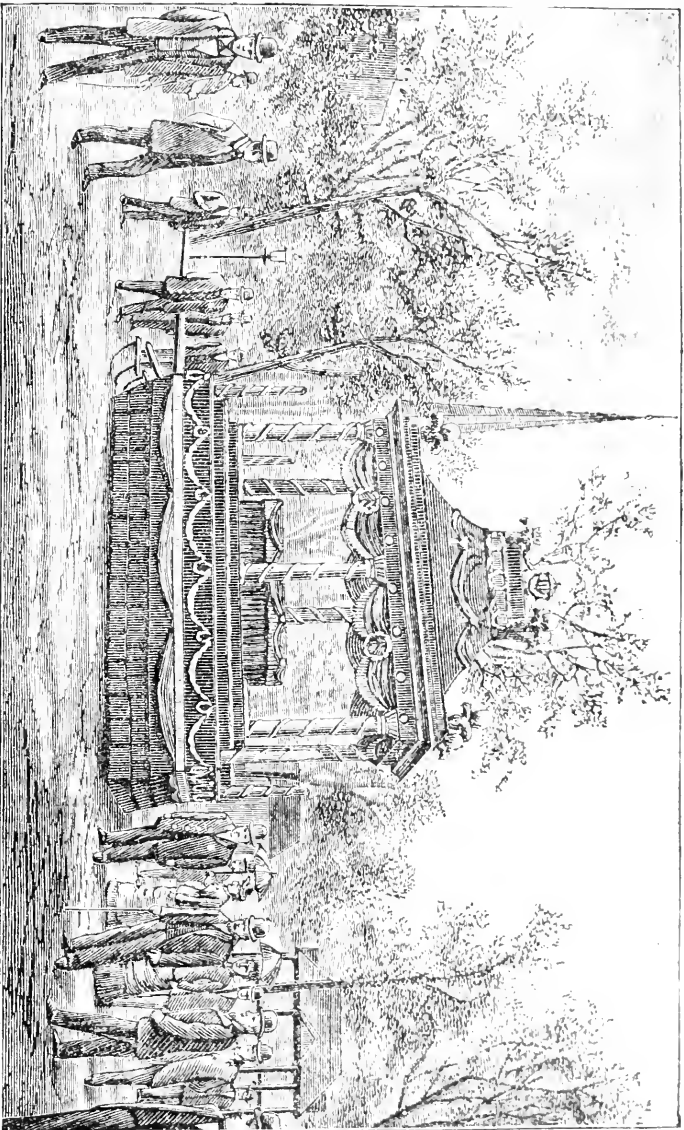
His eloquent sermon was listened to with close and earnest attention. He spoke for forty minutes; and, when he closed, a hush for a moment hung over the vast audience. Rev. Jabez Hall then read General Garfield's favorite hymn, which, amid a hushed audience, was beautifully sung by the Vocal Society:

“Ho, reapers of life's harvest,
 Why stand with rusted blade,
 Until the night draws round thee,
 And day begins to fade?
 Why stand ye idle, waiting
 For reapers more to come?
 The golden morn is passing.
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?”

“Thrust in your sharpened sickle
 And gather in the grain;
 The night is fast approaching,
 And soon will come again.
 The Master calls for reapers;
 And shall He call in vain?
 Shall sheaves lie there, ungathered,
 And waste upon the plain?”

“Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low.
Keep back no words of knowledge,
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.”

At 11.45 o'clock Dr. Charles S. Pomeroy delivered the final prayer and benediction. During the last ceremonies at the pavilion, 10,000 men in uniform were moving up and down the broad avenues, which open from the East into the public square, the music of many bands coming faintly to the assembly about the catafalque. An impressive moment of silence and inactivity followed the solemn benediction of Rev. Dr. Pomeroy. The remains were raised from their resting-place, and, on the shoulders of the soldiers, they were borne very slowly down the incline. Every eye in the vast assemblage followed the black casket, till it was placed on the dais, under the sable canopy of the funeral car. The long line of carriages began to fill; minute guns were fired at Lake View Park on the outskirts of the city; and a hundred steeples answered with the tolling of their bells. The slow measure of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was played by the Marine Band of Washington, as the carriages slowly received their complement of passengers at the catafalque, and moved away to their place in the procession. The file of carriages left the public square through the funeral archway



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FUNERAL OBSEQUIES—CATAPALQUE.

on the east, closing the long procession. Column after column of troops had wheeled into line on Euclid Avenue. The magnificence of the spectacle was forgotten in the sombre pageantry of the funeral car, the mournful dirges, the slow, measured tread of the soldiers, the fluttering of crapes, the shrouded banners of the military and civic bodies, and the long double line of mourners' carriages. The procession moved slowly, and when the advanced guard entered the Lake View Cemetery, five miles from Cleveland, the end of the procession was just leaving Monumental Square in Cleveland.

At 3.30 o'clock, the procession entered the gateway, which, draped in black, bore appropriate inscriptions. On the keystone were the words, "Come to Rest;" on one side were the words, "Lay him to rest whom we have learned to love;" and on the other, "Lay him to rest whom we have learned to trust." A massive cross of evergreens hung from the centre of the arch. The Marine Band, continuing the mournful strains, which it had kept up during the entire march, entered first. Then came the City Troop, of Cleveland, the escort of the President at his Inauguration. Behind them came the funeral car, followed by a battalion of Knights Templars and the Cleveland Grays. The mourners' carriages and those containing the Guard of Honor, completed the procession that entered the grounds.

Dr. Robinson opened the exercises at the tomb by introducing Rev. J. H. Jones, chaplain of the 42d Ohio Volunteers, which General Garfield had commanded. The Latin ode from Horace, "To Arestius Fuscus," was sung by the United German Singing Society. Dr. Robinson then announced the late President's favorite hymn, "Ho, reapers of Life's Harvest!" which the German vocal societies of Cleveland rendered. The exercises were closed by President Hinsdale of Hiram College, with the following prayer:

O God, the sad experience of this day teaches us the truth of what Thou hast told us in Thy word. The grave is the last of this world and the end of life. "Earth to earth; dust to dust; ashes to ashes." But we love the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the power of the endless life. Therefore, O God our Father, we look to Thee now for Thy greatest blessing. We pray, that the fellowship and the salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour, and the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, may be with all who have been in to-day's great assembly. Amen.

BURIAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Into his tomb on the shores of Lake Erie,
Lower him tenderly! Garfield, the Brave!
Never in all the long records of story,
Hath mortal been laid in so honored a grave.

See! the cable-bound nations in sympathy bending,
Over that spot where he finds his last rest;
See! the world weeping, as in sadness and silence,
Earth opens for him her turf-covered breast.

Lower him gently! America's Ruler!
Peer of the mightiest sons of our race,
Lowly of birth, but chosen by millions,
To hold among princes the lordliest place.

Lower him gently! the Soldier, the Statesman,
Hero of battles, on Field, and in Hall!
In council most wise, and fearless in action,
With malice to none—forgiving to all.

Lower him gently! the calm, patient Christian,
Who trusted in God as life ebbed away,
Who rested on Christ in his weary death-struggle,
And found Him a Rock, a Refuge, and Stay.

Lower him gently! while cannon are thundering—
The bells of a continent sounding his fame;
While labor stands mute, and all the land over,
Bursts forth from each lip his illustrious name.

Lower him gently! while the tears of his nation
Are mingling with those who loved him so well;
While emblems of grief are solemnly waving
In city and town, on mountain, in dell.

Lower it gently! that heroic soul's temple!
Shattered, deserted, and ruined it lies!
Lower it tenderly! bury it reverently!
The soul it enshrined still lives in the skies.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

THE SICKNESS AND NURSING OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD WITH MANY INTERESTING INCIDENTS NEVER BEFORE GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC.

BY MISS DR. C. A. EDSON, CHIEF NURSE.

I HAD but just returned to my home and resumed my practice after attending Mrs. Garfield through a severe illness in May and June, when on the morning of July 2d, President Garfield was shot at the Baltimore and Potomac Depot, in Washington, by the cowardly assassin, Charles J. Guiteau.

My brother and sister were at Washington's famous market, near the Depot, when the shooting occurred, and they immediately drove home to bring me the startling news. I started at once to go to the President, and met him as he was being borne to the White House, and went with him there. When he reached his room and saw me he greeted me pleasantly, and said: "What will this do for Crete? (a pet name he applied to his wife). Will it put her in bed again? I had rather die. Go and send a telegram to her, saying I am home and as comfortable as possible under the circumstances."

I wrote the dispatch, and he requested me to

sign my own name to it, giving me the impression that he desired Mrs. Garfield to know that I was with him. He was perfectly conscious and calm, but very much worried about his wife. He would ask every few moments: "Have you heard from Crete? How does she bear it? Has she started yet?" When told she was bearing it bravely, he said: "Bless the dear little woman." After the starting was announced, he inquired for the time, and made his own calculations where she was, and when she would arrive. His greatest anxiety seemed to be for her, though his chances for life appeared very few.

When Mrs. Garfield arrived, the husband and wife had a private meeting, characterized by the usual calmness, and a half-hour later, when his daughter Mollie came with a subdued composure and spoke cheerfully, saying: "We are so glad to get home and find you as well as you are," he looked up with an earnest, pleased expression, and said: "You are a brave, darling daughter."

Some one spoke of the probable result of the wound in his presence, and he said promptly: "It is my business to be ready for the result, either way. I am not afraid to die." And later he said: "You may live to know why this is all best."

Speaking of Guiteau he said: "Why did he do it?" as if he was carefully searching for a reason that would give some satisfaction: "What have I done, that this must come to me."

After the first few days of the President's illness, Dr. Boynton took my place at his bedside every other night, until three o'clock in the morning, at which time Colonel Rockwell would relieve him. I had been sometime absent from my practice at that time, caring for Mrs. Garfield, and felt that I ought to return to it, but the patient so earnestly desired my presence, that I could not leave him. I felt that I not only cared for him in the ordinary capacity of a nurse, but that he gained strength and vitality from me. He frequently called upon me to soothe him to sleep. The quieting influence, which I exerted over him, caused him to remark to me one day: "Now I know why Crete likes to have you with her." During the first few days his limbs required a good deal of rubbing and holding. By drawing them up, so that the soles of his feet would rest upon the bed, and then pressing on his knees he would be relieved for a little while of the pain. He required constant fanning, ice water often, and many little attentions, which made it necessary to give him constant care, although he was not exacting or complaining, and I never heard a groan from him during his whole sickness. The anxiety and care was such a strain upon my strength as to produce nervous prostration, and I lost flesh rapidly for the first few weeks, but afterwards supplied the waste by a more frequent taking of nourishment.

He had very little appetite, and seemed to take

food rather because it was necessary, and he thought it would strengthen him, than because he really had any craving for it. He generally took nourishment in form of liquids which were given every two or three hours, but at one time about the 15th of August, when he was so low he took no nourishment for thirty-six hours except nourishing injections very carefully given every two or three hours, which is a very precarious way of sustaining life. He was allowed to talk but very little, but would persist in having Mrs. Garfield retire early so she would not get sick. He was never willing that she should remain up at night with him. On the Friday night when he was so very low, Mrs. Garfield remained with him until after midnight, when he roused up, and recognizing her, said: "Why darling, you here?" and she replied: "Are you not willing I should sit by you?"

"You know," he said, "I am always glad to have you by me, but you must not stay up at night, you will get sick."

He would sometimes speak of himself in the third person, asking: "What do the doctors think of him now, and what are their conclusions since their last consultation?" Noticing my surprised look at this form of expression, he said one day: "You must excuse me, I forget it is myself that is most interested."

When told of the great interest shown all over

the country, as well as in all parts of the world, he said: "How hard they will make it for me by and by." And when he had rallied so there was hope that he might sometime resume his work again, he said thoughtfully: "One of these days when that case (Guiteau's) comes up before me for a pardon, what ought I to do about it?" I replied; "perhaps you may be permitted to talk that way, but I doubt whether the people would tolerate it." He readily assented to my suggestion, that Guiteau was a dangerous man to be at large. He said it seemed strange to him that the man had been sitting so much in the grounds around the White House watching; following him to church and around the streets to get an opportunity to shoot him.

Once he said, "Does it pay to make the effort to stay here just for the few years there are at most? Why not lie down and be done with it and at rest." But usually he was very hopeful and in reply to the question as to how he felt generally about getting well, replied, "Usually I have thought I should, of course, realizing always that there is danger." He seemed determined from the first that there should be no failure on his part to do all that was required of him in order that success might crown the efforts of those striving to save him.

We rolled him across the hall into the front chamber thinking that he might like the change,

for a few days but after being there a few hours he became tired, and noticing defects in the wall overhead which were the more readily distinguished when lying down, he requested to be taken back to his own chamber again. The house was kept very quiet and no one was admitted to the sick room except his attendants.

He several times requested to see Secretary Blaine. I said to him one day: If we allow Secretary Blaine to come in and see you it will be in all the papers to-morrow morning, and then several others will feel very much hurt if they cannot come in and see you, and I assured him that he was very differently situated from an ordinary man. He replied, "I should think you folks could manage it, to let Blaine come and not have it in the papers." And we did at this time allow him a private interview with the Secretary which was not published or generally known.

He talked frequently of his mother and the only letter he wrote during his sickness was to her. The only other writing he did was to sign his name. He inquired if there were any papers that it was necessary he should sign, and asked for a table and pencil in order that he might see if he could write. When he was evidently improving he said to his daughter Mollie, who was in the room, "I guess your papa will pull through, and you will have a papa again," to which she replied, "Oh yes, you are going to get well, I know you will." We

lost no opportunity to cheer and encourage him although he was a remarkable patient, never complaining, and never allowing a groan to escape him, no matter how great or severe his sufferings. He lay upon his back nearly all the time and when turned upon the side would soon tire. He was never able to raise his head from the pillow from the time he was shot until his death, without assistance. Notwithstanding he had lost so much flesh and was so very weak, yet day after day he cheerfully went through the monotonous routine of the treatment. First about eight o'clock in the morning, the wound was dressed and the temperature, respiration, and pulse was taken regularly. The temperature, respiration, and pulse were also taken at 12 o'clock noon and 6 o'clock p. m. Soon after the dressing of the wound in the morning, he was carefully lifted from the bed by six men, and the clothing, including mattress was changed. About 11 o'clock a. m. he was given more substantial nourishment than at any other hour. He was sponged frequently, and some of the doctors were constantly coming and going in order to keep the closest watch over him. His best sleep was in the morning after five o'clock. It was exceedingly difficult for him to take stimulants as his stomach would not retain them. I would often divert his attention to something else until the danger of throwing up his food was passed. One day when the bell rang and

the whistles blew at 5 o'clock p. m., the President said, "How many happy hearts that makes. The day's work is done, and they can go home, have their dinner, and their evening as their own. I know how it feels, I have been there myself; but my work is not done, I cannot go to sleep and get up rested in the morning, mine is all day and all night."

The nation's patient had no lack for attention and care. Every one was ready and anxious to do everything possible for him, and no effort was spared to promote his comfort or save his life.

Mr. Crump, the steward at the White House, was particularly faithful in his attentions, and was with me in attendance upon the President a large part of the time, until he was compelled to rest.

Dr. Boynton and myself were placed in a trying and perhaps peculiar position, for the reason that we are both homœopathists. It was especially hard for Dr. Boynton to be placed in the position he held, as one of the nurses, inasmuch as he was an intimate personal friend of the patient's, and a double cousin, his own and the patient's mother being sisters, and their fathers half-brothers.

It is not necessary for me to repeat those facts, with which the reader of this volume is already familiar. In giving this brief outline of a few incidents, which impressed themselves upon me during the days of suspense and anxiety, while the President of this great Republic was lying so seri-

ously ill at the White House, I have depended entirely upon memory, and have endeavored to avoid details, as well as repetition of what others have already written. I will only say further, that I think the scene on the morning when President Garfield left the White House was the saddest I ever witnessed. The patient, while he spoke cheerfully, had a sad expression of countenance which was so unusual for him, but which I do not think indicated that he had given up hope, but rather that he had realized the danger of the situation. At six o'clock in the morning he was placed on his stretcher and carried to the door, where a wagon, belonging to the Adams Express Co., arranged with great care, with special floor and springs, was awaiting him. He was carried out of the White House, head first, which left him looking back into the hall. All the attendants were standing near him. He could not speak, even to say good-bye to them; but he simply raised his hand and waved a salute, as much as to say good-bye to them all. There were tears in every eye, and no doubt many were impressed, that he was leaving them, never to return.

TO AMERICA.

Now the hard fight is done,
Manfully striven,
And the strong life is gone,
Asked for of heaven :
Droop all your banners low,
Toll the bell sad and slow,
All that your grief can show
Let it be given.

One there is more than all
Bids you have patience,
Sends at your sorrow's call
Sad salutations,
Comforts your grievous need :
First-born of England's seed,
England by fate decreed
Mother of nations.

So to the little isle
Fragrant of heather,
Where the sweet roses smile
'Mid the wild weather,
Stretch out a constant hand,
Linking, by God's command,
Daughter and Motherland
Closer together.

HAROLD BOULDON.

OXFORD, ENGLAND,
September 19th, 1881.

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